Spirit of the Times

A Chronicle of the Turf, Field Sports, Literature and the Stage.

OFFICE { CORNER OF BROADWAY AND BARCLAY-ST. IN THE AMERICAN HOTEL BASEMENT.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1839.

VOL. IX.—No. 1.

PROPERTY NEW-YORK SOCIETY LIBRARY

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Feb. 29, 1840.

The SPIRIT OF THE TIMES for This Day
IS EMBELLISHED WITH
A FANCY PORTRAIT OF AUGUSTA AS "LA SYLPHIDE,"
AND A
PORTRAIT OF THE CELEBRATED BLACK MARIA.
Engraved on Steel expressly for this Paper.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of two more original papers of "Reminiscences of the Prairies," which are not excelled in style or spirit by IRVING or HOFFMAN.

"Can you recommend any one in your city that will make us a Gold Cup and Plate in superb style?" Yes, two or three; send us your order and we will attend to it.

Half a dozen new Advertisements are unavoidably crowded out.

No horse has trotted Twenty miles within an hour.

"A Subscriber" has our thanks for backing our opinion as to the decision of the "Guessing Match." He takes just that common-sense view of the matter which was to have been expected from "a subscriber" to the "Spirit."

The Deer Chase—Mr. Twiggs in London—The late debut of a "Richard III." in Boston—Pete Whetstone, and several other capital papers will have an early insertion.

We are not confident of being able to import the *Irish Fox Hounds* desired by a South Carolina friend; he shall hear from us on the subject through the mail, the moment we get a reply from a gentleman *au fait* to the matter.

On the 12th Jan., 1767, a gentleman skated a mile in fifty-seven seconds. Our authority is the English "Sporting Almanack for 1839."

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 9, 1839.

TO OLD SUBSCRIBERS.

The reader has now before him the "Spirit of the Times" in the enlarged form, which we have often promised him, and in this article it is our purpose to lay before him, as briefly as possible, some of the considerations which have induced us to embellish it with costly Engravings, and to make a change in its size and appearance, and consequently in its price.

Every old reader must have remarked that the limits formerly devoted to the Sporting Department have again and again been too narrow. The Sports of the Turf for the last five years have been, and are still, advancing in popularity beyond precedent; immense capital has been invested in Blood Stock as a matter of business, and still more by gentlemen of wealth, leisure, and spirit, who regard the Turf not only as a National Sport, but as the manliest and most elegant of amusements. New Jockey Clubs are springing up in every section of the Union with a magical rapidity "rayther alarmin'" to the denizens of the old "race horse regions," and this in the face of general pecuniary embarrassment. To record all the races now run in the United States under the auspices of organized Clubs would require a sheet of no trifling dimensions, but to embrace a more extended plan, and furnish, as we have aimed to do, a comprehensive CHRONICLE OF THE SPORTING WORLD, requires one not inferior in size or appearance to any in the country.

But it is not alone the increase of Sporting in America that demands more space in our columns. The lively interest with which the British Turf has ever been regarded by American gentlemen has recently been enhanced to an immense extent by heavy Importations of Stock from abroad, and by sure indications that these will go on increasing. We have all derived our tastes for Field Sports and Racing from our English ancestry, and the experience of England in Breeding, and Training, and the fact that all our stock trace directly to that country, has ever drawn the attention of our Turfmen to the records of their races;—and the more intimate connections made by recent importation of so many horses to the United States, requires that we should be still more familiar with their entire Turf System.

For these reasons, we long ago resolved upon enlarging the limits devoted to the Turf in our columns, and as this could only be done, without encroachment upon other and favorite departments, by enlarging our whole paper, we have made the change—a great, and we hope a final one.

But the "Spirit of the Times," this week, has not only been increased in size, but improved in every respect. Great expense and infinite labor have been lavishly employed to effect this object, and we hope not without success. It can hardly be necessary to direct attention to each improvement; unless we have entirely failed in our purpose, the reader will detect them himself. It was our resolve to make the paper, in the several departments within its scope, superior to any weekly publication in the country—to gratify our own professional pride, by furnishing a journal IDENTIFIED WITH THE SPORTING INTEREST IN AMERICA, that should be creditable alike to ourselves, and worthy of the cause which it advocates. The ENGRAVINGS on *Steel*, with which we purpose to illustrate the "Spirit of the Times," are an entirely new feature in our plan; we shall publish seven or eight, altogether, in the course of the volume, of which the two accompanying to-day's paper are fair specimens, save only that they may have been prepared in too short a space of time to justify the outlay which has been made upon them. A very spirited portrait of *John Bascombe*, by TROYE, is already in the hands of the engraver, and will be published at the earliest possible day. Original Paintings of ***Mingo*** and ***Monarch*** have also been ordered, to follow in close succession. In addition to these Embellishments, the body of the paper will also be illustrated, on the plan of "Bell's Life in London," by superb Etchings of Horses, Race Cups, Plans of Courses, and similar subjects, engraved on Wood by the most eminent artists.

The improvements that have been noted above, and others, which will be manifest to the reader, it was impossible to make without, at the same time, increasing the price of the paper, which henceforth will be ten dollars per annum. We need not add that we hesitated to make this change, but as all our designs of giving higher value to the paper would otherwise be ruinous to us, we determined to make the alteration, and rely upon those readers to sustain us in it who, we know, prefer a work of a high order of excellence at a fair price, to a less expensive, but inferior publication. Our resolution was not taken without mature reflection, nor unadvisedly. In answer to solicitations for advice from the most distinguished Breeders and Turfmen throughout the Union, before many of whom, as our oldest and best friends, we frankly laid our whole project, we were told, with assurances of their hearty support, to "Go Ahead!" Make the "Spirit of the Times" to the American Sporting World, said they, what "Bell's Life in London" is to the English—flinch at no expense in procuring early information, or in improving its appearance, and the extent and variety of its contents, and you will find that *Brother Jonathan* will not be behind *John Bull* in "backing his friends!" They urged that inasmuch as the "Spirit of the Times" was the accredited organ of an interest embracing only men of liberal views, of taste, and of property, it should be complete in its design, and in all its appointments elegant; and they assured us that we had only to make it worthy of them to command their best wishes, and to ensure their cordial support. Gentlemen connected with the Turf, and admirers of Field and Rural Sports generally, whatever may be their particular passion, are proverbially liberal, and such mainly constitute the subscribers to this paper. The price of a horse, a gun, a dog, or anything which contributes to their enjoyment, is no object with them, provided it fully meets their views,—and it is believed that they have too much pride to suffer a paper devoted to them and their amusement, to languish for want of that liberality which characterises them in their ordinary pursuits, or to be second to the organ of any other interest, either in its size, appearance, or character.

Nor do we fear to ask him who would consult the closest economy in the support of a periodical, to consider the size of our sheet, the amount of original matter which it contains, the intelligence from so many quarters, gathered at such expense, and the illustrations so costly and appropriate, and then say whether the price be too great? Ask any print-dealer, and he will tell you that six Illustrations, as finished and beautiful as those we give this week, will cost more than double the whole price of subscription. Again, the expense which we incur for Travelling Correspondents and Reporters, (entirely disconnected with any other journal,) and in other arrangements, both in this country and in Europe, to obtain the earliest Sporting Intelligence, exceeds by far what any weekly, nay almost any daily paper in the Union expends in the collection of news.

But we need not argue the matter; readers will form their own estimate of the value of what we give them, and our paper will stand or fall accordingly; we only require to be judged fairly by our merits. That we shall lose a few readers there can be no doubt, but we rely upon those "good men and true" who have thus far manfully stood by us, to "see us out."

☞ Those of our subscribers who may determine not to sustain us in our design to furnish a sporting journal of the very first character, will please inform us at once, by returning this number, with the accompanying pictures. All will perceive the necessity of such a course for our interests, and must think it reasonable for us to infer that those who retain the engravings, desire to continue their subscriptions.

Gentlemen who hold receipts into the commencing volume, for any period expressly designated in their receipts, need not be told that they will be supplied for the full time, without extra charge.

☞ Without changing the character of the paper, it is proposed, in the ensuing volume, to increase the variety of its contents, by devoting two pages to matters that have not previously fallen within the scope of our design, and which, for want of room, have rarely been touched upon. The first page we intend giving up hereafter to the discussion of the *Topics of the Day*, with such an epitome of LIFE IN NEW YORK, and the Sayings and Doings in Literary and Fashionable Circles as our limits will permit. Into this page we intend to cram every good thing said, sung, or done, "in these parts," placing Fun "well up," and Politics "no where." It is no joke to write such an article as Black Maria's Memoir, or we might have ventured a joke on our own responsibility; instead, however, of "doing a bit of comic," we have been obliged to devote every instant to "the heavy business" of the paper. The other new department will be appropriated exclusively to the interest and information of Breeders of Fine Cattle, Sheep, etc., and the Agriculturist and Farmer generally. To render it of value to them, we have procured the assistance of several of the best breeders and farmers in the country, and being in the receipt of every publication devoted to the dissemination of intelligence of this kind, we make no doubt of rendering this feature of the "Spirit of the Times" of the highest value to those whose interests it is intended to subserve.

FANCY PORTRAIT OF AUGUSTA,

The celebrated Danseuse, in the character of "La Sylphide."
ENGRAVED ON STEEL BY HINSHILWOOD.
EXPRESSLY FOR THE "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

It was our confident expectation to have accompanied the Portrait of AUGUSTA, which we give in the present number, with an original biography of that lady, and a sketch of her, professionally. Many of the materials we have on hand, but we have preferred to await a more complete article, which has been prepared for this paper by one intimately acquainted with every incident in her life. A letter from our agent at New Orleans, bearing date the 9th ult., apprised us that the papers had not only been arranged, but actually forwarded prior to the date of his letter. These papers have not reached us, thanks to the watchfulness of Mr. Kendall over the mail route between this and New Orleans. It is, of course, a matter of regret with us, that our readers should thus be disappointed. Had we anticipated the recent action of the Senate of the United States upon the conduct of this functionary, the Postmaster General, in which a resolution of censure upon him was passed, and directed to be laid before the President, we should have called upon some friend in the Senate to move an amendment to the resolution, which assigned for the cause thereof, that he had addressed that body disrespectfully, assigning the further and stronger reason, that he had also grievously disregarded the interests of our readers, by delaying personally, or by agent, the receipt of our packet containing the biography of Augusta. It is the more annoying to us as Congress will now adjourn before our case can be acted upon. But let him not hope to go unwhipped of justice in this matter, for the whole subject will be brought before the next Congress, unless in the meantime the most rigorous and watchful attention is paid by the said Amos to the safe and punctual transmission of the "Spirit of the Times" to its distant readers. It is thus possible that the check which the Postmaster has given us over his future management, will conduce to the benefit of our subscribers in the earlier receipt of their papers, and thus partially compensate for their disappointment this week.

A few words as to the accompanying portrait. The sudden and unexpected departure of the beautiful and accomplished subject of it for New Orleans, prevented her from sitting to Mr. INMAN, as was desired. She had obliged us by giving a sitting to several artists, but they were all unfortunate in catching those features, the charming expression of which render her one of the loveliest of her sex. She is so much the creature of impulse, that it is next to an impossibility to pourtray upon canvass, the sunny smiles and witching graces which characterize her professional exertions. Sitting for a portrait is always a formal and spiritless affair, but in AUGUSTA's case, the "likenesses" made of her "at Home," are "counterfeit presentments" of the most melancholy and truculent description, giving not the slightest idea of that radiant beauty which, on the stage, has "won golden opinions from all sorts of people." With the assistance of a friend, who kindly attempted from memory an original sketch, we are enabled to present the accompanying Fancy Portrait of her in her popular character of "*La Sylphide*," (the Mountain Sylph,) in the ballet opera of that name; how far we have succeeded, our readers may judge.

The praise which every one will be ready to attribute to Mr. HINSHILWOOD, the engraver, may be enhanced by knowing that he had the picture in hand but two months. He has done perfect justice to the sketch which was furnished him, and has our renewed thanks for the punctuality with which he accomplished his task. The memoir, which should have occupied this page, cannot be much longer in reaching us, and will forthwith be published.

THE SPIRIT IS OUT AT LAST!

The way every body connected with this office has "seen grief" since Saturday last, is distressing! Nothing but "early piety" prevented the Editor's taking profanity the natural way, and as for the Clerks and boys about the office, they have become so accustomed to answering the question, "*When is* THE SPIRIT *coming out*?" that no other reply is made to *any* question than that "the Press is broke down!"—"Coming out Saturday!" or something of the kind.

Were we make the attempt of conveying to our readers a tithe of the difficulties which have delayed the publication of our paper, it would be hardly less irksome to them than the actual annoyance has been to us. It was necessary that all the preparations that for months past had been making for the first number of this volume, should advance in unison; new type, new head, new paper, new press, engravings, etc. etc. were all to be ready by a certain day, "and no mistake." Saturday last, the 2d instant, was fixed upon as the day, but the slow process of printing our Engravings pushed us over, as we had feared, till the 5th. Then, as if to cap the climax to our annoyances—to render them "most tolerable and not to be endured," the infernal press broke down; being the largest in town, (one of Napier's immense machines,) and the only one that can print this sheet, no substitute could be found; half a dozen machinists worked, fussed, and swore at it, more days and nights than we spent with Jonah in the whale's belly, but it wouldn't "do the clean thing," no how they could fix it. Every five minutes, for three or four days, it promised to go right, but the more it looked like going, the more it wouldn't. Finding ourselves in a mighty bad snap, after waiting personally upon its movements night after night, as the terrier said to the rat, we determined, at length, to omit altogether the paper of March 2d, and commence our Ninth Volume to-day.

That we have not been idle, since last we parted from him, each reader will at once perceive. That no trouble nor expense was spared to issue the paper on its proper day, those who best know us will readily believe, but an iron machine weighing five tons, is no plaything to be set in order in a few hours. Everything is at last working about right, though the appearance of our sheet will be improved, when our new press goes a little more smoothly, and on the ensuing Saturday we hope to present ourselves with lighter hearts, and in gayer mood.

Barclay Street.—"The Corsair" will be published about a fortnight hence,—say on the 16th inst. The proprietors have taken an office in our street, nearly opposite those of the "Albion" and "Mirror." We shall hear little more of Paternoster Row, we fancy, now that four such journals as the Mirror, Albion, Corsair, and Spirit of the Times, have established themselves in Barclay street. A month or two ago, we had another distinguished contemporary with us,—we allude to "*La Verité*," a French journal, under the conduct of that distinguished peruquier, GRAND JEAN, who likewise grows hair to any length, and of any color, if we may credit the announcements which stare at us from over the way. Whether the literary enthusiasm of the Frenchman has at last gone out "spontaneously," or whether, which we shrewdly suspect, he finds wig-making more profitable, we know not; but the truth is, we believe, that "La Verité" has left this world. We are ready to assist Grand Jean in bringing back her ladyship, and the best pledge we can give of our sincerity is, that no puff of horse or play-actor will henceforth appear in these columns, unless as an advertisement. Not that we have ever sinned materially in these respects, but we did once call Hamblin a tragedian, and Gann, an acquisition to the Park. But "the way of transgressors is hard," as we have found it in these instances, for we are to have Hamblin some thirty nights more *out* of the Bowery, it is said, and Gann never *will* go away.

War, War!—The news from Washington is getting to be quite rich daily They talk of war as familiarly as of punch *a-la-Romaine*, and it appears to be pretty well settled that some loafing lumbermen on the Aroostook, and a few "dirty acres" of pine lands are to bring John Bull and Jonathan to fisticuffs. Of course we have no faith in all this,—it would prevent the great race which we intend to get up between ***Harkaway*** and ***Boston*** next autumn, and might delay the match between Mr. WELD's *Alarm* and Mr. STEVENS's new yacht, to come off some time in July next. Were these the only consequences, it would be sufficient to fix our position; but there are others far more serious, and we therefore propose that instead of incurring the expense of sending out an Ambassador Extraordinary to England, both parties turn to and flog the thieving lumbermen out of their eyes, and the party that shows least alacrity in the business, to yield the territory in dispute.

☞ Should a crease or two be visible on the Engravings, when they reach our subscribers, the misfortune may be easily remedied by holding the blank side of the Plate for a short time over a vessel of warm water, and afterwards passing a hot iron carefully over it. By this process they will be rendered as smooth and unwrinkled as the "shining morning face" of Shakspeare's urchin.

Major Gahagan.—Those interested in the career of this distinguished soldier,—too little known in our country, as India has been the scene of his greatest exploits,—will be pleased to learn that we have received another number of his eventful history. As the article is illustrated by a diagram to represent the consummate skill with which the General of the Ahmednuggar Irregular Horse disabled one hundred and thirty-four elephants at one shot, we shall take time to have an outline sketch of it made for our own columns, before we publish the paper. But it will not long be delayed.

Barnaby Rudge.—It would seem as if half our paper to-day were occupied with apologies, and yet our readers must allow us to make one more, and that is for delaying till next week, the fourth chapter of "Barnaby Rudge,"—the second and third, we regret to say, were lost in the Pennsylvania. The crowded state of our columns prevents our making an early use of all the original papers, as well as magazines and papers which we received by the "Liverpool" steamer.

La Veloce.—Such is the name of the French steam frigate now in our harbor. Her model is very peculiar, and she attracts the attention of all classes. Even her rigging is all of iron. The recent demise of a daughter of Louis Philippe, prevents the officers of the frigate from receiving or extending such hospitalities as would ordinarily take place upon the arrival of so peculiar a visiter. It is deeply to wished that the attention of our Navy Department may be awakened by so slight an incident as this visit of the *Veloce*, to the gross deficiency of our own navy in this strong arm of defence. It is not fit that the country of FULTON, of PERKINS, and of STEVENS, should be the only commercial nation which has neglected the application of steam power to the purposes of war. Our navy, we believe, boasts but of a single frigate, and that one can carry a supply of fuel but for three days, while the *Veloce* carries a supply for twenty-two.

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Original Articles.

REMINISCENCES OF THE PRAIRIES.

One homely proverb happened to hit my fancy in my last; another forces itself upon me now. The variety of languages in which it is couched, in all of which it appears to be an established favorite, proves that the principle which it includes is universally recognised. I fancy there is no place where the sentiment is breathed forth in a greater variety of the "accents of Babel," from "that soft bastard Latin," to the "harsh, whistling, northern guttural," than in the inflated village which we dignify as the Capital of this Union.

Every one to their liking, exclaimed I the other day, in our own vernacular, in view of one of the distinctive features of the place, where the suites of the different foreign ministers may find a concentration of most of the things that are unpleasant in their own countries, with a lamentable deficiency on the per contra side of the account. Where the stranger can so time his visit as to be blinded in summer by the keen, irritating dust (not *pulverum Olympicum*), which has immortalized the name of McAdam, or haply, in winter, to loose his breath and his temper in beating up against the "raw and gusty" airs which circulate so freely through the avenues, or in wading through mud of every variety of depth and tenacity. Where people within comes of a thousand or fifteen hundred pounds, give entertainments, vieing with the splendor of an English nobleman's; where men, who have comfortable homes or profitable business elsewhere, consent to spend a large fraction of the year amid annoyances for which they get *me judice* no equivalent. Yet there are those to whom all this is *to their liking*.

> I wonder if wonders are ever to cease,
> For at present they seem to be on the increase.

I should not be surprised even to meet with an admirer of the architecture of the Astor House, or to hear the design and execution of the drop-curtain in the theatre at Washington eulogized. But for my single self-believing, that

> "Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,"

I would say to each one of the eager throng,

> Turn from the glittering bribe thy scornful eye,
> Nor sell for gold what gold could never buy;
> The peaceful slumber, self-approving day,
> Unsullied fame, and conscience ever gay,

and they would laugh at me for my pains. So, Mr. Editor, we will get off of our "high horse," and avoiding the forbidden preserves of politics, where, if there be no spring-guns, there are man-traps in plenty, sally out once more upon the prairies,

> "If fields are prisons, where is liberty!"

I have said on a former occasion, that though the summer in these regions is transcendantly beautiful, yet the winter scene is not altogether uninteresting, and among the sights presented at this latter season, none are more magnificent than the burning prairies. I remember well the first spectacle of the kind I ever witnessed; I was travelling alone across a prairie of the largest size. During the whole of the after part of the day a prodigious cloud of smoke formed the foreground of the view. Towards evening I gained upon it, and before I reached my quarters, a formidable extent of fire stretched off on my right, both before and behind, nearly as far as the eye could reach. Though the fire was yet at a considerable distance, and the house where I proposed stopping was near, still I could not help occasionally casting anxious glances over my shoulder, and quickening the speed of my horse. When I arrived, I found the men had all gone out, as the women very expressively said, to "fight the fire" from the corn-fields. The scene, as night came on, assumed an aspect of grandeur that I had never seen equalled. Directly opposite the house, a line of fire extended in each direction, beyond the limits of vision, casting an illumination as bright as the light of day over the surrounding country. Lurid volumes of smoke extended themselves overhead, receiving from the fire beneath various tinges of redness, the whole accompanied with a roaring precisely similar to that of the distant ocean. There is something impressive of awe in the devastation of this fearful element, even though the spectator feels assured of his safety. The women upon this occasion gathered in a shuddering group at the door, and watched with terrified countenances the progress of the flames, while the children clung to them with instinctive terror, though it was evident, from the precaution that had been taken, that there was no danger to be apprehended, either to person or property. The origin of these fires, like that of all others, must be attributed to somebody, and at the time of which I speak, the "cursed Indians" used pretty generally to be made the scape-goats; but though the Indians are gone, the fires still continue; and when we consider the vast quantity of dried herbage with which the country is covered (for the first frosts kill the grass, and convert it into a substance as inflammable as tinder), we cannot be surprised that accident or design should be constantly igniting such combustible materials.

The rapidity with which the fire advances, and its intensity, vary according to the state of the wind and the quantity of material. The grass on the upland prairies seldom grows higher than the knee, but in the river bottoms, it is not unusual to see hundreds of acres growing higher than the head of a mounted horseman; a conflagration here, urged forward by a high wind, is perfectly terrific—

> Vast sheets of flame, and globes of fire,
> By an impetuous wind are driven
> Through all the regions of inferior heaven,
> Till hid in sulphurous smoke, they seemingly expire.

It might be a serious matter to be overtaken by it in such a place; but these swampy bottoms are but little traversed, and they occupy only a very small portion of the country. In the uplands the heat is never so intense but that a man or horse might pass through it in some part of the line without any worse injury than a slight singing. I have heard of a man being obliged to abandon a loaded wagon, which was overtaken and consumed; but I never heard of any more serious accident. During the whole winter, when the ground is not covered with snow, there is hardly a night that the settler cannot see from his cabin-door light spots on some part of the horizon, varying in brightness according to the distance of the burning prairie, from a glare like that of the brightest illumination to the faintness of the Aurora Borealis. These fires are very often destructive of individual property, and are always injurious to the general interests of the country. When the inhabitants of any settlement are not sufficiently numerous, or have not been on the alert, to counteract their progress, they will frequently make fearful havoc among the fences, hay-stacks, and corn-fields. Their tendency, moreover, is, by encroaching on the timber, gradually to enlarge the prairies, already too extensive. As the settlements increase, they will become less general and less destructive. Nothing more is requisite to cover the whole country with timber as thickly as is desirable; for it is a singular fact, that if a piece of ground in the centre of the largest prairie be broken up, and the wild grass effectually destroyed, and not afterwards cultivated, it will soon be covered with a growth of young timber.

At the period to which I am now referring, namely, some ten years ago, several remnants of the tribe of Sauk Indians still lingered on the eastern bank of the Mississippi, in the vicinity of the lower Rapides. It was here that the remains of a daughter of the celebrated and unfortunate Black Hawk were deposited, and a cairn of loose stones, surmounted by a rough cross, long marked, and may still designate the place of her interment. This was, moreover, a general place of sepulture for the tribe. Very few of the corpses were interred: they were generally placed in a sitting posture on the ground, and covered with a loose superstructure of bark and boards, through the crevices of which the remains of the mouldering tenants were very visible. Infants were commonly enveloped in bark, and suspended among the branches of the trees. To this spot, and a lovelier one is not washed by the Father of Waters, Black Hawk was very much attached, and his reluctance to abandon it was among the strongest of the motives which urged him on to his unavailing struggle against the advancing tide of the White Man's progress. His son, in whom the ladies of the Eastern cities a few years since

> "Beheld the warrior dwindled to a beau,"

was always a bit of a dandy; he used to wear a superb robe of swan's down, and was very fond of contemplating his fine figure and improving appearance in the portable mirror which he had always about him. The Sauks were then at war with the Sioux, who, being much the strongest of the two, confined them to the vicinity of the Mississippi river, from whence they would make hasty incursions into their enemies' country, and when they could surprise an unguarded party, would reap an ample and sanguinary vengeance. In one of their wigwams I saw the only survivor of one of these parties confined by a wound in his knee. He was one of a company of seven, who had succeeded a short time before in approaching unperceived a small encampment of Sioux. They stationed themselves at the doors of the wigwams, and set them on fire; as the inmates rushed out, they shot them down. Some, however, who succeeded in escaping, rallied among the trees, and soon destroyed three of the assailants; the remaining four still continued the fight, and as they had the advantage of fire-arms, of which their enemies were destitute, their superiority in point of numbers was in some sort compensated. The combatants were at length reduced to two Sioux and a single Sauk. The former now rushed upon their solitary enemy as to a certain prey; but he stood his ground, and as they advanced he shot one of them dead on the spot; the other threw his spear and pierced his antagonist through the leg. He fell to the ground, but collecting his remaining strength, he drew the weapon from the wound, and as the other advanced to consummate his destruction with his tomahawk, he ran him through the body. The Sauk, forgetting his wound in the pride of victory, took thirty scalps, and made his way home.

Vixerunt fortes ante Agamemnona multi. H.

A RECOVERED PETER-PINDARIC.

Peter showeth his deep knowledge of the old monkish legends—discourseth on the Devil's first attempt at painting, and his resemblance to Othello—maketh a Pindaric leap, and reasoneth with fervor and unction, on the moral impossibility of white-washing "our cored brethren."

The Syrian leper washed away
His fleshly stains in Jordan's waters,
And pure cologne and rose paté
Add sweetness to earth's sweetest daughters.

The Devil—so old legends say,—
I will not vouch that they speak true,—
With curious taste, one summer's day
Painted his nether part sky-blue.
Whether in a strange fit of piety,
Or from the effects of inebriety,
He was in this, the learned contend,
Most mindful of his latter end.
As laughing, he laid on the color thick,
"Neat, but not gaudy," said Old Nick.

Of some poor devotee of paint,
He sought, perhaps, to win the heart.
And make him worship, as a saint,
This triumph of pictorial art.
Turning his longing eyes away,
From canvass thronged with loves and graces,
The Goddess of the blushing day,
And other lovely forms and faces;
Madonnas, with most dove-like eyes,
Half fixed on earth, half turned to heaven,
Midway betwixt the earth and skies,
To God—and man, their glances given,
With half a woman's heavenly trust,
And half a look that doats on dust,
Gods, Virgins, Vestals, great and small,
Adonis here, and there Apollo,
That on those lofty ceilings sprawl,
And beat your modern painters hollow—
—To that back ground of sombre hue,
So "darkly, beautifully blue."

Or else, perchance, he sought to shame,
And put the painters to their blushes,
And try with them the race for fame,
Running his tail against their brushes.
Thus like the Moor, did Nick so clever
His "round unvarnished tail deliver,"

You cannot change the Æthiop's skin,
Unless you put the dye within,
Meaning thereby—that if you seek,
To alter color, form, or feature,
Your efforts will be vain and weak—
You first must change the nigger's nature.

Indeed it is a sorry sight,
Th' attempt to paint a black man white—
A wilful waste of precious time,
Patience, and valuable lime.
Let even Apelles try his brush,
The negro would cry out "Oh hush!"
Vain all attempts in this direction,
To bleach him to a white complexion.
Try every kind of outward stain,
Nature will black it out again.

It seemeth, then, that all these cases,
Amount to confirmation full,—
Man may not whiten negroes' faces,
When heaven has dyed them in the wool.
To try it, were not only vanity,
But to my mind, the worst profanity—
To change his dusky situation,
A work of super-erogation.

Heaven gave to negroes other graces,
T' atone for the blackness of their faces;
It made them graceful, straight, and slim,
And gave them strength and length of limb—
Erect, as Lebanon's proud cedar,
And comely as the tents of Kedar.
White teeth, most beautifully set,
Like orient pearls in-laid in jet—
With most prodigious length of heel,
And elasticity of toe,
To figure in Virginia reel,
Or wheel about, and jump "Jim Crow."

And then the kind and tasteful fates,
Have closely, curiously curled,
Around their finely moulded pates,
The sweetest love-locks in the world.

And when with laughter, dance, and song,
They sweetly mix in Congo's groves,
The perfumed breezes waft along,
The fragrance of their dusky loves,
Till the sense aches, as it inhales,
The spice oppressed and burdened gales.

And gracious heaven has given the black,
Skulls warranted to never crack—
Like the weak cranium of the white,
Sore-cursed by unpropitious fate,
When his brain-pan receives Heaven's light,
His reasoning powers evaporate;
And his friends give him, to beguile him,
Rooms in the Lunatic Asylum.

The negro bears, exempt from pain,
The heaviest pressure on the brain;
And those who know him best, can tell
He does his head-work strong and well.

'Tis vain for mortals to repine,
And weep, because a power divine,
Has, in its wisest dispensation,
"Drawn black lines round" the negro nation.
The hand that tinted heaven's bright bow,
Painted in black, the negro's brow.
Whether because of fleshly stain,
Or this the mark that branded Cain,—
To us poor mortals here below,
Is far beyond our mental sight;
In ignorance we only know,
We cannot paint a black man white.

NAMING HORSES AGAINST THE FIELD.

"Is a bet naming two horses against the field, void, if one of the horses named fails to start."

In maintaining the affirmative of this proposition, Mr. Editor, I hope I shall not be considered as treading upon one of your own special prerogatives. Seeing that you had joined issue with a couple of your correspondents, in regard to this matter, I thought I might (particularly as there are two against one) vouchsafe to lend you a helping hand, however feeble it might be, without being obnoxious to the charge of an intruder. Being myself a very plain, matter-of-fact man, you are not to expect from me such "a shrewd and ingenious argument" as you justly attribute to your Kentucky correspondent, B. C., who denies that a bet is void when made on two named horses against the field, in the event of but *one* of those horses starting for the race.

The question, as it appears to me, lies in a nut-shell. It is admitted, that in the case of *one* horse being betted against the field, the bet is void, if the horse so betted on does not start for the race; because, in that case, he who bets on him would have "*no chance*" of winning. But if the bet be on two named horses against the field, and only one starts for the race, the bettor, it is alleged, has *some chance*, in that case, of winning his bet, though it might turn out to be a very slender one indeed. There seems to me to be something like *hair-splitting* in all this; on one of the named horses he would have "no chance," and it might be, a very slender one on the other. I apprehend, that in bets of this kind, (which I shall here consider altogether as by-bets,) there is an implied understanding, at least, between the parties, that the particular horses betted on must run, or the bet be void, provided the individual betting on the particular named horses chooses so to declare it. Under this implied agreement or understanding he takes two chances of winning his wager; and to secure these he consents to risk nothing *previously* to the start.

It is different with him who agrees to take "the field" against a particular named horse or horses. He takes the *chance* of the field being a numerous and strong one, and, at the same time the *risk* of its being a small and a weak one. All this he does with his eyes open; and he makes his calculations accordingly. The contingency of one of the particular horses betted against not starting, does not, or ought not of right, to enter into these calculations.

The error into which I think your correspondent B. C. frequently falls, in his ingenious discussion of this question, is in *designating* or *specifying* the horses which constitute "the field:" whereas, in sporting parlance, the field means the *undefined, un-named* horses engaged in the race. There is nothing gained or lost to the argument by these being few or many.

I will not follow your correspondent in his various amplifications on this subject, because, I think, in these the true question is not fully and fairly met. "Illiberal" propositions to bet have nothing to do with the matter. Those who are in the habit of betting are generally shrewd, sharp-sighted men, who understand very well what they are about. Although I know of no positive rule established in regard to bets being void when particular horses betted on do not start for the race, I can see no just cause why the rule laid down and applied to *one* particular horse should not, by parity of reasoning, be applied to *two* named horses as well as one—unless, indeed, it can be shown that the bettor on the two, agreed, at the time of making his bet, to incur the *risk* of one of them not starting in the race. And this, I take it, is the *gist* of the whole matter. Common practice (which is something), so far as my information extends, accords with the view here taken of the subject.

The case stated of a gentleman offering to bet the Kentucky entries in a stake to be run for at Louisville, against all other entries for the same stake, is not a suitable one to sustain your correspondent's argument on the point at issue. In that case the offer to wager is *general*, not *specific* in its terms—quite different from that offered to be made on one or two *particular named* horses, against an undefined field of horses. The gentleman, it is said, "would laugh in your face," if you were to tell him that *all* the nominations from Kentucky must start in the race to constitute it a bet. But how would he act if *no* entry from Kentucky started in the race, and the adverse party should, nevertheless, claim to have won the bet? In that case I think it likely he might be made "to laugh on 'tother side of his mouth." If but a *single* entry from Kentucky start in that race, the gentleman will, of course be held to his bet; because, at the time of making it, he agreed to take the chances and the risks similar to those where "the field" is taken against named nags—with this difference, however, that the entries for the stake being closed, he could look to those entries, and those only; whereas, the chances in favor of "the field" might be greatly augmented, both as regards number and strength, between the time of betting and the time of running. But his opponent, who had *named and designated* his horse or horses could have no such advantage. The only privilege which he asks or seeks is, that whatsoever he has specified or named to run shall run, to constitute it a fair and equal bet, according to the true meaning and common sense understanding of the parties at the time it was made. If, indeed, he shall choose to give up one of his chances of winning, and rely solely upon the other, he is, in my judgment, at liberty to do so, and hold the adverse party to the bet; because the latter wagered that "the field" would beat *both* the *named* horses. This should, however, be declared before the horses start.

You will perceive, Mr. Editor, that what is here written has reference exclusively to by-betting, and not to *matches*, concerning which the parties making them generally, if not always, make some special agreements between themselves. Nor is there any reference to bets made "*absolutely*," which term is equivalent to the words "*play or pay*." Such bets, we all know, stand, whether there be a race or not, provided one horse appears for the purpose.

It may appear to some as an act of temerity in me to contend in argument with so able an adversary as your correspondent B. C. undoubtedly is. Single-handed I would not have attempted it. I come over to you, Mr. Editor, as an humble coadjutor. I hope you may not, by this interposition of mine, have cause to exclaim, "deliver me from my friends." N. L.

News by the Steam-Packet Liverpool.

The Steam-Ship *Liverpool*, Capt. FAYRER, R. N., arrived very early on Monday morning last from Liverpool, which port she left on the 6th Feb. She brings us our files of papers to the latest dates, and with a single exception, *all* the February magazines.

Nothing of particular interest has occurred in Sporting and Theatrical circles since the interval of the dates brought by the "Great Western." Parliament was opened on the 5th with the usual Speech from the Throne, which was delivered by the Queen in person. The Courier of the 5th thus introduces the Speech:—

This afternoon, at two o'clock, the Queen went in state to the House of Lords, to open the session of Parliament. About ten minutes past two, her Majesty was announced in the usual way; and after a short interval, the Queen, preceded by the Chief Officers of State, entered the House, and ascended the throne. Nothing could surpass the splendor which the scene presented as the peers, peeresses, and beautiful gazers from the galleries all arose, and filled the mind with a sense of the power and loveliness over which the Royal occupant of the Throne so appropriately presided.

Her Majesty having commanded their Lordships to be seated, a message was sent requiring the presence of the Speaker of the House of Commons, who, accompanied by various members, forthwith appeared at the bar. All now was hushed; and then the speech having been delivered to the Queen by the Lord Chancellor, her Majesty read it—in a voice which was at first rather tremulous and not very audible—but as the reading proceeded, the enunciation became more distinct, the tones clearer, and the soft sweetness of their sound was heard by every listener in that crowded and magnificent assembly.

Her Majesty has highly gratified the friends of the Legitimate Drama, by visiting both Covent Garden and Drury Lane in State. The "Court Journal" thus describes her reception, etc.:—

Drury Lane.—Her Majesty's visit in state on Tuesday evening (Jan. 29) attracted the most numerous audience we ever remember to have seen assembled within the walls of "Old Drury." The house had a most brilliant effect, the boxes displaying a most fashionable company. At a quarter past seven her Ma

ently st..td, and was received with a heartiest and joyous welcome. The whole house, waving handkerchiefs, and cheering in the most enthusiastic manner. Her Majesty advanced to the front of the box, and returned, in her usual gracious manner, the applause. The greatest care has been taken to render the Royal box and the apartments connected with it worthy of the illustrious visitor; they were fitted up with magnificence and good taste. Mr. Bunn and his stage and acting managers attended her Majesty to the Royal box. Immediately on the entrance of the Royal party, the curtain was drawn up, and "God save the Queen" was sung by the whole of the company. The Queen paid Mr. Balfe the compliment of commanding his opera of the *Maid of Artois*, and also honored the author by joining in the applause with which his song of the "Light of other days" was received. The opera was performed with its accustomed success. On the conclusion of the opera the lions were brought on the stage, and Mr. Van Amburgh went through his performances. The performance closed with the *Spirit of Air*, in which Mr. Wieland exerted his original talents. The National Anthem was again repeated, and the Queen, having bowed gracefully to the audience, retired at a quarter past 12 o'clock. The audience cheered her Majesty as she left the box, and the assembled multitude gave her an enthusiastic cheer as she entered her carriage.

Covent Garden.—Yesterday evening (Feb. 1,) the Queen, attended by a numerous suite, honored this theatre with her presence. Her Majesty arrived shortly after seven o'clock, under an escort of the Life Guards, and was received by Mr. Searle and Mr. Notter, who had the honor of escorting her Majesty to the Royal box. Her Majesty was received in the same enthusiastic manner as on Tuesday evening at Drury Lane, which she condescendingly acknowledged by advancing to the front of the box and frequently bowing. The curtain was drawn up on the arrival of the Royal party, and "God save the Queen" was admirably sung by the whole strength of the company. The Royal box and apartments were fitted up with great taste and splendor, and the theatre, which was crowded to the ceiling, presented a most imposing appearance when the house rose on the arrival and departure of her Majesty, and during the performance of the national anthem. The pieces commanded by the Queen were "The Lady of Lyons" and the last two acts of "Rob Roy." Her Majesty appeared greatly delighted with the first piece, and frequently joined in the applause so repeatedly bestowed upon Mr. Macready and Miss H. Faucit, who seemed, in this instance, to surpass themselves. At the conclusion of the entertainments, "God save the Queen" was again performed, and her Majesty, bowing gracefully to the audience, retired, and was escorted to her carriage by Mr. Macready, who was prevented having the honor of receiving her Majesty in consequence of his performing in the first piece.

The Brother to Bay Middleton still remains at the head of the betting list for the ensuing Derby, with only 9 to 1 against him. For the Chester Trades Cup, *Harkaway* has fallen off a point; betters are anxious to get on, however, at 20 to 1. King Cole, the first favorite, stands at 9 to 1—Van Buren, the 2d favorite, at 11 to 1.

By order of the Minister of Commerce in France, horses running for the Government prizes in all races are in future to carry over *four pounds* extra! "Bell's Life in London" of the 3d Feb., gives the following information relative to the organization of

The Paris Jockey Club.—This club was established after the revolution of 1830, by Lord Seymour and some other young men. Their sole object was, at that time, to introduce into France, English races, better horses, bets, and the habits of the turf. The club consisted, at first, of a very few members, who occupied a humble apartment in the Rue du Helder. The association gradually increased, by the accession of a host of *Elegans*. The Rue du Helder rooms having become much too small for the association, the house at the corner of the Boulevard Montmartre and the Rue Grange Bateliere was hired, and the club is now established in the fine apartments formerly occupied by Lesage's fashionable *Magazin de Nouveautes*, since removed to the Rue de la Chaussee d'Antin. The club consists of two hundred and fifty ordinary members, and of a certain number of foreign members, who are admitted for six months. On their introduction members pay 500 francs, and 250 francs annually. The foreign members pay 200 francs for the six months they are permitted to frequent the place. The apartments are most elegantly furnished. They are divided into two parts—one where smoking is endured, and the other where it is excluded. The former fragrant part consists of a billiard-room and two drawing-rooms, presenting the appearance of so many *tabagies*. Every day at six or seven o'clock two dinners are served up—one for twelve, and the other for six persons. Those who put their names down first have places kept for them. These dinners are very good, the price being six francs, exclusive of wine. One may also dine *a la carte*, but these dinners are generally inferior to the others. A sporting club house is much wanting in London, and we are surprised among all the new-fashioned clubs established, that one of this sort has not found projectors. By the adoption of proper rules and regulations, it might be made truly respectable, and as a grand focus for all the sporting men of the kingdom, would be found most useful.

Something of this kind is very much "desiderated" in New York. If no one else will make a move in the business, we have an idea of seeing what we can do in the premises.

Mr. Jackson, of Hull, has purchased for Russia, Mr. Milner's gr. f. *Alpha*, by Stumps, dam by Raphael, and Sir R. Bulkeley's br. f. *Valencia*, by Velocipede, out of Nell Gwynne. Bell's Life notes another sale as follows:—

Matilda, by Orville, *Herod*, a Derby colt, by Aaron, out of the Young Election mare, and *Herodia*, own sister to the colt, have just been sold to France, from the stud of the late Thomas Stirling, Esq., who, for the best part of a century, has been an amateur breeder of thorough-bred horses. We are informed that this very fine and spirited colt met with an accident, in his way through France, by a diligence coming too near him, by which his thigh bone was broken, and he was immediately killed.

The match between *Deaf Burke* and *Bendigo* was to come off on the 12th Feb. Bell's Life of the 3d remarks:—

The final deposit for this match, which will come off on Tuesday week, was made good on Tuesday evening, at Jem Burn's, and the "rowdy" duly forwarded to Jem Ward, the stakeholder, at Liverpool, under whose observation Bendigo has been training; 50 to 40 was offered on Burke, but no takers; nothing less than 6 and 7 to 4 would be booked. Bendigo is said to be in "prime twig," and the Deaf-un, who did not show, we hear is in robust health, and as confident as a lion. He has during the past week been taking boating exercise on the Thames at Putney, having shifted his quarters to Avis's, at the Bells, from the North end. The place of fighting has not been determined on, but will not be a thousand miles from Birmingham.

We regret to learn that Bulwer, the novelist, has published a paragraph in some of the London papers, commenting upon his wife's extravagance, and giving notice, at the same time, that he is not answerable for her debts.

Lord Castlereagh and De Melci, the husband of Grisi, the beautiful cantatrice, appear on the eve of another duel. The parties are now in Paris. A London Sunday paper has the following paragraph on the subject:—

Castlereagh is again in Paris, attracted by his *chere amie*, the "singing woman," with whom he is rarely, however, seen in public, but in whose company nearly the whole of his time is passed, so devoted is he to the frail but fair syren. The lordling is a nightly attendant at the opera, where he may be seen leading the *applaudists*, and paying obedient homage to the object of his devotion. De Melci is generally seated in a box opposite to that occupied by Castlereagh, and is accompanied by a female of much elegance and beauty. Castlereagh's cab proceeds every morning to the residence of Grisi, who is driven to the hotel of her favored swain, and generally remains with him the greater part of the day. Hourly something is expected to transpire between the lord and his old opponent, who keeps a watchful eye on the motions of the seducer of his wife.

An association has been recently formed in London, bearing the title of the "Thames Angling Preservation Society," for the preservation of the river fish against destruction by unlawful means, etc. The "Age" pleasantly alludes to it as follows:—

We understand that Theodore "Hook," Esq. has been appointed President, and Mr. "Rodd," the eminent Bibliopole, the Vice. The offices of the Association are to be held, in "*Breams*'" Buildings. Mr. "*Roach*," our neighbor, is the legal advisor, and Dr. "Carp"-ue, the Nosologist, the medical ditto. All gentlemen of the name of "Fisher" are directors by courtesy. "Jack Pike" and "Tom Trout" are the chief water-bailiffs; Michael "Scules," butcher. All "*dace*"-nt persons, as Feargus O'Connor would say, and men of pre-"*tench*"-sions are invited to take their "*perch*" amongst the Thames Anglers. Company's "Banks," the Surrey and Middlesex, Thames River, and Co. From this slight prospectus which has been sent us, we make no doubt but the Angling Society will "take." The o-*fish*-als are well selected; and if the profits of the Association are not all "net," we presume it will only be in consequence of such not being considered in the "line" of the Society.

In a late review of the Sporting Literature of the day, "Bell's Life in London," after noticing the claims to popular favor of the three principal magazines, concludes with the following review of *The Sportsman*:—

"Last on the list comes 'The Sportsman,' certainly the cheapest of the lot, and, we must say, far removed from the best. It is, however, an agreeable miscellany of 'scissors and paste work;' but in justice to a contemporary brother of the broad sheet in America (The New York Spirit of the Times), we must quote the following passage from the last number which has reached us.—[Here the editor quotes the article from 'the Spirit' alluding to the scandalous plagiarisms of The Sportsman, who has palmed off as original more than a hundred pages filched from our columns.]—If we had not lost the faculty of blushing, we should, were we the editor of 'The Sportsman,' turn as red as turkey cocks at reading this well-deserved touch of Yankee criticism. That our columns, in the same way, furnished ample food for the scissors in the same periodical, without acknowledgement, is pretty well known; but as few people like to eat the same food over again, we calculate the cookery will soon produce its own cure."

A Cautious Sportsman.—Last week, Mr. Varnham, the master of the Ashburton hounds, after a severe chase, finding himself alone with the hounds on Dartmoor, in a thick fog, determined to remain stationary, and taking the saddle from his horse, cut some heath and well cleaned him; after which, turning the saddle upside down, he made a pillow of it, and remained on the spot for 14 hours, till day-break gave him the means of finding his way home with the hounds. The Yorkshireman, Feb. 2.

Sir Gilbert Heathcote's Stud.—That fine old English sportsman, Sir Gilbert Heathcote, the fortunate winner of the last year's Derby Stake at Epsom, appears determined to draw the stream of superiority in his future racing stock, from the North of England, he having already sent eight of his best brood mares into Yorkshire, to be covered by those superior bred stallions, *Velocipede*, *Muley Moloch*, and *Sheet Anchor*. The mares which have arrived are as follows:—

To be put to Velocipede—*Jane Shore*, (Amato's dam,) by Woful, out of Bella Donna; *Dryad*, by Whalebone, out of Harpalyce; *Hope*, late La Fille Mal Gardee (Chamborazo's dam), by Lottery, out of Morgiana; *Lady Sarah*, by Tramp, out of Miss Wentworth; *Lady's Slipper*, by Waxy Pope, dam by Rubens, out of Slipper.

To Muley Moloch—*Jane*, (Valentissimo's dam,) by Moses, out of Harriet by Selim (in foal to Velocipede).

To Sheet Anchor—*Nanette*, (Caroline's dam,) sister to Glaucus, by Partisan—Nanine. Sunday Times, Feb. 2.

Extraordinary Day's Sport.—On Thursday week, C. M. Phillips, Esq., of Garendon Park, and three friends (four guns in all) commenced shooting at twelve o'clock, and when they left off between four and five o'clock, they had bagged the extraordinary quantity of 121 hares, 72 pheasants, 17 rabbits, and 1 partridge. Leicester Mercury.

Lord Westminster's br. f. sister to Touchstone, by Camel, out of Banter, 3 years old, (engaged in the Oaks,) passed through York, on Friday last, on her way to Newmarket.

Duke of Cleveland's celebrated brood mare *Matilda*, by Comus, (winner of the St. Leger, in 1827,) dropped a fine colt on Thursday last, to Voltaire. She will be put to Muley Moloch.

On Sunday last, Mr. Hebden's brood mare, *Van*, (the dam of Appleton Lad, &c.,) by Ivanhoe, out of Wire by Waxy, dropped a fine colt foal, by Muley Moloch, and we understand she will be put to him again.

Mr. Scott's celebrated mare, *Cyprian*, (winner of the Oaks in 1836,) by Partisan, out of Frailty, by Filho da Puta, dropped a few days ago, a fine colt foal, by The Saddler. The mare is at Tickhill Castle, near Bawtry, where she had been sent to be put to Jerced. Mr. Scott has named the young colt "Artful Dodger."

The Tartar Mare.—This animal, whose extraordinary career cannot fail to be interesting, not only to the sportsman, but to the general reader, was bred by the Duke of Bolton, and foaled about the year 1751. She was by Tartar, her dam by Mogul, grandam by Sweepstakes, great grandam by Bay Bolton, Mr. Curwen's Bay Barb, Old Spot, out of the Vintner Mare. After the Duke of Bolton's decease, she became the property of Peter Hammond, Esq., who presented her to the Rev. Mr. Lascelles, of Gilling, near Richmond, Yorkshire; who gave her to a friend in the south of England, who occasionally used her as a hack, and also bred several foals from her common stallions. This mare, when turned *twenty years of age*, was purchased for *five guineas* by a person who sold her for *one guinea more*; after which Mr. O'Kelly (an excellent judge, no doubt, of the conformation of the horse), hesitated not to offer one hundred guineas for her, at which the seller was surprised and pleased; there was no difficulty in arranging the bargain when both parties were anxious for its completion. Mr. O'Kelly cleared *thirty thousand pounds from the produce of this mare, after she was turned twenty years of age!* Era, Feb. 3.

Feat Extraordinary.—Last week, as Robert Irving, cattle-driver, was taking charge of a lot of fat cattle from Mr. John King, Glenluce, one of the bullocks, when released from its stall, made direct for the water of Luce and plunged in, swimming for the opposite shore. Irving pursued him, took the water after him, and being the better swimmer reached the opposite shore before his rival. The bank where the landing was to be effected was steep, and as the bullock was endeavoring to scramble up, Irving caught it by the tail, and by his great strength and agility he turned it right round, and jumping on its back they both once more took to the watery element, when, through the strength of the current, the bullock and his rider were carried fully a mile down the stream, to the no small terror of a number of spectators, who had assembled to witness this novel mode of travelling. Irving, however, kept his seat manfully, and both the bullock and his rider were safely landed at the Bridge of Park, and both reached Stranraer in time to take their passage to Glasgow in the Maid of Galloway steamer.

Jim Crow has renewed his engagement with Yates at the Adelphi, and will continue to perform in the last new farce of *Jim Crow in his New Place*. A new drama will also be performed to-morrow for the first time, entitled *Jane Lomax*, which will be supported by the whole strength of the company. The pantomime has been withdrawn to make room for this novelty. *Nicholas Nickleby* and *The Giant of Palestine* have lost none of their attractions. Age, Feb. 3.

Vestris and her *Blue Beard* carry on well, as good houses have been the go throughout the week. Her transatlantic visit has done great things for her, and the treasurer must have found that out from the receipts since Madame's return to her old quarters. Ib.

Charles Kean has been "starring it" at Cheltenham and Gloucester. He returns to Bath on the 18th, to play a second engagement. *On dit*, that Mrs. Fitzwilliam, at the conclusion of her provincial engagements, will pay the Yankees a visit. We have no doubt she will prove a favorite on the other side of the Atlantic. Ib.

The Committee of the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund continue to meet daily at the Theatre, and have received communications from the Duke of Bedford, Sir William Curtis, and other Noblemen of distinction, who have signified their intention of being present to support his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, who will preside at the forthcoming festival.

Mademoiselle P. Garcia.—This sister of the celebrated Madame Malibran has, within the last year past, acquired much fame at Paris. It is said that another cantatrice of the same name is expected from Italy, where her voice produces a sort of revolution. It is rumored that she is engaged at the Opera, with a salary of 100,000f. per annum. Paris paper.

The Bayaderes are stated by the Belgian papers to have landed on the 25th inst. at Antwerp, and appeared on the following evening.

Albert and Bochsa's ballet, "Le Corsaire," was performed last week for the first time at the Royal Theatre of Bressels.

M. Taglioni's new grand ballet, "La Gitana," which has been brought out with so much pomp at St. Petersburgh, was to be performed on Monday at Paris, at the Academie Royale de Musique, under the title of "Sarah la Bohemienne," Fanny Esler enacting the principal part.

Hawkins-Street.—Mr. Power made his first appearance this season on Tuesday night, in the character of Rory O'More, and met with a very warm reception; his humorous delineation of the Irish character kept the audience in roars of laughter. The Marchioness of Normanby occupied her private box, and seemed highly entertained at Mr. Power's comicality. Last night he appeared in "Born to Good Luck" and the "Irish Lion;" the audience was not numerous, in consequence of the inclemency of the weather. Mrs. Fitzwilliam's performances nightly elicit deserved applause. The entertainments announced for this evening are "O'Flannigan and the Fairies" and "Nicholas Nickleby." Dublin Evening Packet.

Italian Opera.—The 16th of February is the earliest period fixed for the opening of her Majesty's Theatre, but we have reason to suspect that all the artistes for the commencement will not have arrived until after that date. The *prima donna* will be new to the English public, who, with Frederick Lablache and Signor Tati, will *debut* in "Belisario." We have heard that Pauline Garcia is engaged to supply the throne vacated by Grisi. Persiani, Rubini, Tamburini, Lablache, and Ivanoff, no doubt will complete the corps vocal for the brilliant half of the season. Costa is at work on a grand ballet, to be produced in June. Of the Terpsichorean arrangements we are in profound ignorance. The band, which in talent and discipline, had never before reached the efficiency of last year, is promised to outstrip all its former efforts, by the addition of a few more excellent artistes in the stringed instrument department—thus strengthening the melody, and more equally balancing the sounds of the numerous brass instruments used in modern scores. Musical World.

Madame de Wolezagen, the friend of the celebrated Frederick Schiller, is said to be engaged at Jena in writing memoirs of her life, which are not to be published before her death. She is now 70 years old.

Mr. Charles Kean.—This gentleman is starring it in the west of England, where he has engagements at Bath, Bristol, Plymouth, and Exeter, previous to his departure for America, where he is engaged, *on dit*, for seventy-five nights, at £60 a night!—an improbable sum.

Hints to Young Sportsmen by a Rough Rider.—To mount your hos properly isn't learnt in a day; and I don't think there's one in ten that knows how properly to set about this first step of hosmanship. In my younger days, when there was upping stocks at all the inns, and at the bottoms of long hills, it didn't much signify how you got on the back of your hos; but, in the present day, when you can't get a lift except from a stable bucket, you had need set about the work scientifically, or else, instead of vaulting into the saddle, you'll tumble into the kennel. There, now look at that little fat man, with one toe in the off stirrup, and the toe of his other foot bearing up his body parallel with the hind leg of the hos. What a picture; up he goes with a muscular jerk, and lands between the cantril of his saddle and the stern part of his hos's tail. He didn't know the way to mount, or else he wouldn't have been there. Here comes another; he puts one hand on the pummel, and the other on the cantril of his saddle; takes the stirrup as it hangs, gets two feet off the ground, and doesn't know what to do with his right leg; the hos feels a great weight on his near side, runs back to free himself from it, when down comes the hosman on his back, with a shock like an Irish paviour. Here's another Mr. Nimble-go-Nine Pin; he snatches the mane with his left hand, lays hold of the stirrup with his right, tugs up his body by the aid of these pullies, the hos flinches under his grip, and over goes the hosman on the other side, in great danger of breaking his neck. Now, the proper way to mount your hos is this:—Go up quietly to the animal, take the rein of the bridle loosely in your left hand, stand about two inches from the hoss's shoulder, turn your toe into the stirrup like a dancing-master teaching the first position on the left-hand side, let your body follow, give an easy spring, throw your right leg over the saddle, your foot into the stirrup, and "off to go." Sherborne Journal.

Extraordinary Fracas at the Adelphi Theatre.—On Saturday evening, about nine o'clock, upon the fall of the curtain after the first piece, a most extraordinary and unprovoked outrage took place in the Adelphi theatre. It appears that five gentlemen made their way from the private boxes across the stage to the back of the theatre. One of the party abruptly entered the dressing-room of Mrs. Keeley, who being greatly alarmed, screamed loudly for assistance. Her cries were heard by the hall porter, who immediately rushed up stairs, when he was violently assailed by two of the party; one, a Captain of the East India Company's service, seized him by his neckerchief and nearly strangled him. Upon this the whole of the party turned their wrath upon the unfortunate porter, who would have been thrown down the stairs had it not been for the timely assistance of the armorer of the theatre, who caught him as he was falling. Mr. Gladstone, jun., on hearing the disturbance, came to the assistance of the porter, and succeeded in quieting the belligerents. Four of them, with considerable difficulty, were ultimately conveyed to the Station-house in Bow-street. They were all consigned to different lock-up cells, where they remained till twelve o'clock on Sunday, when bail was taken for their appearance the following morning before the sitting magistrate at the Bow-street police-office. On Monday morning they appeared *pro forma* before Mr. Twyford, but having previously compromised the matter by paying a handsome sum for their evening's amusement, and no person appearing to prosecute, they were discharged. Sunday Times, Feb. 3.

A SPORTING RAMBLE IN THE HIGHLANDS.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

The Honorable Francis Falconer to his Friend.

Dear George, Glengaolach, Sept. 1838.

Failte: Hail to you! "What shall he have that kills the deer?" Judge of my delight on my return here to find that the forester, Ewen McCra, had recovered the noble stag of ten tynes, which I had wounded in my first day's deer-stalking; he, like the Lord of Amiens, had found "the poor sequestered stag, that from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt." Luath would have been sentenced to summary punishment but for the remembrance of the wise wight of Mucklestane Moor, whose goat, under similar circumstances, had fallen a victim to the best of deer-hounds, Killbuck. But to my sports.

Finding a volume of that sentimental savage's works, as Byron calls Izaak Walton, I turned my thoughts to piscatory pursuits, and having been in early life "devoted to the gentle craft" from the first time I proved myself "a triton among the minnows," by catching a tittlebat with a piece of packthread and a bent pin, out of a wash-hand basin, I determined to become the "Complete Angler;" but I must here introduce you to a most important personage, one Geordie McAllister: he was a perfect Crichton in his way. In early life he had been well known as a poacher, and almost rivalled the celebrated Donald Caird; for, like that redoubtable hero, he could

"Wire a maukin,
Kenned the whiles o'dun deer stakin,
Leister's Kipper, make a shift
To shoot a muir fowl in the drift."

He had, however, fortunately in time "caught the gift to cheat the Wuddie," and had now determined, like Will Watch, "that the laws he had broken he would ne'er break again." It was now his boast that he had a wee house well filled. With Geordie, then, I proceeded to a favorite trout-stream; the wind was south, which, according to the poet, "blows your fly into the fishes' mouth." After an agreeable ride, during which I anticipated a grand day's sport, and had already pictured to myself my rod bending under the weight of a ten pound trout, I reached my destination, and was preparing my tackle, singing to myself the angler's distich—

"Then up, fishers, up, to the waters away,
Where the bright trout is leaping in search of his prey."

when I was horrified at seeing the stream had been lately disturbed. I looked to my guide for an explanation:—"Aweel, I think I can give a guess," replied Geordie McAllister, "it's just the dogs;" at the same time pointing out to me a pack of otter hounds returning from the part of the water where I had looked for my sport. Judge of my rage; with shame be it spoken, the agitated waters were not more ruffled than was my temper. "I was, as the man says in the play, struck "mute as a mackerel," and certainly at that moment furnished an admirable instance of that surly pedant Johnson's definition of an angler:—"a rod with a worm at one end, and a fool at the other." Determined, however, not to be daunted with my bad beginning, I made sundry attempts, all of which proved fruitless, having fished for hours without even stirring a fin.

My guide informing me that within three miles there were several salmon-pools, I lost no time in proceeding there; but here, too, for some time, my evil genius seemed to preside. The wind blew so high that I could not get my fly to lie on the water; at last my patience and perseverance were rewarded; a salmon rose and seized the gaudy bait; then with what ecstacy did I play with him, he dashing and springing under the rocks, struggling to break my tackle; then leaping yards out of the water to free himself from the fatal hook,—

"Till watchful eye, and cautious hand,
Have led his wasted strength to land."
"And now again, impatient of the wound,
He rolls and wreathes his shining body round"

at last I landed him, a fine salmon of eighteen pounds.

Wellington, after Waterloo, could not have felt prouder at his triumph than I did at killing my maiden salmon. Just as I was stowing him away in my creel, two water bailiffs appeared, and after some few preliminary remarks, informed me that I had subjected myself to a penalty of five pounds for having killed a salmon in close time. In vain I advanced the Newcastle creed, of doing "what I liked with my own;" but arguments were unavailable: I found myself minus my five pound *note* and *eighteen pound* salmon.

Disgusted with my morning's sport, I devoted my evening to reading Lockhart's spirited account of salmon leistering by torchlight; and having failed through life to set the Thames on fire, thought I might attempt the Spey. Geordie McAllister was with me to counsel; and in defiance of the old Scotch law against "black fishing," we proceeded to our midnight revel:

"'Twas, as the watchmen say (or, rather, used to say), a cloudy night.
No moon, no stars!"

Geordie informed me that the large salmon were generally to be found in the deepest pools; after some little delay, he called my attention to one: "Tak time, be canny, I would not for ten pund he got away." Unable to estimate the depth, I leaned on high "the barbed spear," made a desperate thrust at the fish, which appeared within reach, but losing my *equilibrium* (as I once heard it called), found myself taking what, in Westminster phraseology, is called "a header, minus my spear and salmon. My courage somewhat cooled, my ardor damped, I thought of my "sparkling hearth," and sounded a retreat.

The following morning an invitation came to me to shoot with my friends of *Paté de foie gras* soup memory, at Glen Cluaranoch. We had excellent sport; they laughed over the turtle failure; though I still rather "winced" when the subject was mooted. "Fash no yereself man!" exclaimed Alex——, a warm-hearted Highlander. "Tee dinner was capital, and it's just unfair to condemn it by the test you do" (Testudo).

Our return of killed was "grand:" one hundred and twenty brace of grouse, three guns. A most sumptuous luncheon awaited us at a bothie. We filled our quaighs with glenlivet, drank the deoch an doruis, and parted. Before I had "trudged a weary mile," the gathering mists of the evening began to darken the valley. Despatching Geordie for my sheltie, which I had left at a bothie, I proceeded according to his directions, to follow a sheep-track. For some time I continued my path, but the sky became suddenly overspread with dark filmy clouds, succeeded by a gray haze; a mizzling cold rain, (*id est*,) Scotch mist, came on, which speedily increased to a severe drenching shower. I soon wandered from my track, and found myself upon a heather-covered muir, which

would have made an excellent rendezvous for Macbeth's witches. Nothing was to be seen but its bleak swells of barren ground, interspersed with marshy pools of water, and an occasional clump of the indigenous tenants of the Highland woods, the mountain pine, and gloomy Scotch fir. After proceeding for miles, drenched to the skin, in this Tam O'Shanter night, for

> "The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last,
> The rattling showers rose on the blast;
> The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed,
> Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellowed;
> A night, a child might understand
> The deil had business on his hand;"

over a dark peat moss, the raging noise of waters told me that I had reached the Burn. A small patch of swampy ground alone divided us: I was about to cross it, when a bare-legged, red-shanked Highlander appeared on the rock, holding a torch of bog-pine. "She canna gang that way—she canna cross the Burn; she's in a spate." I had heard of a spate, but the reality beggars all description. The river which, in the morning, had been the calm rushing of many streams, was now a wild sea, the boiling black water roaring and foaming from bank to brae. Hesitating how to proceed, and feeling myself gradually sinking in the miry swamp, green with treacherous verdure, the thought of the fate of Ravenswood, in the "Kelpie flow," came over me. I was quickly awoke from my reverie by the stentorian lungs of the Highlander:—"Quick, quick, the bog is no abuve knee deep. Follow me gin you please to the Beallah; tak tent to your feet." Following with difficulty his instructions, I reached the pass, and, making a desperate spring, cleared the yawning chasm; at that moment the flat ledge of rock upon which I landed gave way, and was hurled with a crash into the foaming abyss. Scrambling forward, I was seized by the bony hand of my mountaineer; a minute later, I should have furnished the dreadful catastrophe-maker to the morning papers with an awful accident. Next week I bid adieu to the country of valor and worth. In taking leave of it, my mind dwells with fond regret on the scene of so much happiness; the mighty enchanter, now, alas! no more, has illustrated the wild beauties of this his native land; has recorded the deeds of its sons; the simple, moral, but interesting manners of his countrymen; in spell-like tones. That the piety, sagacity, frugality, intelligence, and independent spirit of the lowland peasantry may remain unimpaired, and that the stern mountain virtues will continue to flourish with equal vigor in a more cultivated soil, is my fervent prayer. I would dwell further upon this subject did I not fear the realization of his words.

> "And now, Ennui, what ails thee, weary maid,
> And why these listless looks of yawning sorrow?
> No need to turn the page as if 'twere lead,
> Or fling aside the '*Letter*' till to-morrow."

Be cheered, 'tis ended! Beannachd. Farewell.

> "What is writ is writ, would it were worthier."

Your's, ever, FRANCIS FALCONER.

London Sporting Review (edited by "Craven,") for Jan.

MEMORABILIA OF THE "SPORTING REVIEW."

FOR JANUARY, 1839.

However distinguished the sensation created by Mr. Ferguson and his horse *Harkaway*, in the year of grace 1838, it is likely to be far exceeded by the movement to which they will give existence in 1839. The foundation for this belief is in thiswise. In the present month it is understood that the Irish Eclipse was steamed over to Liverpool, the object of his visit being to run for the great steeple-chase to come off in the neighborhood of that town on the 26th of February next. Report states that Mr. Ferguson took two thousand to two hundred he won that race, the horse he then intended for it being Rust, a tolerably fair racing hunter. The nag, however, went amiss in training, and hence the resolution, as we are informed, to run Harkaway for it. He has been at jumping work for some time, and, unless we are deceived by the source whence our information is derived, the event is all over but shouting. We fancy all George Robins's *nous* could not concoct such a puff as Ferguson and Harkaway will accomplish for the Liverpool Great Steeple Chase.

There is a rumor very generally in circulation, to the effect, that Mr. Shackerley is about to resign the management of the Cheshire fox-hounds, and that his successor will be Mr. Smith Barry, of Marbury.

The most fortunate turf speculator of the late season was the Earl of Eglinton, who won no less than nine-and-thirty races! This is a fair share of luck for a young hand. Another instance of singular good fortune is exhibited in the career, during the same season, of Lord George Bentinck, who, excellent as his judgment is, cannot boast of the experience of age either. Without breeding, he contrived to carry off many of the most distinguished stakes of the year, *Grey Momus* alone having cleared for him very nearly six thousand pounds. The gross amount of that honest little horse's winnings was seven thousand four hundred and ninety five pounds.

Towards the end of November, a foot steeple-chase came off between Glastonbury and Cross, in Somersetshire, for a silver goblet, value thirty-two guineas, and a purse of ten sovereigns. A field of a dozen gentlemen started, and, after a splendid race over four miles of a most trying country, Mr. William Kirkham was declared the winner. It is hardly possible to imagine any sport of a more truly manly character than this; and, in our estimation, it is one more deserving of popularity than the more familiar description, however fashionable it has lately become.

On Sunday, the 2d, died the veteran Sam Hilton, so long and so well known as one of the best cock-feeders in Lancashire.

The *Queen of Trumps*, after having been put to stud, and producing a colt foal by The Colonel, has again been taken into training, and is now in the hands of John Blenkhorn, at Holywell, in active preparation for the approaching season.

A man, of the name of Harris, has been astonishing the natives at Battersea with a performance of what was given out to be the Barclay match—that is to say, he was represented to be engaged upon the task of a thousand miles in a thousand hours. We only allude to it here, to say it was a mere put up affair; solely a speculation to draw people and custom to the neighborhood, for the service of such as it might concern.

Among the names of gentlemen pricked recently to serve the office of high-sheriff, was that of one of the leading Nimrods of a county not a hundred miles from the metropolis. The exemption pleaded was, that the party named was a master of fox-hounds. It deserved better success than it met with: surely the Privy Council ought to have held such a plea valid.

A fine specimen of the bittern, a bird every year growing more rare in this country, was lately shot on Newton Moss, Penrith, and is now in the possession of Mr. Turner, of that town.

The match for a hundred sovereigns each, between Mr. Osbaldeston and Mr. Bruce, to shoot pigeons, five traps, twenty-one yards distant, and each trap five yards apart, was decided on Monday, the 10th, at St. Albans. It was but a poor affair on both sides; but the squire was infinitely the best of the bad, beating his antagonist twenty-two birds to ten, having killed his twenty-two at twenty-five double shots.

A friend of ours joined a party in renting a moor in Scotland last season. They had also hired a sort of boothie for head quarters, consisting of two rooms, one for the business of the day, the other serving for the general sleeping. At the end of the first week one of them was obliged to leave, and for that purpose was early astir. While he dressed, his servant, an Irishman, employed himself in packing up, and our friend, who was awakened by the bustle, was struck by the miscellaneous style in which he was filling the carpet-bags. When his toilet was completed, the traveller took his leave, this dialogue passing between him and his valet:—"Pat, have you put up all my things?" "Yes, sir, that I have—*at least*."

Ascot will soon have a Stand worthy its place in the racing world. All the shares, issued for the purpose of building a fitting accommodation for the chivalry that annually graces its palmy sod, have been taken, and the work is to be completed before the next meeting, or the contractor forfeits a large sum.

The following is genuine, and, probably, the most unique epistolary specimen extant. Fancy has often employed itself upon similar matter; but, after all, "truth is strange, stranger than fiction:"—

Aug 5

Sir I have tain the Liberte In
Riting to you In wich I Ope
No affens But I ham Informed
that Mr Freman that Hunted the
Burkley Cuntrey wants A wiperin
to go into Notingum Shear Inwich I dont
No Is dereckshun But the Jentelmen Atends
your plais most weaks If you will grant
Me the faver Sir in Shoing the Leter
to the Jentelmun In wich I wants A plais
with Houns My wait Is 9 Ston and 5 years
Reckermendashon And I shold B Appy to
Surve Any Jentelmun that want A hand
I Remain your survant—J—W—
........park Hurts.

(addressed to)

Mr T*
I park Corner
London
post paid

HORSE RACING IN ASIATIC RUSSIA.—*Ouralisk* (*Asiatic Russia*) *Oct.* 10.—The annals of the Jockey Club do not, perhaps, record an instance of what occurred at our late horse races, on the 29th of September, at which several Kirghis-Sultans and the civil and military high functionaries of the Province attended. The latter, preceded by the Hettman of the Cossacks of the Oural, had repaired in procession to the Hippodrome, situate in the centre of the town. The horses were to clear a distance of 18 wersts (four and half French leagues), and the Cossack horses were to run first. Twenty started from the post together, two of whom (one mounted by the Cossack Santchyn, and the other by the Cossack Salihof) outstripped all the rest, and constantly ran by each other's side, as if they were tied together, without so much as a line's difference between the two. They reached the mark in 24 minutes and 35 seconds, and the prize of 250 roubles (£40) was divided between the two competitors. This equal swiftness of the two horses astonished the spectators. On an inquiry being made, it was discovered that they were twins. The race of the Kirghis-Kaissak horses next took place. Eighteen left the post together, and the conqueror, mounted by Dajin Baj-Mohamed, the son of the sovereign Sultan of the Kirghis-Kaissaks, cleared the ground in 19 minutes. This velocity was extraordinary, but the horse is reckoned one of the fleetest of Kirghistan, and the young Sultan enjoys the reputation of being the best horseman in his father's dominions. The prince distributed among his servants the prize of 310 roubles (£50) gained by his steed. A race was afterwards to be run between Cossack and Kirghis-Kaissak horses, but, no one having a horse able to compete with that of Dajin Baj Mohamed, the race did not take place. The only one which had a chance of beating him was the black stallion of the Cossack Boustche Tchou-Groumien, who has gained all the prizes during the last four years. That horse was, unfortunately, ill at the time. Last year he cleared the 18 wersts in 18 minutes and 25 seconds.

We copy the subjoined, because we conceive it has a right of claim to the "Memorabilia," from a sporting paper of a recent date; there is something in it more than meets the eye:—

PERCY V. LAMB, ESQ.—A few days since a very handsome silver cup was presented to Mr. Percy V. Lamb, of Youghal, in consequence of the feat of horsemanship lately performed by him, bearing the following inscription:—"Presented to Percy V. Lamb, Esq., by Nicholas Purdon Stout, Esq., and Sir Henry Atkinson, R. N., on behalf of some sporting friends, in admiration of his manly deeds of horsemanship on the day of the 21st of July and the 1st of August, 1838, when he rode his horse Junk from Youghal to Cork, a distance of twenty-nine miles, in two hours and eighteen minutes the first day, and returned the following day in two hours and twenty-five minutes."

EXTRAORDINARY LEAP.—A member of the Derry Hunt, riding a black horse named Rectifier, lately the property of Mr. John Allen, won a wager by leaping over a cow standing in a field, on his return from hunting at Newtown-cunningham. No wonder the gentleman's *spirits* were so high, considering he submitted them to the process of the "Rectifier."

That something beyond a general idea may be formed of the statistics of Parisian gaming, previous to the late reformation in the branch of French *industrie*, we copy this notice of

THE PARIS GAMBLING HOUSES.—The action just brought by a banker against the farmer-general of the lately closed gambling-houses, to recover 107,340 francs, lost at Frascati's by one of his clerks, has elicited much curious information. After the evidence, proving that upwards of 130,000 persons were admitted, and 800,000 francs yearly played in the seven "hells," the defendant labored to shew that if exulting bulletins were hourly transmitted to him, announcing the arrival of high players and their successive losses, his paternal solicitude excluded all such as his contract with the city of Paris prohibited him from receiving. Thus, in 1837, the last year of the existence of those creditable establishments, 49,403 persons were rejected, viz.:—19,710 minors, 6,346 students, 105 door-keepers, or office messengers, 18 females in male attire, 11,059 servants and workmen, 1,910 intoxicated men, 9,125 ill-dressed persons, 1,130 stopped by the police. The admissions and exclusions were superintended by eleven commissioners, appointed by the farmer-general, whose combined vigilance and sagacity could scarcely frustrate the stratagems resorted to by gamblers. Thus, one day, an old gentleman, with a snow-white wig, and his decayed frame propped by a gold-headed cane, turned out, on closer examination, to be a very young and very pretty woman. On another occasion, a blind gentlemen was led in by his *valet de chambre*, when the latter proved a student of an ecclesiastical seminary. A clerk of M. M. Berthond's firm contrived to get in unperceived. On his exhibiting a bundle of bank-notes, he was questioned, and his employers being sent for, they recovered 45,000 francs. M. Milleret recovered, in the same manner, 80,000 francs, which a *confidential* agent of his bank was about to gamble with, and the late Duke de Duras, on receiving due notice, hastened to one of the Palais Royal houses, in time to intercept a sum which one of his servants was transferring from his master's pocket to the coffers of the state, city of Paris, and *Fermier General des Jeux.*

THE BRIGHTON "MISTAKE."

The gaiety of Brighton this season has been more out-of-doors than within; it has consisted more in the display of equipages and the throng of people, than in the number or the splendor of the parties usually given. Broken up into *cliques*, and many of them very dull ones, Brighton has long ceased to act upon one impulse, and this year it appears to be more disjointed than ever. The sojourn of Royalty has been too brief to effect any change, and those who now go down to Brighton for gaiety, must find it in their own immediate circle or nowhere.

But as there are departures from every rule, so in the state of things to which we have adverted there has been an exception. It occurred only last week, and as the circumstances are peculiar, we venture to record them.

Amongst the visiters to the marine metropolis there arrived, about ten days since, a gentleman whose family are residents. His stay being short, he made the most of his time out of doors, "sniffling the briny" (as Theodore Hook says) as much as possible, and mixing all day with the crowd that reaches from Kemp Town to Stone. Where so many people are congregated, and chiefly from London, the London man must necessarily know a great number,—and the greetings and salutations are consequently endless. But an individual may possess a large circle of acquaintance belonging to Clubs, and live in very good society in town, and yet not be altogether "*creme de la creme.*" This was the case with Captain C——, an Irishman and a soldier, who had seen a good deal of the world, and still was not acquainted with everybody in it. Of course he knew the beautiful Lady A——y by *intuition*,—though it must be confessed he had seen her *before* on the Continent, and once in a cathdral mistook her for his patron saint;—yet still, with a short-sighted man, a previous acquaintance goes for nothing without an introduction, and Captain C——, on the score of semi-blindness, claimed the merit of intuitive discovery. With Lady F——y C——r the case was not exactly the same. "That's her lovely Ladyship!" he exclaimed to the friend with whom he was walking,—"and I'm sure of it."

"You're right this time," replied his companion; "but how came you to make so good a cast?"

"I'll tell you," said Captain C——; "I knew her because she's so very *unlike* her pictures! But whose turn-out is this with four horses; there's a lady inside,—but she's an ould one;—'gad she's looking very hard at me. Is there anything quare about me?—any blacks on my nose, or mud on my collar?—this is the divel's place for white mud since they made this new road!"

"No, there's nothing amiss,—I suppose she knows you."

"Faith, I can't remember her,—who is she? let me see,—oh,—Lady ——."

"Long life to her Ladyship, and may she live till she does know me;" and the two friends passed on.

The returning tide of the promenade brought back both carriages and pedestrians, and again an earnest glance was cast by Lady ——, which was not unobserved by Captain C——. He fancied that she almost bowed, and seemed inclined to order her carriage to stop, by the sudden movement which she made with her hand towards the check-string.

"It's very odd," he said, "I can't remember her face for the life of me, but if she looks that way again, it'll not be polite if I don't return her intended bow."

It was not long before his resolve was called into action, for once more the carriage past, and, although a sharp squall and sudden shower of heavy rain were hurrying every one from the promenade, the Captain's gallantry would not permit him to neglect the salutation which the lady this time decidedly made. Captain C—— bowed and hesitated with his hat raised, and in a moment the carriage stopped and Lady —— beckoned him to approach, an intimation which he of course obeyed.

"How do you do?" she cried, shaking hands with him from the carriage window; "I felt sure it was you though it is some time since we met,—I am so delighted to see you, you can't think! Where are you staying? But its raining hard, I mustn't keep you. Will you come in? No—then you must come and dine with us to-day. We're at No. — Brunswick terrace! Mind, seven o'clock. You'll meet some old friends, *au revoir*,—remember,—and away went the carriage as fast as four horses could take it, leaving Captain C—— dumb with astonishment, the whole affair having passed with the rapidity of lightning.

"'Gad, I'm in luck to day," he exclaimed, "I've made an acquaintance that I don't know, and am to dine with an old friend whom I never saw before! —What did you say her name was?"

"Lady ——."

"Lady ——! Well, then, I never even heard her name before. But I'll go to her house, at all events. It'll be an adventure, to say the least of it, and I'm not the individual," added the Captain, pulling up the collar of his pea-coat, "to disappoint a lady, even when she makes a mistake. It's one on the right side at any rate. So now good-bye, my dear fellow, you shall hear of me to-morrow." And so he did, and so did all Brighton.

Half-past six o'clock came, and Captain C—— stood before the looking-glass in an unimpeachable satin waistcoat and flaring stock, adjusting the emerald pin, which, with national predilection, he preferred to every other ornament. A quarter to seven, and he was dressed to a nicety; the clock struck seven, and he stepped into the fly which was to convey him to Brunswick terrace.

"If it shouldn't be me after all," he muttered, as he caught a glimpse of some ladies entering the house from a carriage drawn up before him. "But here goes, I must take my chance; once in and I'm not the man to be repudiated." The flyman knocked as Brighton flymen think they have a right to knock, where their services are claimed by everybody, loudly imitative of London footmen, and the portals expanding, exhibited divers powdered footmen in rich liveries, and a very sedate and courtly groom of the chambers.

"Your name, Sir!" politely inquired the functionary.

The Captain burst into a furious fit of coughing, and replied by a combination of sounds that might have passed for any Russian title. The groom of the chambers was too well bred to ask a second time, and giving one glance at his mustachios, announced him *suo periculo*. What he said, Captain C—— could not make out, but it was no matter, as a loud knocking at the door, announcing other guests, rendered his name inaudible to all. But his entrance was not unobserved; Lady —— was in the act of turning from some one to whom she had been speaking, when her eye fell upon him, and she came forward with the greatest *empressement*.

"It was really good of you to waive ceremony, and come to us as you used to do formerly, when you were the *enfante gate* of every house in town!"

"When the divel was that?" thought Captain C——; but he answered, "your Ladyship's society is an attraction that wouln draw a stranger from the remotest corner of the globe."

"But why have you been a stranger?—why didn't you acknowledge the magnetic influence earlier?—I heard of your being in town, and fully expected to have seen you here before. But come, I want to introduce you to my Beauty—you'll like her, I'm sure, as much as you'll admire her."

So saying, Lady —— put her hand through Captain C——'s arm, and crossed into another room, where he beheld the fair Lady A——y, his acquaintance by intuition, sitting on a sofa surrounded by several men intent on being extremely amiable.

"Well, now I shall know who I am," said Captain C—— to himself, "as I'm to be introduced."

"Lady A——y, this is the old friend I have so often named to you, George ——; for goodness sake, Lord M——r, there's a window open close behind Lady A——y's head, do shut it—ah then—what! you know each other? then I need say no more. Sir Charles B——, I've something particular to tell you;" and Lady —— disappeared, leaving Captain C—— introduced, but still unnamed.

"Who did she say?" asked a tall, jealous-looking, elderly gentleman to an equally tall and equally jealous young one.

"I couldn't catch the name," replied the other, "I never saw him before; I suppose he has been abroad some time."

"D—n the fellow," muttered the first, "why did she bring him *here*. Why he's going down with Lady A——y! Who the devil *is* he?"

If Captain C—— had overheard this remark, he would have been at a loss for an answer, for, susceptible as *many* of his countrymen are, he was already fascinated by the lovely M—— ss, and couldn't have confessed the truth for the world. For the present he was spared the necessity.

The dinner went on admirably; Captain C—— was in high spirits, and certainly appeared to no disadvantage among the guests. He discussed fluently on all subjects, was gay, witty, and agreeable, and whatever indications of his country appeared in his dialect rather increased than diminished the effect of what he said.

At length a pause caused a momentary cessation of a discussion that had arisen between Captain C—— and the fair M——ss as to the merits of something excessively meritorious; in the excitement of which our Irish friend had totally forgotten the doubtful position in which he sat at the hospitable board, when he was challenged by a glance from the noble host to drink Champagne for the sake of "auld lang syne."

"And how's your father, George?" said the Earl; "I have not seen him for some time."

"Small blame to him, my Lord," returned the Captain, thrown completely off his guard; "he died at Botany Bay, in the year 1817."

If a thunderbolt had suddenly descended, and smashed the epergne in the centre of the table, it could scarcely have caused a greater sensation than those words produced on the guests of the noble Amphytryon. Lady A——y drew herself up with a shiver; the jealous old gentleman put on a judicial and horrified aspect; the jealous young gentleman knit his brow and glared fiercely at the speaker: and Sir Charles B—— nearly choked himself with some hock which he was in the act of drinking. Lady —— only laughed, thinking it merely a joke on the part of her old friend; but the Earl, who was *tant soit peu* prosaical, and matter-of-fact, took the reply *au serieux*.

"God bless my soul,—dead,—where did you say,—when!—why I thought he was hunting in South Wales!"

"Is it hunting, my Lord? Why then its the ghosts of kangaroos that his poor ould soul will be after, *for he* was mighty fond of the sport." Here he stopped, for the eyes of all the company were upon him, and in an instant he remembered his false position. He tried immediately to back out of it.

"Oh! yes, my Lord,—hunting,—in New South Wales,—I heard from him last week."

"George," said the Earl with solemnity, "I don't understand your joke. I wish to know how you left my valued friend, your father."

"Gad, there'll be some botheration here," said Captain C—— to himself,—"but, perhaps, the ould gentleman *did* know my father;" then with a desperate effort he replied, "to tell you God's truth, my Lord, I never left him at all, —it was he that left us, and me a babby at the time, to go out with the convicts to Botany Bay."

The earnestness of Capt. C——'s manner, the astonishment of the whole party, and a tendency on the part of the Earl's memory to identify something not actually before him, began to awake an apprehension in his mind that all was not right.

"Good heavens,—who are you speaking of,—explain yourself?"

"Why then, my Lord, if you don't know, tell you. I mean my father, the late Major C——, of the —— Regiment."

"Impossible,"—exclaimed Lord and Lady —— together, "I never saw such a likeness. What! are you not Lord George ——?"

"I am Captain George C——, at your Ladyship's service; and much flattered I am at the unexpected honor you have done me. Your Ladyship *would* ask me to dinner, and seemed to know me so well, that I began to think I had either forgotten you or didn't know myself. So in summing up the evidence I thought it the best way to give your Ladyship the benefit of the doubt, and this accounts for the great pleasure I have experienced."

The Earl being a man of the world, saw at once the dilemma into which Lady —— had fallen,—and at once adopted his plan,—the servants were returning with the next course, and an *esclandre* at least must be avoided.

"Captain C——," he replied, "we will say nothing about the mistake,—and shall be very happy not to think it one, and my friends I know will not discuss the subject. We will now take another glass of Champagne to our better acquaintance."

It is needless to detail any further particulars, nor should we have been aware of these, if the jealous old gentleman had not *confidentially* communicated them to a friend at the Albion the same evening. Of course the story was all over Brighton next day.

Court Journal.

GREEN-ROOM GOSSIP.

We are sorry to record that Mr. Van Amburgh's old lion, "Billy," has experienced an attack which the lion-tamer denominates the "woffals"—a disorder which, by name, we should never have understood, but for the kindness of Mr. Titus. It appears "old Billy" (we suppose in consequence of not being *asked out* at this festive season) took sulky, or something worse, and for five days, to the very great surprise of Sam Crawley and Stephen Price, never eat anything! There he lay and sat in moody melancholy, "like mustard on a monument, grinning at (shins of) beef!" without the appetite to crunch his food! The apprehension which the state of the sick monarch of the forest, now "den"izen of Old Drury, excited, may be, as the very uncommon quotation runs, "better conceived than described." Bunn, imitating the "Missus" to her maid, in Mathews' "Calais Packet" monopolologue, incontinently anathematised the animal's visual organs, after the fashion of the delicate Ducrow, "for being sick," *when he* ought to be attending to his business properly. Van Amburgh shed tears one moment, and larruped the beast the next. Titus went into hyæna hysterics; and in fact the whole menagerie of the Theatre Royal were thrown into paroxysms of unmentionable anguish. What was to be done? The lion would not eat!—Billy would not bolt a morsel! A sheep's-head was offered him; but whether from a suspicion that the Palace ought to have all the sheeps'-heads, *Lambs'* and all, he scornfully rejected it. A *goose*, much against the wish of Bunn, who has a natural aversion to the bird, was next tried on, to tempt the melancholy appetiteless monster's palate: but, it is presumed, the recollection of having once seen Suffield, made "*Billy*" turn with disgust from the descendant of the saviours of the capitol! The "hissing" biped was accordingly rejected. "What shall we give him—what can tempt his appetite?" was the cry. Jerry Russel was applied to; but Sam would not "*stand*" anything, but an opinion, and *Sneaked* off like a wise man.

At last the tallow-faced Jew of the Alhambra whispered, "Fy don't ye try him vid a bit of pork?" Mother "Sow"-ton, slapping tallow-mug on the

shoulder, which made him start, echoed, "Ay, try de pork on." The *jew-dishious* hint was adopted; out bolted Van Amburgh, and presently returned with a beautiful grunter. No sooner was it thrown into the den, than the Forest King gave a sonorous growl—rolled his eyes—opened his royal jaws—and in the whisper of a pig bolted the porker. "I calculate," said Titus, "but that 'ere's going the whole *hog* in tarnation good style;" in which *apropos* sentiment *omnes* responded. We are happy to learn that "Billy" is improving upon a pig *per diem*; and that her Majesty thought very well of his Majesty the other evening. —Age, Jan. 13.

A NIGHT MARCH THROUGH THE JUNGLE.

BY THE OLD FOREST RANGER.

"Well, Doctor, how fares it with you this morning?" asked Mansfield, pulling aside the canvas door, and thrusting his head into the Doctor's tent, about two hours before daylight, on the morning succeeding the memorable elephant-hunt, which had so nearly proved fatal to poor Macphee.—[Published a few months since in the Spirit of the Times.]

"Wha's yon?" muttered the Doctor, with a grunt like a sick bear; partially opening his eyes, and suddenly closing them again, to elude the light of the lantern which Mansfield carried in his hand. "What ails you, you misleer'd loon, to gang stavin' about the camp at this time o' night, wi' your cutty sark, and your lang spauls o' legs, and your bit lantern in your hand, for a' the world like the troubled speerit o' a departed tinkler, walking the earth in search o' his breeks? If you canna' sleep yoursel', sir, I wish ye would find some other place to play your cantraps in, and no disturb the rest o' honest folk, that want to sleep." And the Doctor, turning his back upon the unwelcome intruder with a stifled groan, and a catching of the breath, which showed that the effort cost him considerable pain, drew the bedclothes sulkily over his head, and settled himself as if determined to answer no further question.

"I beg your pardon, my dear Doctor, for disturbing you," replied Mansfield, smiling at the poor Doctor's crusty humor. "I merely came to inquire after your health, and to ask whether you are well enough to undertake a march this morning, for we have a long way to go, and it is high time for us to think of striking the camp, if we are to move."

"Umph!" grunted the Doctor, tucking his knees up to his chin, and pulling the bedclothes farther over his head with an impatient jerk, as he felt the cold morning air creeping round the walls of the tent.

"Well, well, Doctor," said Mansfield, striving to suppress a laugh, as he approached the bed, and patted the Doctor gently on the shoulder, "don't be so sulky about it, you old bear; there is no necessity for your moving, unless you like it; so keep yourself quiet and try to sleep. I shall call you when breakfast is ready, and hope to find your temper improved, as well as your bodily aliments. Adieu, my old boy, and pleasant dreams to you."

"Thank you, thank you, Captain," said the Doctor, squeezing his hard hand; "it's o'er good o' you to forgie me so easily, and I'm just ashamed o' mysel' for giving way to pain, and lying here, girning like an auld wife. I believe it's best for me to rise after a', for I canna' sleep; and as there are nae bones broken, the exercise o' riding, and a good sweat, will, maybe, do me good.—Heels, ye black sinner!—Heels, I say! bring me my clothes." So saying, the Doctor, with one mighty effort, and one fearful grunt, kicked his long legs out of bed, and sat upright.

Mansfield, after trying in vain to dissuade him from his purpose—for the Doctor was as obstinate as a mule when once he got a crotchet in his head—lighted a candle from his lantern, and departed to rouse the camp, leaving the Doctor to be dressed by Heels, who was striving, as gently as possible, to insinuate his battered limbs into the legs and sleeves of his garments. This operation, however, was not completed without extorting sundry groans and curses from the irritable patient, who, between the twitches of pain, might be heard muttering, between his clenched teeth, "D——n the muckle black beast! I believe he has jerkit every bane in my body out o' its place; but I will hae my ain way in spite o' him. I will rise, though the deil should grin in my face."

* * * * * *

But hark!—the cheerful notes of a bugle rise full and clear upon the morning air, rousing the startled echoes, which slumbered deep amidst the gloomy arches of the forest; and, at that joyous sound, the slumbering camp, which so lately presented an image of death, suddenly bursts into life, as if aroused from its trance by the mighty voice of a magician. The active Lascars are already busy in knocking up the tent pegs; their wildly-chanted song keeping time to the rapid stroke of their mallets. The horse-keepers bestir themselves to rub down and saddle their masters' steeds; the proud animals snorting and pawing the ground, as if impatient of their long rest, and eager for the chase. A confused jingling of bells, mingled with the grunting of camels, and the faint lowing of oxen, announce that the beasts of burden are also on the move. The dusky figures of the native servants may be seen flitting about like evil spirits, and jostling each other, in the eager haste to pack up and despatch their masters' baggage. Groups of women and children, shivering in the cold morning air, crouch closely around the numerous fires, for which the old litter of the horses has furnished them a ready material; their gaudy-colored dresses, picturesque figures, and graceful attitudes, now thrown out in strong relief against the dark background of trees, and again shrouded in comparative darkness, as the expiring fire, occasionally replenished by a handful of straw or dry leaves, suddenly sends up a bright sheet of bickering flame, and again subsides into a dull red glow. Here the kneeling form of a camel is distinctly seen by the light of a neighboring fire, gnashing his long tusks, and threatening, with outstretched neck, the busy natives who are employed in arranging his load; and there the gigantic form of the stately elephant may be faintly traced, advancing slowly amidst the surrounding gloom, like a moving tower. Whilst from the remoter clumps of trees, where the deepened gloom renders the actors of the busy scene invisible, the wild song of the camel drivers, intermixed with hearty maledictions denounced against the ancestors of some restive brute, which unwillingly submits itself to be accoutred for the march, come faintly borne on the night wind. Old Kamah is the only one of the busy throng who appears unoccupied, as he leans against the stem of a tree, smoking a cheroot, and bearing in his hand a flaming torch, with which, in the capacity of guide, he has prepared himself to direct the steps of the travellers through the dark paths of the forest, as well as to scare any wild animal which may happen to cross their path during the hour of darkness which must intervene between the setting of the moon and the appearance of daylight.

In little more than half an hour from the time that the signal for moving had been given, every tent was struck, and the last camel loaded; and Mansfield, who maintained a sort of military discipline in his hunting camp, having remained to see the last straggler quit the ground, our three friends mounted their horses, and, turning their backs upon the deserted camp-ground, struck into the forest by a different path from the one by which they had arrived; it being their intention to return to the Hills by a circuitous route through the plains, where Mansfield expected to fall in with wild hog and antelope.

The moon had by this time set; and, notwithstanding the light of the torch which old Kamah carried in front, the horsemen found some difficulty in preventing their horses from falling in the rugged path, along which, in spite of the deepened gloom, occasioned by the overhanging trees, their savage guide pursued his onward course, with a steadiness of purpose and swiftness of foot which appeared almost miraculous.

A little more than an hour's riding sufficed to carry them through the denser part of the forest, which was traversed almost in silence; the constant attention necessary to prevent their horses from stumbling over roots of trees, and other impediments, keeping them too fully occupied to admit of much conversation; neither did they encounter any of the savage denizens of the forest, although more than once a suspicious rustling among the branches made the poor Doctor's heart rise to his throat, and forced upon his recollection, with fearful distinctness, all the ghastly tales he had ever heard of night attacks from tigers and wild elephants.

The first grey tints of morning were beginning to appear, as they emerged from the dense bamboo jungle, and entered a romantic valley, flanked by lofty hills, wooded almost to the top, and terminating in abrupt rocky crags, which reared their gray and thunder-riven summits to the clouds.

Streaks of purple and gold are spreading gradually over the eastern sky, against which is traced the fine bold outline of the mountain, which appears to rise perpendicularly from the path, like a wall of black marble; but darkness still broods over the valley, and the silence of night is unbroken, save by the distant sound of falling water, or the wild plaintive cry of a stray plover.

"The Lord be about us! what na eldrich skirl is yon?" whispered the Doctor, seizing Charles's arm with a convulsive grasp, as the silence was suddenly broken by an unearthly voice, apparently amongst the rocks above, uttering a loud and sudden "Waugh O! Waugh O!" followed by a half-suppressed scream, as of a person in the act of being strangled. "Oh! Maister Charles, hear to that—what can it be? It is surely something no canny."

"Waugh O! Waugh O!" replied that wild mysterious voice, so close, that it appeared to the Doctor to be shrieking in his very ears—then an awful pause, and again the wailing cry was heard, but at so great a distance, that it appeared to proceed from some wandering spirit of darkness, flitting from place to place with more than mortal speed.

"Why, I really do not know what to make of it," replied Charles; "I should take it to be the voice of some wild animal, probably a hyena, only that I am puzzled to account for the sudden and noiseless manner in which it moves from place to place."

"Na, na, Maister Charles, there is something no just so canny as a wild beast there, take my word for it. But we had better ride on and ask the Captain; for if we bide here any longer, it will, may be, come and grip us in the dark." So saying, the Doctor clapped spurs to his horse, and cantered after Mansfield, who had now got some distance ahead.

"Heard what?" asked Mansfield, smiling at the anxious manner with which the Doctor inquired whether he had "heard yon."—"Do you mean the owl?"

"The Hoolet, sir?"

"Yes, just the *Hoolet*, as you call it; for I can assure you the savage cry you heard just now, although I confess it sounds rather unearthly, is nothing more than the cry of the great horned-owl. Often and often, during my rambles in the forest, have I been warned of the approach of day by that same ghostly watchman, and well do I know his ugly voice."

"A Hoolet! a Hoolet!" cried the Doctor. "Od, sir, do you think to mak a fool o' me, and gar me believe that sic an unearthly skirl as yon came frae the throat of a Hoolet, or ony other bird that ever was hatched? Na, na, sir, I'll no believe the like o' yon—you maun no hae heerd it right: that sound was na uttered by ony craiter o' this world, and sae some o' us will find it to our cost ere lang."

"What the devil do you suppose it is, then?" asked Mansfield, impatiently.

"Whist, Captain! speak laich, for ony sake," whispered the Doctor, drawing closer to him, and seizing him by the arm. "It's the *Banshee*,* sir—it's the Banshee, as sure as I'm a miserable sinner; and tak my word for't, nae good ever comes o' hearing her ill-omened wail. A Hoolet, indeed! Na, na, that's nae Hoolet!" And the Doctor shook his head mournfully; for although a sensible man in other respects, he had never been able entirely to divest himself of the superstitious ideas which had been instilled into his mind, almost with his mother's milk, and like many of his countrymen, in the same sphere of life, fully believed in the existence of that harbinger of death, the Banshee.

"Well, well, Doctor," replied Mansfield, laughing, "you, being a Scotchman, ought to know more about the Banshee than I do; but if that be one, I can only say, her style of singing does but little credit to the country from whence she came."

"She was na singing—she was greeting," replied the Doctor, with great *naivete*.

"Well, singing or greeting, she has a cursed ugly voice of her own. But hark ye, Doctor," continued Mansfield, unslinging his rifle, and carefully examining the caps by the light of the torch, to satisfy himself that they had not been injured by the damp—"you had better not lag so far behind as you did just now, for the Jaggardar tells me that this ravine is dreadfully infested by tigers; and if we fall in with one of these fly-by-night gentlemen, retiring to his lair with an empty stomach, you will find it rather a more serious business than hearing the Banshee, although you appear to think that bad enough."

"Bad enough, bad enough, indeed," muttered the poor Doctor, plying the spur vigorously, and urging the unwilling Smiler into a trot.

The party had proceeded about a quarter of a mile, and had reached a turn in the road, which, being overhung by a dense mass of trees, was so intensely dark, that, without the assistance of the torch, the horsemen could not have seen their own length in front of them, when the Doctor's horse, which as usual had fallen behind the rest, suddenly stopped short, and, uttering a loud snort, began to tremble violently, as if overcome by mortal fear.

"Captain! Captain!" shouted the Doctor, plying his stick furiously in the vain attempt to make Smiler move. "Ah, Captain, for ony sake come here—the beast surely sees something uncanny, for he'll no stir an inch, in spite o' me!" and again a shower of blows descended upon poor Smiler's sounding ribs.

Mansfield and Charles, who were a little in advance, immediately pulled up; but ere they could turn their horses' heads, a terrific roar was heard—a crash—a wild scream of agony—and the ill-starred Doctor, with the struggling horse, were borne to the earth by some heavy body, which, flashing for an instant in the torch-light, darted from the bank above with the velocity of a thunderbolt.

It was too dark to distinguish objects on the ground; but it was evident, from the violent struggle which ensued, and the piteous moaning of the poor horse, that he was trying to free himself from the grasp of some powerful animal.

"*Bagh! Bagh!*" (a tiger) shouted the Jaggardar, hurling his torch in the direction from whence the sound proceeded.

"Here, Kamah, hold this beast," cried Mansfield, jumping from his terrified horse, and throwing the reins to the Jaggardar; as, by the faint light of the expiring torch, he discovered a panther clinging to the prostrate body of the horse, with his teeth and claws firmly fixed in the throat of the dying animal, who had now almost ceased to struggle, and drew his breath in thick gasping sobs, as the throttling savage, with a malignant growl of satisfaction, sucked the warm blood from his ebbing veins.

"This is a bad light," said Mansfield, shaking his head, and recovering his rifle, which he had brought to his shoulder, the flame of the torch having sunk so low, as to render surrounding objects almost invisible. "I wish to Heaven it would blaze up again, and allow me to see whereabouts the poor Doctor lies, for I have as good a chance of hitting him as the panther, if I risk a shot in the dark. Ha! that will do." A sudden gust of wind fanned the expiring torch into a bright flame, lighting up the ghastly scene with more brilliancy than ever. The panther, startled by the sudden light, quitted his hold of the horse, and, grinning fiercely, shrunk into a crouching attitude, as if undecided whether to spring on his assailant or fly.

"Now, then, you snarling devil!" muttered Mansfield, laying his cheek against the stock of his rifle, with as much cool deliberation as if he were about to fire at a mark; but ere he had brought the fine-drawn sight to bear upon its object, a convulsive kick from the dying horse struck the fiery end of the torch, and sent it flying among the bushes; the air was filled with a shower of glittering sparks, and again all was darkness.

"A spear! a spear!" shouted Mansfield, mad with disappointment, throwing aside his rifle, and snatching at a spear, which Charles carried in his hand. "Quick, man, before he moves! I can pin him to the ground where he lies.—Ha! who fired that shot?"

A bright flash—a sharp report—the whistle of a bullet—and then a gasping bubbling sound was heard, as of an animal stifling in his own blood.

"Hurra!" shouted the Doctor, from amidst the gloom; the unexpected but welcome cheer coming to the ears of his companions like a voice from the dead. "Hurra, lads! he's dead, he's dead!—Come here, some o' you; for ony sake, come here and help me to get my leg out from below the horse, for it's amaist smashed. This way, this way! ye needna' be 'feared: I've dang the life out o' him fairly. What do you think of the auld Doctor, noo?" exclaimed Macphee, brandishing, with a triumphant air, a huge horse-pistol, as Mansfield and Charles busied themselves in extricating him from under the dead horse. "Was na that weel done, Captain?—Easy! easy wi' me, lads, for I'm that sair birzed wi' yesterday's work, that I channa thole to be touched, amaist. Wasna that weel done, I say, sir? Od, ye hae often laughed at my old grandfather's pistol, but I telt you it would come to use some day or other, and sae it has, at last. O, man, but I'm stiff!" continued he, as he got upon his legs, with the assistance of his two companions, and seated himself on a bank.

"By Heavens! it was well done!" exclaimed Mansfield, grasping the Doctor's hand with enthusiasm; for he was really attached to the worthy man, and his heart was filled with gratitude to Heaven for his wonderful escape, and admiration of the unwonted spirit he displayed on the occasion. "Well done, and coolly as anything I ever saw. Why, Doctor, you have come out quite in a new character—a very dare-devil;—but, as you say, it was fortunate for you, and, indeed, for all of us, that you had the old pistol at hand, and presence of mind to use it; for, to tell you the truth, when the light was extinguished, I began to have rather unpleasant forebodings, as to the termination of our adventure."

"Faith, ye may say that," replied the Doctor: "I was sae dumb-foundered, and taken by surprise at first, when I found mysel' sprawling on the ground like a cripple puddock, and heard the worry, worry o' the bloodthirsty deevle, as he rugged and rived at poor Smiler's throat, that I just gied mysel' up for lost—and then that awfu' cry we heard the now came into my mind. Ye needna laugh, sir, for I tell ye there was something no canny in that cry; and I thought my hour was come, and then I prayed for mercy on my sinfu' soul;—and wi' that I appeared to get new strength and courage,—and then I minded o' the auld pistol I had put in the holster; and the wee drap Heeland blood I hae in my veins began to boil; and, says I to mysel', 'D——n you, for a muckle girnin cat! I'm a match for ye yet!' And wi' that, I lifted mysel' cannily on my elbow, and whippit the pistol out o' the holster, and clappit it to his lug, and dang the life out o' him afore he had time to wink. Ha! ha! Captain, you see there is some good stuff in the auld Doctor, yet; although I maun confess my nerves rather got the better o' me yesterday. But that was a' the effects o' the Glenlivet, ye ken—eh, Captain?" and the worthy Doctor grinned, and rubbed his hands with evident satisfaction.

"Tut, tut! never mind what happened yesterday," said Mansfield encouragingly; "you have behaved like a man this morning, at all events, and so let byganes be byganes, as you say yourself. But are you not hurt?—I am sure you got a terrible roll."

"Hoot, fie, no!" replied the Doctor, "I came down in a fine saft place, amang the lang grass; but I'm so cursedly warped in the back, after yesterday's toolzie, that the shake I got has just put me a wee throughother, and gart me feel faint-like about the heart. Maister Charles, if ye will just be good enough to look in the other holster, and gie me a wee bit flask ye'll find there, I think a drap out o' it will maybe do me good. The horse-pistol has done us a good turn already, and now we'll try what effect the pocket-pistol will hae.—Ha! ha! ha! Captain."—Here the Doctor chuckled, and poked Mansfield facetiously in the ribs. "You see I'm an old soldier, and aye march wi' twa pistols—ane for my enemies, and anither for my friends. Here, sir, tak a sup o't—it will warm your heart this cold morning."

The dew having fallen so heavily during the night, as almost to wet through their thin clothing, neither Mansfield nor Charles made any objection to the Doctor's proposal; and Charles, who was blessed with a youthful appetite, that never failed him under any circumstances, having produced some biscuits and a piece of cold venison from the holsters of his saddle, our three friends seated themselves on the grass; and the energy with which the worthy Doctor applied himself to gnawing the bones, after having whetted his appetite by a hearty pull at his pocket-pistol, proved that, however stiff his other joints might be, his jaws, at least, had escaped uninjured.

Day had, in the mean time, been rushing on with that rapidity peculiar to a tropical climate, where light succeeds darkness almost instantaneously; and, ere their hasty meal was finished, nature burst into life; and the glorious sun, rising in fiery splendor, poured a flood of golden light into that sequestered valley—the gloomy mountain-pass, which, an hour before, in the darkness and silence of night, appeared a fitting haunt for prowling beasts and birds of evil-omen, now smiling in all the luxuriant beauty of oriental scenery. The woods, sparkling with dew-drops, festooned with beautiful flowering creepers, and echoing to the tender cooing of turtle-doves; birds of gorgeous plumage, wheeling in joyous gambols amongst the lofty tree-tops; the balmy morning air, loaded with perfume, and breathing melody, all conspired to soothe and calm the ruffled spirits, to soften one's very nature, and make the most careless observer, in his inmost heart, acknowledge and worship the Almighty Power, which had given birth to so much beauty.

"What a heavenly scene is this!" exclaimed Charles, after gazing for some minutes in silent admiration.

"It is, indeed, a heavenly scene," replied Mansfield; "and yet how treacherous are its beauties!—How strange the thought, that this lovely spot should be the chosen haunt of wild beasts—its perfumed atmosphere a compound of deadly vapors: looking an earthly paradise, yet teeming with pestilence and death, like a lovely woman, with the exterior of an angel, cherishing a demon in her heart! Methinks a group of dancing wood-nymphs would form an appropriate foreground to such a picture; and yet, behold the stern reality—a band of armed men—a naked savage, but one degree removed from the beasts that perish—mangled carcasses, ascending to Heaven, mingled with the incense of flowers! How forcibly doth such a contrast as this bring to one's recollections the melancholy truth, that fallen man has brought sin and death into the world!"

"Indeed, sir, what you say is o'er true. It's just a mischancey bit, this same glen; and, bonny though it be, I wish we were well out o' it; for, after what we hae heard this blessed morning, it were a mere temptin' o' Providence to bide here ony longer. And oh, sir," casting a rueful glance at the mangled remains of poor Smiler, "is it no a sair sight to look at that poor beast lying cold and stiff there, and the bonny green grass steepit in his blood, and the sun shining sae bright, and the bit birdies singing sae blythe and happy, as if there was nae such thing as death in the world? And it would be just the same, though you or me were lying there in his place.—Poor Smiler—poor Smiler; ye were a good honest beast, although a wise short in the temper like mysel'. But you and me will never cast out nae more." And the poor Doctor, drawing the back of his large hand across his eyes, pulled a flint and steel from his pocket, and proceeded to strike a light for his cheroot, humming, as he did so, a melancholy Scotch ditty, which, if not the original tune the old cow is said to have died of, was certainly a very good imitation.

"Well, Doctor, you certainly are an unlucky dog in some things," said Charles, smiling at the Doctor's rueful countenance; "and I must say that, of late, you have come in for monkey's allowance, or worse; but if you do get into scrapes, it must be allowed you have a wonderful knack of getting out of them again. Just look back to the last four-and-twenty hours: within that short space of time you have been at the killing of a tiger on foot; have had an elephant playing at pitch-and-hustle with your unfortunate carcass; and taken the scalp of a panther, single-handed; and here you are, resting on your laurels, and smoking a cigar, as if nothing had happened—a trifle battered, to be sure, and minus your old horse, but covered with glory, and having a trophy in that panther skin, which will, no doubt, be preserved by the next ten generations of Macphees, as a memento of their illustrious ancestor. Come, come, my dear Doctor, cheer up, and do not look so miserable about it; for, after all, you have much to be thankful for."

"Aye, Maister Charles, what you say is very true. I hae, indeed, much to be thankfu' for; and I trust I am no ungratefu' for the Providential way in which my life has been spared. But, foolish though it be, I canna look at that poor beast without feeling as if I had lost an auld and trusty friend." And the Doctor began to puff his cheroot furiously, as if annoyed with himself for being possessed of a good heart.

The baggage and followers had by this time come up, and the dead panther having been placed upon the elephant, a fresh horse was saddled for the Doctor. The Jaggardar was dismissed with a handsome present of ammunition and tobacco; and, leaving the remains of poor Smiler to become a prey to the vultures, the three horsemen cantered off at a round pace, in hopes of reaching the village, where they intended to halt, before the heat of the day had become oppressive.

The poor Doctor was so disconcerted by the loss of his faithful steed, that he did not recover his wonted spirits for the rest of that day; and, after having tried in vain to convince his companions that the mysterious voice, which they attributed to an owl, was a supernatural warning of poor Smiler's tragical end, he gave up the point, and rode on, smoking his cheroot in moody silence. But from that day to this, he never exhibits the panther's skin, or tells the story of the "Night March," without assuring his hearers that, "as true as death," he heard the *Banshee*.

KOONDAH.

London "New Monthly" Magazine for Feb. 1839.

* A peculiar sort of Spirit, indigenous to the Highlands of Scotland and Ireland, which attaches herself to particular families, and is heard sighing and wailing previous to the death of any of its members.

THE WIFE'S REVENGE—AN ON-DIT OF BATH.

The city of King Bladud has been amused for some time past, by the gaieties of the lady of a lately created Baronet.

She is separated from him, and accuses him of deeds and words hardly consistent with a state of connubial felicity. It is said that a scolding wife and a smoky chimney are two of the greatest plagues flesh is heir to; but it is, nevertheless, possible for a philosopher to bear them with tolerable equanimity. When, however, an attack is made upon a man's purse, it is a very different thing; his patience forsakes him then, if ever. In the very clever novel of "Marriage" is introduced a scene in which a Major Douglas has to submit to the infliction of the sarcastic attacks of an old virago upon his family, himself, and everything belonging to him. This he does with admirable patience, until the old lady sneers at his skill in the sports of the field, when his good temper fails him altogether. Now we think that an attack upon the purse can be borne worse than even this. In the present case the lady is of that opinion, for her method of revenge is, if possible, to ruin her lord and master by her great extravagance. All her talents are exerted to attain this end. Her ingenuity is taxed to the utmost in this very amiable pursuit. Every extravagant freak that either she or her companions (we can't say friends) if it involve expense, and don't require prompt payment, is put into immediate execution; no whim can possibly come amiss to her; she pursues her headlong course with a vigor, energy, and *enjouement* which is particularly amusing to the lookers-on, as it is understood that her *cara-sposa* is rather susceptible when his pockets are touched. How long she can continue to carry on this game it is impossible to calculate, but undoubtedly, if it continue much longer, the embarrassments of the gentleman will be serious indeed. How he will extricate himself from his very unpleasant predicament is a matter of much speculation. Unfortunately for him, there is no divorce for pecuniary peccadilloes, and there is no other apparent speck on Lady ——'s conduct. There was a rumor that he intended to pursue the same course as that of a certain Police Magistrate, who at once amused and disgusted the town by his indelicacy. But it seems to us that such a course would be of very little use, as by the exercise of a little ingenuity on the lady's part the precaution might be set at nought. If a tradesman were to commence an action for the recovery of the value of necessaries supplied to the wife, it would be no defence to allege (we apprehend) that the husband had already provided or paid for such necessaries; for how could John Nokes know that his neighbor, Thomas Stiles, had accommodated the lady with the necessaries of life—so that, in fact, the lady might obtain credit for enormous amounts, and yet never exceed an apparently moderate sum. The remedy we should suggest to Monsieur *Mari* is, that he should take back the lady to his arms and heart. We have heard nothing alleged against either party to render such a course improper. The gentleman should recollect that the treatment the lady experienced at the hands of her friends, in her youthful days, was so cruel and unjust, that it is possible that the general tone of her moral feeling may have been wounded without being depraved, and this should be considered as some excuse. Both parties are miserable apart—they cannot be more so under the same roof, and it seems to us that the lady's conduct proceeds from piqued affection more than anything else. Surely, by the interference of judicious friends, the matter might be accommodated, and the accomplishment of our proposition would give us great pleasure.

Court Journal.

Gigantic Mutton.—There is now at Mr. John Nall's stall, in the Brown-street market, a quarter of mutton weighing no less than *sixty pounds.* The sheep, when whole, weighed 18 stones. It was fed by Wm. Allen, Esq., at Espersykes, near Malton, and obtained the prize at the agricultural show at York, in October last.

Manchester Guardian.

On Dits in Sporting Circles.

Mr. Tayloe's *Racing Stable for Sale*.—It will be seen by an advertisement on the 10th page, that Henry A. Tayloe, Esq. of Alabama, offers for sale his entire racing stud, including the imported filly *Maria Black*, who lately won "the best four mile race south of the Potomac"—*Zelina*, who beat *Wagner*, and four or five other good ones. Mr. Tayloe contemplates a trip to Europe in the ensuing Spring. Should he happen to meet Col. Heth and Capt. Stockton in London, with Mr. J. C. Stevens, the American Turf will be represented precisely as we could wish, and if a match "*Home and Home*" is not then made up, it will be because John Bull is unwilling to "make play!"

An Association was organized in this city on the 11th ult., to be known as the *N. Y. Off Hand Rifle Club*, consisting of fourteen members; several more will probably join at the next monthly meeting of the Association, which comprises many of "the Crack Shots of Gotham." On the 13th ult. the Club was first convened for rifle practice at the Thatched Cottage Garden, Jersey City; the distance first appointed was 60 yards—10 shots each. The best target measured (by string measure) 13⅜ inches. The second distance appointed was 100 yards—10 shots each. The best target measured 26⅜ inches. The third distance appointed was 120 yards—10 shots each. The best target measured 26⅞ inches. Although there were many in attendance, but six members engaged in the practice.

The whole matter relative to *Portsmouth's* match with *Boston* has been arranged by the parties, and if neither gives way in training, it will certainly come off.

In answer to an enquiry, we learn that *Belshazzar*, the recently imported stallion, was purchased by Flintoff for a company in Nashville. A 2 yr. old filly of his, out of *Fanchon*, won the Criterion Stakes at the last Houghton Meeting at Newmarket. Fanchon is sister to Mr. Jackson's imported *Lapdog*, and not of *Sarpedon*, as we were made to say in this paper of the 15th Dec. Belshazzar was bred by Mr. Watt.

Terrific.—Van Leer, who has charge of Mr. Stevens' stable, now on its way to New Orleans, has sold *Black Muria's* 2 yr. old colt *Terrific*, by Gohanna, for $3000, to Dr. James Leveritch, of Augusta, Ga. The same gentlemen also took *Seminole*, at $1000, from the same string.

The St. Leger.—A correspondent some time since made us say the Great Doncaster St. Leger was a Produce Stake, which it never was. It was a stake of 25 sovs., all the money, and named on or before the 1st of January *prior to running*; it is now a stake of 50, h. ft., and named *when yearlings*. Last year there were only 69 subscribers, at 50, h. ft.; this year, 1839, there are 117 subs., at 50, h. ft., and probably next year there will be still more.

Mr. George Fryer, of Columbia, S. C., has sold the following Blood Stock, recently imported by him to Charleston. Our correspondent should have given the ages and the prices, if at liberty to mention the latter:—

Bay colt by Sorcerer, out of Minnow by Filho da Puta, to Capt. D. Rowe, of Orangeburgh.
Chesnut filly by Imp. Priam, dam by Velocipede, to Gov. Butler, of Columbia.
Bay filly by Emilius, out of Minerva by Merlin, to Gen. Jas. H. Adams, of Columbia.
Bay mare *Sarah*, by Imp. Sarpedon, out of Frolicsome by Frolic, with her colt by Dr. Syntax, to Mr. Sutton, of Charleston.

Economist, the sire of *Harkaway*, is the property of Parsons Persse, Esq., of New Brook, Bally Glass, Ireland. He stands this season at the Curragh of Kildare, and we are informed that Mr. P. intends to dispose of him as soon as the season is over.

Guessing Match.—Long Islanders are proverbial for their attachment for, and proficiency in, sports of all kinds, and many that are practised among them possess a dash of originality and fun that are quite diverting. The Guessing matches, however, lately so rife among our neighbors, almost induce the belief that the Island has recently been visited with a flight of Connecticut schoolmasters. The following is a copy of a large handbill sent us a week or two since:—

"*To Sportsmen*.—A large fat Hog, judged to weigh between 900 and 1100 lbs., will be Guessed for, at 50 cents a Guess, and weighed alive, at the house of the subscriber, in Oyster Bay, on the 22d of Feb., at 2 o'clock, P. M.;—the person or persons guessing nearest the weight to take the hog.

Oyster Bay, L. I., Feb. 1839. Daniel Underhill."

This chance for a speculation in Pork being mentioned by the writer hereof to a convivial party of some half dozen, they incontinently resolved to "go in blind" and "see it out." The 22d of February at length arrived—a day memorable as the anniversary of Washington's birth, and big with the fate of the biggest entire swine ever raised in Queen's County! Without being particularly "fly" to the dimensions of whole hogs, one of the party, with "an old head on young shoulders," was deputed to "go it," as the jack-knife swapping boys say, "on-sight on-seen," and he did so with a looseness. Luck being on his side, he won the hog "just as easy" as the boy knew his father; 970 lbs. was "the ticket." The hog was bred on the farm of our old friend Maj. Jones, the breeder and turfman, who induced Mr. Underhill to keep him another year, "that Queen's County might acquire the glory of raising the largest hog in the Empire State."

Maria Black.—It is claimed that this fine filly was the first recent importation that won a four mile purse in America. A gentleman writes from Alabama, that he saw her (when a 3 yr. old), beat *Scarlet*, four mile heats, at Columbus, Miss., in Oct., 1837. The race was never reported.

American Winning Horses at Four Mile Heats.—Our Annual Table is ready, and will be given next week, having been crowded out of the present number. It gives, at one glance, the name, color, and pedigree, of every winner of a Four mile race in 1838, in the Union, together with the weight carried, and the time made—the horses beaten, the course, the day of the race, and the page in the volume of 1838, where a description of the race in full may be found.

In justice to a young and very clever artist, we take this occasion to state that the numerous wood cuts on the *Cover*, and the vignette *title* of to-day's paper, were engraved by Mr. E. Forbes, from original designs of his own. The *head* is thought *pretty tall* for a new country, but the sporting devices on the Cover are pronounced "a heap smarter" than any "fixins" lately seen in these "diggings."

The New Orleans "Picayune" of the 19th ult. contains the following mysterious paragraph:—

"*To the Editor of the N. Y. Spirit of the Times*: Porter, we've *found* Mud Lake."

Albeit the readers of the "Picayune" may be familiar with "*Locke on the Understanding*," it is not quite as clear as mud or Mud Lake, that they understand Locke. "In virtue of *our* office," however, as Dogberry says, *we* are expected "to comprehend all vagrom men," and that we "comprehend" the writer of the above, "is most true;" we "confess the cape." In "owning the soft impeachment," our readers have a natural right to expect that we shall "a round unvarnished tale deliver," for of a verity "thereby hangs a tale—a sensible tale," but if they "look for a speech from me now, they would be," and spoil a full, true, and particular journal of our visit to Mud Lake, which is not only uncommonly good, but like our volume of very fugitive poems, is "unwritten." The wag of "The Picayune" must "either suckle or hold the child"—either tell his story, or let us tell ours. He may have "seen something green," but he has not seen Mud Lake. "That's a lie, old Ferret!"

Challenge for Five Thousand Dollars.

Washington (Arks.), Feb. 1, 1839.

Dear Sir,—Being anxious to test the speed and bottom of the race nags of our young State, you will gratify me by inserting in your columns the following *banter*. I will run my brown mare *Eudora*, 4 yrs. old, by Jefferson, dam by Tennessee Oscar, one or two mile heats, over the Washington Course, Arks., agreeably to the rules of the Little Rock Jockey Club, for from Two to Five Thousand Dollars a-side. This offer will remain open till the 1st of June next.

Yours, &c., Saml. Gray.

Trotting Table Extraordinary.—We have taken infinite pains for nearly two years to collect materials for a complete *History of the American Trotting Turf* for publication in the Spirit of the Times, and having had the assistance of several amateurs and lovers of fine horses during that period, we have collected an immense amount of rare and valuable information. The records of the Hunting Park, the Centreville, the Harlaem Park, and other trotting courses, have all been ransacked, and dozens of private books of Memoranda examined, so that from the days of "*Old Boston Blue*," until the present, we have a record of *Every Public Trotting Match, Race, or Sweepstake*, of any account, that has occurred in the United States. We propose to publish it in Tabular form, so that the reader may readily ascertain the best time made, in harness or under the saddle, at all distances, from one mile to one hundred. It is not designed merely as a record of the remarkable time that has been made over a few courses, but it will include every great performance made by an American Trotting Horse.

Dr. Clements, of Dayton, with several of his friends, have patriotically resolved upon the introduction of some Blood Stock into their section of Ohio; among their purchases is that of *Washington*, a fine son of Timoleon, out of Ariadne by Citizen, who will make his next season at Dayton.

Cincinnati Spring Races.—The new Jockey Club of the "Metropolis of the West," promise to carry on the war with spirit next season; their advertisement, on the 10th page, is in itself better worth looking at than an ordinary race.

Sale of Imported Blood Stock.—In the "Spirit of the Times" of Feb. 9th, page 411, we gave a list of the recent Importation of Blood Stock to Charleston, S. C., per the ship *China*, and took the trouble to correct the pedigrees (by the Stud Book), which were shockingly printed in the papers of that city. The lot was sold by auction on the 22d, at the Washington Course, by P. Porcher, Esq., who has furnished our reporter with the following list of sales:—

Portland, ch. h. by Recovery, out of Caifacaratadaddera by Walton, 5 yrs., to Col. P. Fitzsimons, of Ga., for $850.
Bay Filly by Mulatto, out of Olinda by The Colonel, 1 yr., to P. McRa, Esq., of S.C. for $680.
Brown Filly by St. Nicholas, out of Mysinda by Lottery' 3 yrs., to Col. Fitzsimons, for $800.
Rosolia, ch. g,. by Vanish, out of Roseleaf by Whisker, 3 yrs., to Col. W. Hampton, for $280.
Black Colt by Cain or Actæon, out of Panthea by Comus or Blacklock, yearling, to G. W. Polk, Esq., of Tenn., for $780.
Brown Mare by Mambrino, out of Clinkerina by Clinker, 5 yrs., to W. J. Taylor, Esq.—$700.
Grey Mare by Velocipede, dam by Minos, in foal to The Saddler, to Col. Fitzsimons, for $725.
Brown Filly by Bay Walton, dam by Whisker, 2 yrs., to Col. T. Pinkney, of S. C. for $320.

"*Have 20 miles been trotted within the hour?*"—A gentleman writes us from Liverpool, under date of the 6th Feb., that a friend of his has "laid a considerable sum that the enormous distance of Nineteen miles and three quarters has been trotted within the hour by an American horse." We fear his friend has lost, for though there are half a dozen horses here that would make a match vs. Time, to trot 20 miles within the hour, it has never been performed. The following is the nearest approach to it:—

On the 8th Nov., 1833, on the Union Course, L. I., Mr. McLeod's *Paul Pry* won a match against Time of Seventeen miles and three quarters within the hour, under the saddle, carrying 138 lbs. To decide bye-bets, he came through and finished the last mile, trotting Eighteen miles and thirty-six yards in 58 minutes 52 seconds.

On the 10th Oct., 1833, Mr. Brown's *Mount Holly* trotted a match vs. Time over the Hunting Park Course, Philadelphia. Time was backed at $1000 to $500, that he did not trot 20 miles within an hour. The horse was very badly ridden, and got so far behind time, that he was stopped at the end of the 17th mile, as he had but six minutes and forty-two seconds in which to complete the remaining three miles. The 17 miles were accomplished in fifty-three minutes, eighteen seconds. The horse was so little distressed, that very little doubt remained on the minds of those who witnessed his performance, of his ability to do the 20 miles, barring accidents.

Mr. Edmund Jones, the popular host of the Second Ward Hotel, drove *Black Joke*, in harness, (for a match vs. Time, $500 a-side.) Fifty miles in Three hours and fifty-seven minutes, over the Providence (R. I.) Course, on the 31st July, 1835. The track was very sandy, and the last few miles of the match were trotted during a shower. Mr. J. is "a welter weight," and drove the match in a heavy Boston "sulky." The same distance was trotted in May of the same year, over the Hunting Park Course, in Three hours and forty minutes, in a private match.

Within the last year or two, trotting horses at the North have attained a speed that throws quite in the shade the most remarkable performances of 1835; the fact that *Dutchman* and *Rattler* both beat the best time on record by several seconds (the former by 8 seconds, trotting a 2d heat of three miles in 7:50) is the best evidence of the truth of our position, though it is demonstrated by the performances of several others. Because 20 miles within an hour has not been done is no reason that it cannot be, and any one disposed to back *Time* to any amount, say $1000, would find half a dozen customers "here and elsewhere."

Sporting in the Sandwich Islands!—The last "Oahu Gazette" contains the following items of Sporting Intelligence. We shall have to send a reporter there one of these days.

Wrestling.—We saw a curious notice on a gate post yesterday. It reads thus:—

"I, Lewis Titus, offers to Rassle with any man in Oahu for the sum of twenty-five dollars the best in three—Square hold. May 25th, 1838."

Pedestrian Tour.—A walking match occurred last Thursday morning, between the Oahu Quill and a gentleman resident. The gentleman beat the quill by a minute, in an excursion to the bullock pen near Diamond Hill. The walk to the pen was made in one hour and eight minutes. The return in one hour. The quill walked the distance. The gentlemen competitor hopped, skipped, jumped, walked, and stalked.

SPORTING EPISTLE FROM MISSISSIPPI.

Natchez, 5th Feb., 1839.

Mr. Editor,—I am in receipt of your's of 8th Dec., and am much pleased to hear of the intended enlargement of the "Spirit of the Times," and the addition of engravings.

Maria Black deserves great credit for the manner in which she won the four mile day at the Metarie (New Orleans), running, as she did, for every heat. John Nichols had Mr. Tayloe's horses in fine condition; all the others that appeared, if you except *Roderick Dhu*, *Melzare*, and Capt. Minor's lot, were entirely off.

How Watson accounts for his stable being amiss, I have not understood, as he was with it all summer.

Pryor does not pretend to give any reason for *Sarah Bladen's* defeats; it was one of those unaccountable cases that we in the South-west are not smart enough to unravel. She is turned out, and will not, probably, appear again in public before next Fall. As she has grown up very rapidly to great size, I think this a very judicious course.

Tisdale & Graves could not get down the river in time to get the flesh off their cracks.

Garrison's horses were all too high, and wanted that blooming appearance they exhibited last Spring. It is expected that every horse will come to the post next Spring in prime condition, and that every horse will earn his money.

It is said *here* that *Wagner*, *Billy Townes*, and *Picton*, have been entered in the 4 mile sweepstake to be run at Louisville next Fall; if so, it will be a very interesting affair.

A Young Turfman.

CHARLESTON (S. C.) ANNUAL RACES,

Commenced over the *Washington Course*, on Saturday, the 16th ultimo, under the most auspicious circumstances. The city presented, during the week, that appearance of general hilarity and enjoyment which has always characterized it during the races; it was crowded with visitors from all parts of the State, in addition to strangers from distant sections, and the unbounded hospitality of Charleston was never reflected in bolder or more beautiful relief. The weather was fine, and the track in good order; each day the attendance was of the highest respectability, and as Heaven and the ladies smiled upon the Club, the number of their guests was immense.

Since the last meeting, the track and fixtures have undergone great improvements; in addition to the new Club and Ladies' Stand erected in 1837, Mr. G. W. Cramer, by permission of the Club, has erected a splendid "Citizen's Stand," which is pronounced unsurpassed for beauty and convenience. The following gentlemen comprise the *Officers of the Club* for the ensuing year:—

Col. Thomas Pinkney, President; James Rose, Esq., Vice Pres't; Dr. John B. Irving, Secretary; Wm. Ravenal, Esq., Treasurer; J. L. Wilson, Esq., Solicitor. *Stewards*:—Col. A. Miller, Dr. Finley, James Sinkler, J. S. McPherson, Wm. Washington, Wm. Heyward, Wm. Harleston, Joseph Alston, and W. J. Bull, Esqrs.

SATURDAY, Feb. 16, 1839—Citizens' Purse $1000, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.

Lovell & Hammond's imp. b. f. *Miss Accident*, by Tramp, out of Florestine by Whisker, 3 yrs	3	1	1
Col. W. Sinkler's ch. f. *Janette Berkley*, by Bertrand Junior, out of Carolina by Buzzard, 4 yrs	5	4	2
Wm. McCargo's ch. f. *Missouri*, by Eclipse, dam by Director, 4 yrs	4	3	3
Col. W. Hampton's ch. m. *Charlotte Russe*, Own sister to Trifle, 5 yrs	1	2	dr
Col. J. R. Spann's b. f. *Compromise*, by Nullifier, out of Anti-Tariff, 3 yrs	2	dr	

Time, 6:06—5:54—6:04.

Our special correspondent writes us that Charlotte was the favorite against the field; Compromise and Miss Accident made the running for two miles and a half, when Gil. Patrick brought up Charlotte, and outfooted them both, winning handily under a strong pull. The odds were now 3 to 1 on her, though Missouri never made a stroke for the 1st heat. In the 2d heat both mares again trailed, Miss Accident once more cutting out the work; on the back stretch of the 3d mile, however, Charlotte and Missouri made play simultaneously, and a severe rally ensued between the three, which ensued in Charlotte's getting the track, and Missouri the 2d place. Within 90 yards of the winning post, when a length ahead, Charlotte was observed suddenly to falter, and the next instant she was all abroad,—she had let down; she hobbled out, however, and was beaten by a length only, though we regret to add she is incapacitated from again appearing on the turf. Miss Accident, on the instant this sad disaster occurred, caught up the running, overshot Missouri, and won by a length. Betting now 5 to 1 on the imported filly. For the 3d heat she went off from the score at a rattling pace, but as the other two chose to put the issue upon a brush up the quarter stretch, she soon pulled back to them; about 50 yards from home, Janette challenged, and a beautiful contest took place, which continued to the end, Miss Accident winning the heat from Janette by a throatlatch only.

MONDAY, Feb. 18—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Eight subscribers at $300 each, $100 ft. Two mile heats.

Col. Fitzsimons' (Dr. A. T. B. Merritt's) imp. ch. f. *The Queen*, own Sister to Monarch .... rec'd ft.

From the following:—

Col. Hampton's imp. b. f. *Ella*, by Emilius, out of Ada, sister to Augusta, by Woful.
Col. Preston's imp. ch. c. by Defence, out of Tears by Woful.
Col. Singleton's b. c. *Chieftain*, by Godolphin, out of Young Lottery by Sir Archy.
Also, imp. br. f. by Sultan, out of Rachel.
Maj. McRa's br. f. by Bertrand Junior, out of Grizzle's dam.
Col. Adam's imp. ch. f. by The Colonel, out of Peri, the dam of Sir Hercules.
Mr. Pierce's ch. f. by Mons. Tonson, out of Betsey Hare's dam.

• It appears to have been understood, up to the morning of the race, that *Chieftain* would start against *The Queen*, and considerable disappointment occurred from his withdrawal. He is, we hear, a remarkably promising colt.

TUESDAY, Feb. 19—Match, $250 a-side, J. C. weights for age, Two mile heats.

Col. Augustus Flud's b. f. *Zoraida*, by Virginius (of Transport), dam by Comet, 3 yrs	1	1
Col. W. Sinkler's imp. br. f. *Miss Clinker*, by Humphrey Clinker—Mania by Maniac, 3 y	2	2

Time, 4:01—4:15.

Miss Clinker was the favorite at 2 to 1, though amiss; Zoraida made all the running, and won at her ease.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 20—Jockey Club Purse $1000, conditions as on Saturday, Four mile heats.

Col. Wade Hampton's imp. b. c. *Monarch*, by Priam, out of Delphine (both since imported) by Whisker, 4 yrs .... *Gil. Patrick*.	1	1
W. H. B. Richardson's ch. c. *Trident*, by Bertrand Junior, out of Little Venus by Sir William of Transport, 3 yrs	3	2
Lovell & Hammond's imp. b. f. *Florida Hepburn*, by Tramp, dam by Whisker, 3 yrs	2	dr

Time, 8:07—8:55.

Monarch was the favorite at 10 to 1, and might as well have walked over for the purse, for he was not obliged to extend himself in any part of the race, though the last two miles of the 1st heat were run in 3:51, and the 3d mile of the 2d in 1:56. He has never lost a heat!

THURSDAY, Feb. 21—Jockey Club Purse $600, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Lovell & Hammond's br. f. *Polly Green*, by Sir Charles, out of Polly Peachom (Portsmouth's dam) by John Richards, 4 yrs	1	1
Col. Wm. Sinkler's ch. c. *Santa Anna*, by Bertrand Junior, dam by Kosciusko, 4 yrs	3	2
Col. W. Hampton's b. f. *Emily*, by Emilius, out of Elizabeth by Rainbow, 4 yrs	2	dr

Time, 5:59—5:52.

Polly Green won cleverly, Emily pulling up lame; we presume the latter was entered to make up a field merely, as a gentleman who saw her at Charleston a few days previous to the race, informed us last week that she would not be started.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse ——, conditions as before, Mile heats.

W. H. B. Richardson's ch. m. *Aunt Pontypool*, by Bertrand Junior, out of Goldfinder by Virginius, 5 yrs	3	1	1
Maj. McRa's br. f. by Bertrand Junior, dam by Financier, 3 yrs	1	2	2
Mr. Shier's b. g. *John*, pedigree unknown	5	3	3
Col. W. Sinkler's imp. b. f. *Miss Clinker*, pedigree above, 3 yrs	2	dr	
Mr. Riley's m. *Lalla Rookh*, pedigree unknowh	4	dr	

Time, 1:55—1:58—1:55.

FRIDAY, Feb. 22—Jockey Club Purse $400, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's ch. f. *Missouri*, by Eclipse, dam by Director, 4 yrs ... *Gil. Patrick*.	4	1	1
Lovell & Hammond's imp. b. f. *Florida Hepburn*, pedigree above, 3 yrs	3	4	2
Col. A. Flud's b. f. *Zoraida*, pedigree above, 3 yrs	5	3	3
Col. Spann's (Col. J. E. Calhoun's) b. f. *Compromise*, pedigree above, 3 yrs	1	2	dr
Maj. P. McRa's ch. f. *Ellen Percy*, by Godolphin, dam by Bedford, 4 yrs	2	5	dr

Time, 3:59—3:57½—3:57½.

The imported filly was the favorite. Ellen and Compromise made all the running the 1st heat, the latter winning by a length; Zoraida got a very bad start. The 2d and 2d heats were won handily by the game little Missouri.

SATURDAY, Feb. 23—Handicap Purse $600, (being the receipts at the Gates). Three mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's (Dr. Merritt's) imp. ch. f. *The Queen*, pedigree above, 3 yrs. 87lbs	1	1
Col. Sinkler's ch. f. *Janette Berkley*, " " 4 yrs. 89lbs	2	2
Col. Flud's b. f. *Zoraida*, " " 3 yrs. a feather	3	3

Time, 5:47—5:54.

In addition to the three which accepted, the following horses were handicapped for this race:—

Miss Accident	87lbs.	Florida Hepburn	Feather.
Monarch	102	Ellen Percy	85
Polly Green	99	Miss Clinker	Feather.
Missouri	99	Santa Anna	80
Compromise	Feather.	Emily	95
Trident	80	Aunt Pontypool	95

The odds were 10 to 1 on The Queen. Zoraida again got a bad start, losing 40 or 50 yards. Janette led at Her Majesty's pleasure only, for when the critical moment arrived, she placed herself in front, and was never caught, winning without a struggle in 5:47. This fact will clinch the match with *Boston* next Spring. The 2d heat was a second edition of the 1st, except that The Queen won still more at her ease.

SAME DAY—The "*Tattersall Whip*," presented by Richard Tattersall, Esq., of London, to the S. C. Jockey Club, united to a subscription of $200 each, (upon the principle which governs the race for *The Whip* in England.) Four miles.

Col. Wade Hampton's imp. b. c. *Monorch*, pedigree above, 4 yrs. 111 lbs ...... walked over.

Gil. Patrick being directed to gallop Monarch round, he went off at about half speed. Near the termination of the 3d mile, however, his spirited owner complied with the urgent wishes of his friends, and ordered Gil. to "pull him steady and let him go." Getting well at his horse, and bracing him with a hard pull, Gil. brushed him the entire 4th mile, which he ran with the greatest ease in 1:48, with 111 lbs. up! J. C. Rodgers, Esq., of Raleigh, N. C., subsequently offered *Twenty Thousand Dollars* for him, which Col. Hampton refused.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse ——, conditions as for the Citizens' Purse, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Col. Spann's b. f. *Compromise*, pedigree above, 3 yrs	1	1	1
W. H. B. Richardson's ch. m. *Aunt Pontypool*, pedigree above, 5 yrs	2	2	dr

Time, 1:59—2:00.

PEDIGREE, CHARACTERISTICS AND PERFORMANCES

OF

BLACK MARIA,

WITH BRIEF NOTICES OF ALL HER CONTEMPORARIES;

Accompanied with a Portrait, engraved by DICK from a Painting by TROYE,

EXPRESSLY FOR THE "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

The distinguished subject of this memoir was bred by **CHARLES HENRY HALL**, Esq., of Harlæm, N.Y., and was foaled on the 15th of June, 1826. At the age of seventeen months, she was purchased by **JOHN C. STEVENS**, Esq., of this city, for **$1000**, and remained in his hands during the whole of her long and brilliant racing career. She was got by [American] Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot by Sir Archy—her dam Black Maria by Imp. Shark—g. g. dam (the dam of Vingt'un) a celebrated race mare by Imp. Clockfast (a half brother to Medley,) by Gimcrack—g. g. g. dam Burwell's Maria by Regulus, etc.

Did our limits allow we would gladly devote a few columns to the history of the illustrious ancestry of the subject of this memoir, but with the intention of making it the theme of another article at no distant day, we proceed to the discussion of the matter before us. We will remark, however, *en passant*, that *Lady Lightfoot*, the dam of Black Maria, was the most distinguished racer of her day, having won between twenty and thirty races, the majority at four mile heats, and never having been beaten but once, except in her old age—her *eleventh year*—and then by Eclipse, on the Union Course. She was bred by the late Col. JOHN TAYLOE, of Va., and was foaled at Mr. OGLE's seat, Bel-air, Pr. George's County, Md., in June, 1812. She was purchased by Mr. Hall in 1824 of Maj. WM. JONES, of Oyster Bay, Long Island, and the late Dr. ALEXANDER HOSACK, of this city, for $1500, with a bay filly at her foot. This filly, called *Camilla*, died Jan 5, 1825. Lady Lightfoot subsequently produced

1825—Bl. c. *Eclipse Lightfoot*, by Am. Eclipse; sold at 4 yrs. old for **$1500**, to a Co. in N. J.
1826—Bl. f. *Black Maria*, by Eclipse, the subject of this memoir; sold at 12 yrs. old for **$4000**.
1827—Missed to Eclipse.
1828—Ch. f. *Screamer*, by Henry; sold at 17 months old to W. LIVINGSTON, Esq., for **$500**.
1829—Br. c. *Terror*, by Eclipse; sold at 7 months old to the same gentleman for **$1000**.
1830—Bl. c. *Shark*, by Eclipse; sold while on the turf to J. C. CRAIG, Esq., for **$17,500**.
1831—B. f. *Bay Maria*, by Eclipse; sold at 4 yrs. old to Col. W. HAMPTON, of S. C., for **$6000**.
1832—Missed to Imp. Serab.
1833—Bl. f *Harlaem Lass*, by Shark (her brother,) } Still owned by Mr. Hall;
1834—B. *Young Lady Lightfoot*, by Eclipse. } the first has never been trained.

Lady Lightfoot died from the effects of a violent cold two days after the last named filly was foaled. Of the sire of Black Maria (*Eclipse*) or of the sire of her dam (*Sir Archy*), nothing need be said, the latter standing unrivalled as he does, as the sire of a host of winners, while **Eclipse** is equally unrivalled as a winner himself.

The grand dam of Black Maria, another prodigy, was, if possible, still more remarkable; she united not only a great turn of speed to unflinching game, but she ran on to her *fourteenth year*. She was herself out of a celebrated race mare by Imported *Shark*, one of the best racers and stallions England ever produced. She was first known as "SELDEN's *Maria*," and in her 3 yr. old form was sold to Mr. ALEXANDER, for **$2000**, an immense price in those days. In the same year, 1799, she was purchased jointly by the late Col. JOHN TAYLOE, of Virginia, and the late Gen. WADE HAMPTON, of South Carolina, to match *Shark*, and went into the stable of the latter, under the name of "*Black Maria.*" Gen. H. soon after purchased Col. T.'s interest in her, and not only won his match, but carried off every purse for which he entered her. Subsequently she passed into the hands of Col. W. ALSTON, of S. C., who after running her a few seasons, sold her back to Col. TAYLOE, at 14 years of age, for **$2500**, then the highest price ever paid for a brood mare.

The produce of no mare in America has ever realized for their owners, probably, so large an amount as Lady Lightfoot. Though the subject of this memoir was, beyond question, the best of her produce, the performances of either ***Shark*** or *Bay Maria* would alone entitle her to high consideration. ***Eclipse Lightfoot*** had a remarkable turn of speed, but being taken with the distemper, was thrown out of training, and soon after sold to be put into the stud. ***Screamer, Terror,*** and *Young Lady Lightfoot* never particularly distinguished themselves, and the two last for very manifest reasons; the first fell when 3 yrs. old, and received an injury in his thigh, of which he never entirely recovered, and the last from running with shoes on for two years, had her feet ruined; we saw her not a week since, at her breeder's stable, and on examining them, found them not only small and mis-shapen, but the frog on both fore feet was entirely gone! ***Harlaem Lass*** was specially bred for a brood mare, and never trained.

Our PORTRAIT of *Black Maria* is pronounced on all hands to be a most striking and remarkable likeness. It was painted in 1834, near the close of her racing career, and at the termination of a severe campaign, when she was very low in flesh. TROYE was unusually successful with his picture, and Mr. DICK, the engraver, has been equally felicitous, as we are assured by Mr. STEVENS, Mr. HALL, and several other gentlemen who were familiar with the subject of it. As "the old Black Mare" entertained some "vulgar prejudice" against "*sitting* for her portrait," Troye directed **BILL PATRICK**, her faithful groom, to ride her out into a paddock in front of his window; this proceeding might be all very well for the painter and for the mare, Bill thought, but as for him, he was inclined to "sulk," after two hour's promenading, so whipping off his saddle, he incontinently determined to hitch the mare and "bolt," for the which disregard of orders and his lukewarmness in facilitating the progress of the Fine Arts, Troye clapped him into his picture in the very act of committing so grave an offence in the eye of a turfman or an artist, as hitching a race horse to a tree! Of course he will now go down through all time as *the* boy who was guilty of so unpardonable a sin, but for fear his punishment would be greater than he could bear, Troye, through urgent intercession, was finally induced to remit a portion of the punishment he had intended, by concealing his face.

Black Maria's name indicates her color; her coat is a glossy jet, without a white mark, and her measurement, under the standard, is fifteen hands three inches. She "favors" Lady Lightfoot in the shape of her head, which is lighter than most of the get of Eclipse, tapering considerably towards the mouth; she has very fine expressive eyes, and her ears are remarkably pretty; her neck is delicate, well-shaped, and rather long, but not out of proportion to the length of her head, which is very well set on; her neck comes out exceedingly well from her shoulders, which are broad and beautifully clean, though not quite oblique enough, to our taste; on this point, however, "doctors differ." She rises very high in her withers; her arms are long, and immensely powerful, with short and very flat cannon bones; she has good knees, neat pasterns, and perfectly shaped feet; the great depth of her chest allows free respiration, her brisket falling down much in the style of old Eclipse; taken altogether, forehanded, she is almost faultless, combining the best points of both her dam and sire. When we saw her last,—now a year since,—she was greatly filled out, with well rounded fore and back ribs, and a better proportioned barrel than she generally exhibited in training; she was wont to be rather light, and considerably tucked up in the flank, though now and then she was in this respect a perfect model; the principal objection to her was ever her great length of carcase. Her coupling does not indicate that ability to take up her weight and go a distance, which her performances have so signally demonstrated—another proof that horses run in all forms. She has arched loins, with good but rather drooping quarters—very muscular thighs, and gaskins of prodigious strength, and clean hocks, coming well down to the ground. The only two points about her that might justly be found fault with, consist of the unsightly "Bedford hump" between her hips, and her barrel, which is too long and too light. It has been urged that the peculiar conformation of most of the Eclipse and Lady Lightfoot stock induces curbs; however it may have been with the others, the two Maria's exhibit as beautifully formed limbs as ever supported a high mettled racer. Black Maria's style of going was remarkably strong and steady, and her stride was tremendous; in brushing, she covered twenty-four feet at a stroke. That she united unflinching game, and a remarkable turn of speed, to that particularly fine idea of "perpetual motion" which characterized her illustrious ancestry, the subjoined record of her performances will abundantly demonstrate. BAXTER, who brought ***Dosoris*** and ***Fordham*** to the post for their maiden races in such superb condition, was her first trainer, and ALFRED CONOVER, the present capital trainer of Mr. ROBERT L. STEVENS, had the honor of first throwing his leg over her back. She won her first four mile race in the hands of FREDERICK, "the yellow man," and subsequently was trained by JOHN BUCKLEY, DAVID PALMER, and FLINTOFF, though Buckley trained her for most of her great races.

1829. *Union Course, Long Island*, Saturday, Oct. 3—Produce Match, $5000 each, h. ft., Two mile heats.

John C. Stevens' bl. f. *Black Maria*, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot by Sir Archy, 3 yrs. 87lbs.	1	1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's br. c. *Brilliant*, by Sir Archy, out of Bet Bounce (Arab's dam) by Imp. Sir Harry, 3 yrs. 90lbs.	2	2

Time, 4:01—3:58. Track heavy.

This match was made on blood, before either animal was foaled, and naturally excited a good deal of interest. It was NORTH *versus* SOUTH again. It being the first appearance of both performers, little or nothing was known, even by "men of business," of the speed or endurance of either. Maria *looked* like "a good 'un," but then Brilliant was brought to the post by that first rate judge and crack trainer, Col. JOHNSON, who showed he knew a "hawk from a handsaw," by offering to pay **$1750** to be off; but this was "no go"—t'other party "know'd sum'ut" too, and wouldn't bite. The Colonel knew the black lady to be well born and well bred; but thinking she might turn out, as many others with the same advantages have done, no better than she should be, he determined, rather than pay the 2500 dollars, to start Brilliant, and so "threw the helve after the hatchet." The pace for the first mile, was "as slow as foot could fall," and for three quarters of the 2d it was anything but a racing one. At the quarter stake Brilliant let loose, and gained two or three lengths by the rush. This awoke the boy upon Maria, and he waked up the filly with six or eight such first rate "eye openers," as brought her, at a slapping pace, three or four lengths ahead, at the ending post. Time, 4:01. The filly's taking the string to win the heat in such bad time led the backers of Brilliant to believe, that his "good fix" would tell in the next heat, and so they were "all alive and kicking." In going off the 2d heat, the "persuaders" were applied to Brilliant from the score, and continued "ever and anon." The pace for the first mile was respectable; but it was evident the mare was going too much at her ease to bode any good to the horse. She was kept well together, and ready at any moment for a rally. The boy on Brilliant tried what cutting would do, but it was of no service. This diamond, though of the Virginia water, shone none the brighter for it. In the last half mile, the horse knocked up, from being overworked in the first, and the "Coal Black Rose" won without a struggle in 3:58. After the race Col. Johnson was persuaded, by a gentleman from Quebec, to throw this pearl away for a thousand dollars; he has since been a winner in Canada. Within a few months he has been purchased by JAMES M. BEALL, Esq., of Russellville, Ky., for **$2000**, and will stand at that place next season. The betting, when the horses were stripped, was generally about equal, the Southern horse being rather the favorite with a limited party. The track was very heavy.

1829. *Same Course*, Oct. 8—Jockey Club Purse $400, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares, fillies and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.

John C. Stevens' bl. f. *Black Maria*, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, 3 yrs.	1	1
Maj. Wm. Jones' ch. m. *Lady Flirt*, by Hickory, dam by Duroc, 6 yrs.	2	2
Smith Freeman's ch. h. *Sir Charles*, by Duroc, out of Maria Slamerkin by Bond's First Consul, 5 yrs.	3	dist.

Time, 5:59—6:12.

Black Maria took the lead from the start, was never headed, and won in a canter. Lady Flirt is still in Maj. JONES' breeding stud on Long Island, and is the dam of his Andrew filly ***Fidget***, and some other young things.

1830. *Same Course*, Monday, May 10—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before. Three subscribers at $1000 each. P.P. Four miles.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. m. *Slender*, by Sir Charles, out of Reality by Sir Archy, 5 yrs.	1
John C. Stevens' bl. f. *Black Maria*, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, 4 yrs.	2
Walter Livingston's gr. m. *Betsey Ransom*, by Virginian, out of Favorite by Bel-air, 6 yrs.	*

Time, 7:58. * Broke down.

Slender was the favorite at odds against the field. During the training of Betsey Ransom the fall previous, she had let down in the back sinew of one fore leg, and was then purchased by Mr. LIVINGSTON, as unsound. By the aid of blisters, and that grand specific of Nature, ***rest***, she had, to appearance, so far surmounted this accident as to induce Mr. L., prior to the 1st of January, 1830, to nominate her for this stake; but unfortunately, her leg could not stand the exercise required to get four mile length into her. She complained much—her work was of necessity curtailed, and her gallops, at times, discontinued. She came to the post by much too high in flesh, and her leg much swollen—it was madness to start her. Black Maria fell far short of tip-top order, while Slender was all and all the thing. The race is thus described:—

They got off well together, Maria taking the lead, followed closely by Betsey Ransom—Slender trailing a little. In this way they went along at a clever rate, ***all in hand***, for the first mile and a quarter, each waiting for the other to make play. In going down the back stretch in the second mile, Slender let out a little, lapped Betsey, and ran up to Maria, whose rider set her upon her legs, and all three ***went the pace***, until they arrived at the rise of the ground, at the termination of the straight run, on the back side. Here Billy Clark took the bay mare firmly in hand, while Maria led round the north turn, with Betsey close up. When they entered upon the quarter stretch, towards the termination of the second round, Slender again let out, and all came up the straight run at a rattling rate, the black mare still leading the grey in her former position, and the bay still waiting upon them. Thus they entered upon the third mile, and passed round the south turn. When they arrived at the commencement of the straight run, on the back part, it was evident that Betsey faultered—her fine regular stride was gone—she clambered, and was all abroad. Slender passed in her steady stroke. Betsey continued to drop rapidly, and being completely let down, was stopped near the termination of the third mile. Maria and Slender were now going the last mile, and had advanced full half way round the first turn; the latter collected and in hand, ready for a dash. As soon as they commenced the stretch, on the back side, she made play, ran up and challenged, and a sharp rally ensued for about sixty rods. But the set-to commenced too early; the distance home too long for Maria to live through; the length began to tell, and although the boy got well at her, it would not do. Slender came in front at the end of the straight side, and swept boldly round the last turn. The black mare's chance was now out, while the bay entered upon the last quarter stretch in good style, winning in a canter.—Time, 7:58.

Slender, the beautiful winner of this race, was killed the May following, by an accident received in a race with ***Collier*** and ***Eliza Reilly***, at Norfolk, Va. It occurred on the 25th May, in running four mile heats. The three entries were locked in the 2d mile, Slender having the inside track; when all three were making play for the lead, Slender struck one of her feet against the railings and fell. The shock was so great as to deprive her of all motion, and she lay apparently lifeless on the track, whence she was immediately removed, and every effort made to revive her; but it appeared, upon examination, that the spine was broken, and that she had received some internal hurts, which rendered recovery impossible; she died at 10 o'clock the same night. Her fate excited general sympathy, and a deep-felt regret in the gallant turfman to whom this fine animal belonged. To him her nominal value was of little consequence, but she was a favorite. Her rider escaped unhurt.

Betsey Ransom, now owned by ROBERT L. STEVENS, Esq., of this city, he sent out to England, in company with his celebrated mare ***Polly Hopkins***, in Oct., 1834. They went out in foal to Eclipse; Polly Hopkins dropped a colt, and Betsey Ransom a filly, foal, which were imported in their yearling form. The filly, called ***Jessica***, Mr. Stevens sold last season, and she is now owned in Missouri; Mr. P. C. BUSH ran her with credit at the Fall Meeting of the St. Louis Jockey Club, over the Sulphur Springs Course. In England the two mares were bred to the most fashionable stallions of the day; in 1837 a yearling filly by ***Priam*** (since imported,) and another by ***Emilius*** came over, and shortly afterwards Betsey Ransom herself; she was bred last year to Mr. JOHN C. STEVENS' ***Dosoris***, while Polly Hopkins was stinted to ***Plenipo***, and still remains abroad.

1830. *Duchess County Course*, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Wednesday, May 19—Jockey Club Purse $300, free for all ages; weights as on the Union Course. Three mile heats.

Maj. Wm. Jones' ch. m. *Lady Flirt*, by Hickory, dam by Duroc, aged.	1	1
John C. Stevens' bl. f. *Black Maria*, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, 4 yrs.	2	2
Gen. Bedell's b. f. *Jeannett*, by Eclipse, dam by ——, 4 yrs.	*	*
Wm. H. Minge's b. c. *Mayday*, by Sir Archy, dam by Hornet, 4 yrs.	*	*

Time, 6:00 each heat.

No particulars of this race have come to our knowledge, otherwise than that it was said to have been "won handily." The ***Jeannett***, run by Gen. BEDELL, must not be confounded with Mr. STEVENS' ***Janette***, own sister to Sir Charles. ***Mayday*** was standing at Buckingham Court House, Va., in 1837, since which we have lost sight of him.

1830. *Same Course*, Thursday, Oct. 7—Jockey Club Purse $500, free for all ages, weights as before, Four mile heats.

John C. Stevens' bl. f. *Black Maria*, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, 4 yrs.	1	1
Jos. H. Van Mater's ch. c. *Leopold*, by Oscar, out of Katydid by Imp. Expedition, 4 yrs	3	2
John Buckley's ch. m. *Lady Hunter*, by Duroc, out of Lady Richmond by Eagle, 6 yrs.	2	3
Maj. Wm. Jones' ch. m. *Lady Flirt*, by Hickory, dam by Duroc, aged.	dist.	

Time, 7:53—8:05.

A very fine race between Leopold and Lady Hunter, neither being able to put up the winner, who won cleverly at her ease. ***Leopold*** is now standing in Illinois, and promises to distinguish himself. Lady Hunter is beneath the turf. It will be seen that Lady Flirt, who beat Black Maria in her previous race, was distanced by her in this with ease.

1830. *Same Course*, Wednesday, Oct. 27—Jockey Club Purse $500, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

John C. Stevens' bl. f. *Black Maria*, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, 4 yrs.	1	1
Jos. H. Van Mater's ch. c. *Leopold*, by Oscar, out of Katydid, 4 yrs.	2	2
Mr. Parker's gr. m. *Peggy Madee*, by Sir Hal, dam by Sir Archy, aged.	5	3
Thos. Pearsall's ch. m. *Medora*, by Rattler, out of Sport's-mistress by Hickory, 4 yrs.	3	4
J. Buckley's ch. m. *Lady Hunter*, by Duroc, out of Lady Richmond, 6 yrs.	4	5

Time, 7:56—7:53.

A capital race, all out and doing their best from end to end, save the winner, who cut out the work with a long rating stroke, and never was headed in either heat. ***Peggy Madee***, when we last heard of her, was in the breeding stud of HENRY MACLIN, Esq., of Virginia.

1831. *Union Course, L. I.*, Thursday, May 12—Jockey Club Purse $600, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's gr. f. *Bonnets o' Blue*, by Sir Charles, out of Reality by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.	1	1
John C. Stevens' bl. m. *Black Maria*, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, 5 yrs.	2	2
Dr. Alex. Hosack's ch. h. *St. George*, by Eclipse, 5 yrs.	dist.	

Time, 7:57—8:22.

Bonnets o' Blue, a very superior race mare, promises to become equally celebrated in the breeding stud. She is now the property of WILLIAM GIBBONS, Esq., of Madison, N. J., who has colts from her by Shark and Imp. Trustee; the former at a year old was very bloodlike, and as promising a yearling as we ever saw; he makes his debut in the Spring, and though a little under-sized, promises to confer credit upon his illustrious ancestry. If our memory serves us, Mr. G. paid Col. Johnson $2500 for Bonnets o' Blue, after she was withdrawn from the turf. No particulars of this race are furnished by the Turf Register or journals of the day. Dr. HOSACK's ***St. George*** was of no account.

1831. *Duchess County Course*, Po'keepsie, N. Y., Thursday, May 26—Jockey Club Purse $500, free for all ages, weights as before, Four mile heats.

John C. Stevens' bl. m. *Black Maria*, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, 5 yrs.	1	1
Jos. H. Van Mater's ch. c. *Mark Richards*, by John Richards, dam by Revenge, 4 yrs.	2	2
J. S. Snedeker's gr. h. *Splendid*, by Duroc, out of Empress, aged.	3	*

Time, 8:17—8:30. * Broke down.

The track was very heavy, and neither of the other entries were able to push the winner, who led from end to end. ***Mark Richards*** has since stood for mares, and if we mistake not, ***Splendid*** is yet a stallion at the South-west. Some of the former's stock we have seen, but cannot say much for them.

1831. *Same Course*, Thursday, Oct. 6—Jockey Club Purse $500, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Col. Wm. Wynn's b. c. *James Cropper*, by Sir Charles, dam by Whip, 4 yrs.	1	2	1
John C. Stevens' bl. m. *Black Maria*, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, 5 yrs.	2	1	2

Time, 8:01—8:04—8:07. Track heavy.

Cropper was the favorite at long odds, the mare being amiss. Each heat was desperately contested, Cropper winning the first heat by a neck only, after being spurred all the way up the straight side. Betting now 10 to 1 on him. Black Maria won the second heat by two lengths, having a different jockey on her back; the one who rode her the first was obliged to carry a heavy ***bag of sand*** to make up his weight. The issue of the third heat was put upon a brush by Maria, and she lost it by a throatlach merely; two more strokes would have "done the trick." ***James Cropper***, at our last accounts of him, was standing in Nottoway County, Va.

1831. *Central Course*, Baltimore, Md., Wednesday, Oct. 26—Post Stake for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Six subscribers at $500 each, to which the proprietor added $1000. Four mile heats.

John C. Stevens' bl. m. *Black Maria*, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, 5 yrs.	5	1	1
Col. John P. White's ch. h. *Collier*, by Sir Charles, dam by Whip, 5 yrs.	3	2	2
Col. W. R. Johnson's b. m. *Virginia Taylor*, by Sir Archy, out of Coquette, 5 yrs.	1	3	3
Col. Wm. Wynn's b. c. *James Cropper*, by Sir Charles, dam by Whip, 4 yrs.	4	4	*
Gen. C. Irvine's ch. c. *Busiris*, by Eclipse, out of Grand Duchess, 4 yrs.	6	dist.	
Dr. Wm. H. Minge's b. f. *Eliza Reilly*, by Sir Archy, out of Bet Bounce, 4 yrs.	2	dr	

Time, 8:03—8:10—8:03. * Broke down.

"Godolphin," a favorite correspondent of the "Turf Register" at the time, gives us the annexed report of this fine race:—

The amount of the purse, the reputation of the horses, together with the concourse assembled to witness it, gave to this race an interest, scarcely inferior to that excited by the contest between Henry and Eclipse. The course, from the surrounding hills, had the appearance of a vast amphitheatre. Its whole area seemed covered with equipages, (some of them very splendid,) mingled with troops of well-dressed men, on foot and on horseback. The sun shone with more than his usual splendor—there was not a cloud to be seen—Heaven and the ladies smiled upon the first efforts of the Maryland Jockey Club. How, then, could they fail? Their immense pavilions were crowded with spectators, collected from every State in the Union. The one appropriated to the ladies was occupied by hundreds of the gay and beautiful of that sex, without whose smiles, the flowers of the brightest wreaths ever wove for victory would fade and be valueless. Their presence was felt as a security for the observance of those rules, the slightest violation of which would have been deemed a disgrace too deep for a gentleman, and too dangerous for a ruffian to encounter.

The horses were mounted, and got off well together at a few minutes after one o'clock. Eliza Reilley came out of the crowd and took the lead down the back stretch, followed at different distances by the others. In the last mile she was tackled by Virginia Taylor, who beat her the heat by a length in 8:03. What Collier and Cropper did, or meant to do, nobody could guess, as they appeared to change their minds some half dozen of times, running at one moment, and pulling at another. Busiris dropt just within his distance. The boy on Black Maria was ordered to do the same; but, maugre his utmost exertions, and his running rein, she came within a *mile* distance of the winning horse. Had she broke away with him in the last half mile, (which I expected every minute to see,) she would have won the heat in spite of his teeth. The heat varied the betting but little. It was still, as at the commencement, Collier against Cropper—Collier against the field—Cropper against the black mare—the field against either, &c. &c.

For the second heat five started, Eliza Reilley being drawn. The first three miles of this heat was done in a gallop, neither seeming anxious to make play. At the end of the third mile Maria took the track, and kept it at a killing pace, winning easily in 8:10, Collier second, and Busiris distanced. This bout changed the complexion of things. It was now Maria against the field, and no takers.

Four stripped for the third heat; but the way in which the black mare cooled out, showed to those who knew a hawk from a handsaw, that the jig was up, barring accident. It was a side of bacon to a sour apple—no bad thing, as the stable boys, as well as myself, can vouch. That, together with the corn bread, stuck so close to the ribs of Gil and Ralph, that four ounces of salts had no effect on either, except to harden the corn bread and the bacon, and render them four ounces heavier, instead of four pounds (the difference between northern and southern weights) lighter. Maria took the lead and kept it, winning easily in 8:03—as hard as Ralph could pull her. Cropper broke down in the third mile.

Collier stood at the Madison Course, Ky., last season. ***Busiris***, for several seasons, has been covering in Pennsylvania, quite "out of the world," as regards thorough-bred mares, though a very capital horse; he ought to be sent to a "race-horse region." At the sale of Mr. MINGE's stock last October, ***Eliza Reilly*** was sold to J. H. WILLIAMSON, Esq., of Va. ***Virginia Taylor***, who soon after this race passed into the hands of the late Mr. CRAIG, of Philadelphia, is now the property of Dr. GEORGE McCLELLAN, of that city.

1831. *Same Course*, Saturday, Oct. 29—Jockey Club Purse $700, free for all ages, weights as before, Four mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. f. *Trifle*, by Sir Charles, dam by Cicero, 3 yrs.	1	1
John C. Stevens' bl. m. *Black Maria*, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, 5 yrs.	2	2
Col. J. P. White's ch. h. *Collier*, by Sir Charles, dam by Whip, 5 yrs.	3	3
Dr. John Minge's b. h. *Mayday*, by Sir Archy, dam by Hornet, 5 yrs.	4	4

Time, 8:00—7:55. Track heavy.

The following spirited account of this race is from the same correspondent:—

Two to one on Maria against the field and few takers. She was known to have fed but little, and to be somewhat stiff and sore from her race of Wednesday, still it was thought there was enough left in her to beat Collier, May Day, and an untried 3 year old of 14 hands high. The start was a good one. Collier and May Day had the track for the first two miles and a half, closely followed by Maria and Trifle; Maria then came in front and kept the lead to the turn in the last half mile, when, to the astonishment of every body, Trifle made a burst and

went by her two or three lengths. Ralph was all abroad, and did not know whether he was on his head or his heels. Whalebone and catgut could only bring the mare to a lap at the ending post. Trifle won the heat in 8:00. Collier and May Day laid up. This heat, though it varied the betting on the black mare, did not discourage the friends of Collier, who backed him to win against either the mare or Trifle. Maria came to the post for the second heat perfectly cooled out and looking still like a winner; but she was observed to be a little lame, and to feel in her feet the effects of her former race. Collier and May Day were but little distressed, and Trifle came from the hands of Col. Selden's trainer in perfect condition. The four stripped again at the usual interval, (which at the south is 45 minutes.) Collier and May Day made the running for the first two miles, when Maria's steady stride brought her alongside, and in the next half mile ahead of both. The black mare kept the track, dropping Collier and May Day fast, and followed at a short distance by Trifle, who had also headed the other two. In rounding the turn in the last half mile, Trifle again challenged, and again went by the mare, in the same place and in the same style as in the former heat, evincing no signs of tire, and winning by a length in 7:55. She kept up her stride, and shewed an endurance that astonished those who witnessed this extraordinary performance. In this heat Black Maria ran her 20th mile of that week in 1:53.

Trifle came out in the Spring of this year, and ran on to the end of the campaign of 1834, during which she started twenty-four times and won eighteen races—sixteen of them purses at three and four mile heats,—netting for her owner $14,380. She has never been put in condition since first withdrawn from the turf, though "taken up" to train several times. She dropped a very fine br. filly foal by *Star* in 1837, and is now stinted to Imp. *Priam*; she still remains the property of Col. JOHNSON of Virginia, and Capt. DAVID H. BRANCH, of the Union Course, L. I. *Charlotte Russe*, an own sister of her's, coming 5 yrs., the property of Col. WADE HAMPTON of South Carolina, promises to add another chaplet to the brow of Sir Charles, by her brilliant performances; after winning at the South in the winter of 1837, she was placed in the stable of the "Napoleon," who brought her to the North with *Boston*, and she finished the campaign by winning a four mile purse on the Beacon Course. The same chivalrous gentleman is also the owner of *Bay Maria*, an own sister of the subject of this memoir, and a distinguished winner at four mile heats. To the great regret of her Northern friends, Col. H. withdrew her from the turf at the close of her 5 yr. old year, after she had won three Jockey Club Purses in South Carolina at four mile heats, within about as many weeks. She was without a blemish when put into the stud, and is the most beautiful brood mare we ever saw; a filly she dropped last season to Imp. Rowton is considered a nonpareil.

1832. *Duchess County Course*, Po'keepsie, N. Y., Thursday, May 17—Jockey Club Purse $500, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs., mares and geldings being allowed 3lbs. Four mile heats.

John C. Stevens' bl. m. *Black Maria*, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, 6 yrs	1	1
J. H. Forman's b. c. *Uncle Sam*, by John Richards, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs	4	2
Thos. Pearsall's ch. m. *Medora*, by Rattler, out of Sport's-mistress, 6 yrs	5	3
Mr. Abbott's bl. h. *Rising Sun*, by Eclipse, dam by Plato, 5 yrs	3	4
Jos. H. Van. Mater's gr. f. *Jane Grey*, by Orphan Boy, out of Rosalind by Oscar, 4 yrs	2	dr

Time, 8:03—8:16.

The track was very heavy from rain, having been ploughed the fall previous. Maria won without a struggle, Uncle Sam having bolted in the last mile of 2d heat, notwithstanding which he came in 2d. We recollect seeing him advertised to stand for mares in a Maryland paper a year or two since. *Medora*, a very fine brood mare, is now the property of WALTER LIVINGSTON, Esq., of this city, and is the dam of his colt *Nassau*; he was nominated with *Job* in the great $44,000 stake run over the Union Course last Spring, for which he was a favorite, but broke out with the distemper a few days before the race, and was not started during the season.

1832. *Union Course*, L. I., Wednesday, May 23—Jockey Club Purse $500, conditions as at Po'keepsie, Four mile heats.

Bela Badger's b. h. *Flying Dutchman*, by John Richards, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs	1	1
Jos. H. Van Mater's gr. f. *Jane Grey*, by Orphan Boy, out of Rosalind, 4 yrs	3	2
John C. Stevens' bl. m. *Black Maria*, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, 6 yrs	2	3

Time, 8:05—8:08. Track very heavy from rain.

The betting was general at 100 to 25 on Black Maria, amorous notions in whose head interfered with the swiftness of her heels; she was so desperately enamored with the Dutchman, that she could not be induced to pass him. Long odds were offered on her for the race, even after the 1st heat. After Mr. BADGER's death (some three years since) Flying Dutchman was sold to go West, with *Priam* (by John Richards) and another stallion.

1832. *Duchess County Course*, Po'keepsie, N. Y., Thursday, Oct. 4—Jockey Club Purse $300, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

John C. Stevens' bl. m. *Black Maria*, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, 6 yrs	2	1	1
Dr. E. A. Darcy's ch. m. *Lady Relief*, by Eclipse, out of Maria Slamerkin, 5 yrs	1	2	3
A. Sherman's ch. h. *De Witt Clinton*, by Rattler, out of Matilda, 4 yrs	3	3	2

Time, 6:02—5:55—5:55.

Black Maria not being quite up to the mark, Mr. STEVENS' entered her for the three mile, and *O'Kelly*, instead, for the four mile purse, and thereby won both cleverly. *O'Kelly*, then 5 years old, beat Jane Grey and De Witt Clinton, and soon afterwards passed into the hands of Col. JOHNSON, of Va., for $5500. Col. J. disposed of him soon after at a handsome advance, to a Tennessee turfman. Mr. A. T. NOLAN advertised him to stand at Franklin, Tenn., in 1836; his new owners brought him on the turf again last season, in his *eleventh* year, and considering "the hardships he had passed," his performance was highly respectable. *De Witt Clinton* is still the property of Mr. BROOKS, of Ovid, Seneca Co., N.Y., who purchased him of Mr. SHERMAN, and he is now standing at Columbus, Ohio.

1832. *Union Course*, L. I., Saturday, Oct. 13—Jockey Club Purse $600, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

John C. Stevens' bl. m. *Black Maria*, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, 6 yrs	1	0	2	2	1
Dr. E. A. Darcy's ch. m. *Lady Relief*, by Eclipse, out of Maria Slamerkin, 5 yrs	3	3	3	1	2
John C. Craig's ch. f. *Trifle*, by Sir Charles, dam by Cicero, 4 yrs	2	0	1	3	dist.
Bela Badger's (John C. Tillotson's) b. f. *Slim*, by Flying Childers, out of Molly Longlegs by Harwood, 4 yrs	4	dist.			

Time, 8:06—7:55—8:13—8:39—8:47.

Several interesting reports of this remarkable race have been published, but the most accurate and graphic one that has met our eye was penned by a distinguished member of the New York Bar,—a gentleman whose taste and judgment in everything pertaining to horse-flesh is only equalled by the extent and variety of his legal acquirements. It appeared as a communication in the "Turf Register," in the number for Dec., 1832, and was to the following effect:—

After the horses were brought upon the ground, much anxiety was exhibited as to the event of the coming contest; and the interesting little Trifle appeared to be the favorite among the bettors, as well as the spectators.—"Five to four, Trifle against the field," was current betting; and "five to three, Trifle against Black Maria," were repeatedly offered and refused. Indeed, this offspring of the far-famed Lady Lightfoot seemed to have but few friends or well-wishers, comparatively speaking; and bets were repeatedly offered that she would not take *a heat*. Prepossessions, in favor of the Southern mare, appeared to exist among a decided majority of the spectators; and, as she was foaled "south of Mason and Dixon's line," it seemed a matter of course that she was to win. Indeed, if unfailing spirits, beauty of form, and a peculiar quietness of manner, could supply the defect of size, Trifle would not be considered as *such* in anything but *name*. She is a *race horse* in every just sense of the word, but a race horse of the smallest pattern;—not over fourteen hands and a half high;—of just proportions, undoubted bottom, and considerable power. Her colour a bright chesnut, with a blaze indicating spirit and blood.

Black Maria, in size and general appearance, is in all respects unlike her rival, as is well known to Southern, as well as Northern sportsmen. Her color is indicated by her name; and her great size, strength and stride, show her a worthy daughter of a noble sire. Indeed, in her the blood of Eclipse and Lady Lightfoot are in no way disgraced, as this race will most fully prove.

Lady Relief and Slim were almost unknown to fame; but certain individuals present were aware that the former had, upon a previous occasion, won the last half of sixteen miles; and *they* looked for sport, unexpected by others, if it should happen that the two first heats were not taken either by Trifle or Maria. The latter, it was known, had the *foot* of Relief; as they met on the first of the month at Poughkeepsie, and contended together for the three mile purse, which was taken by Maria with great ease. As the trumpet sounded for the horses to come up to the starting post, they severally appeared, exhibiting their various tempers by their individual behaviour. Black Maria (who had the inside track) showed neither alarm nor anxiety. She was as calm and unimpassioned as if she had been a mere spectator; and this coldness of demeanour won no "golden opinions" among the lookers-on. Trifle exhibited high spirits, brought down to to their proper level by judicious breaking and training. A slight tremor ran through her frame; and an impatient lifting of the fore foot, now and then, showed that she was alive to the coming struggle.

Lady Relief, on the contrary, was all fire and animation—ready to break away from her groom, and dash through all obstacles for the sake of victory.

Slim exhibited an impatient spirit, and seemed, by her anxiety, to show herself a descendant from that Childers who always ran (at least on our course,) without "whip or spur."

At the tap of the drum the four went off well together, Relief taking the lead within the first quarter, closely followed by Slim; then by Trifle, and last, but not *least*, by Black Maria. The first mile indicated a *waiting race*, as all the riders had their horses under the hardest pull; each seeming desirous that his antagonists should take the lead. Trifle, impatient at such *trifling*, began to make play, and this aroused Black Maria, who was trailing along quietly, behind the whole. With a few huge strides, she brought herself up to the front, passed the whole before she came to the judges' stand, followed closely by the gallant little Trifle, who "stuck to" her like an accompanying phantom. At the beginning of the third mile the leading nags made play, and during the whole of it Maria held the lead, followed closely by Trifle; while Relief and Slim were (and, as we believe, *not* willingly) at a most respectable distance in the rear.

After passing the judges' stand and entering upon the fourth mile, and after compassing the turn, upon the southerly side of the course, Trifle "made a dash" at Maria, and ran her so hard down the descending ground upon the straight side, that her sable antagonist (perhaps not unwillingly) gave up the track, which was taken by the Southern lady, and kept, with apparent ease, round the turn, until you come to that part of the course which looks up towards the judges' stand. Here, at a moment when all opinions had given Trifle the heat, as a "safe thing that could not be missed," Maria "went at her," and, before you could count one, she shot by Trifle like an arrow, and won the heat with ease; there being a considerable gap between herself and Trifle, and a much greater one between the latter and the hindmost horses.

Here then was disappointment on all sides. Black Maria, that was not "to take a heat," or who, at all events, had not *foot* enough to brush with the speedy little Trifle, had beat the field, in the last quarter, in what she was not supposed to possess; namely, *speed*. Indeed, we think that the rider of Trifle committed a mistake in making his dash at Maria at the beginning of the fourth mile. As he had commenced a trailing race, his obvious policy was to wait until he came to the last turn; then run up to his antagonist upon ground where he had a decided advantage, from the size and form of his horse, and finally make "his run" upon the straight side, coming in. Had he followed this course in the first heat, (as he did in the second,) we might possibly have had a different tale to tell; for his little nag obeys the spur well, and is a hard one to beat upon a brush. But, by running *at* Maria on the northerly side of the course, he distressed his mare, enabled his antagonist to come round the turn under a strong pull, and make a run at him at the very moment when he was least prepared for it. The result has already been shown. Time, first heat, 8:06.

It may be here remarked that, in consequence of the rains, which had prevailed for several days previous to the race, the course, although good, was unusually heavy; so much so, as to make a difference of several seconds, probably, in the *time* of a four mile heat The top of the ground was not perfectly firm, and, consequently, the foothold of the horses was yielding and insecure. On a hard track the time of each heat would have been considerably reduced.

Notwithstanding the unexpected success of Maria, she seemed still to have but few *real* admirers; although her owner and his friends stood manfully by her, and kept their spirits up to the betting point. Trifle was still the favorite, and it was a settled thing, "at all events," that Maria was not to "win the money." Lady Relief, at this moment, had not attracted much attention, except from one circumstance. Her saddle (which was a very small one) slipt from under her rider, who, nevertheless, (as his girths had not parted,) stoutly kept his seat upon her *bare back*—his feet in the stirrups, with the saddle before him! It was observed, however, that she ran with great spirit; and what she *might do*, the wise ones could not tell.

At the start for the second heat Black Maria appeared calm, (as is usual with her,) while Trifle and Lady Relief were all animation. They went off as if this heat was to be won by *running*, instead of waiting, as in the first heat; Relief taking the lead, followed by Slim, then by Trifle, while Black Maria brought up the rear. Ere they had accomplished one mile, however, Trifle had passed Relief and Slim, while Black Maria, taking advantage of the rising ground, as you come up to the judges' stand, thundered by them all, with her long strides, and took up her station in front, closely followed by Trifle, whilst the others again dropped behind. Indeed, the pace at which they were running seemed so unreasonable to Miss Slim, that she concluded that she would not keep such company any longer; and, as she could not run away from them by pursuing her course upon the track, she very wisely abandoned it altogether, at the end of the third (seventh) mile, and quietly walked off the course. Maria, in the meantime, led Trifle, with apparent ease, round the second, third, and fourth miles, until you come to the "run in." And here her rider, instead of giving her the "persuaders," to make "assurance doubly sure," turned his head round to look for his antagonist; and he was not long in finding her; for Trifle, close at his heels, went at him up the straight side, whip and spur, gradually gaining at every step. Maria's rider begins to "look wild." She is at her throat-latch, and the judge's stand not six feet off. She makes a desperate effort, and head and head they pass the stand—a *dead heat!*—Time, 7:55.

Here, again, all were at fault. One party were crying out to the rider of Maria, "Why did you not stir yourself! One blow of the whip, before you came to the distance post, would have won the race." "I had no whip, sir; Maria won't bear it. It *discourages* her. She must run under a pull, with the spur as an admonisher." Again a thousand rumors were afloat. Trifle was as gay as a bird—in no way distressed. She had '*posed* the "big 'un," who looked, as imagination said, "both sick and sorry." It was a "safe thing," and "Black Maria can't win—she's done up"—went round like wild fire, from mouth to mouth.

In the meantime, Lady Relief was little thought of; but a Jerseyman was heard to say, "We'll show 'em some of the Eclipse *pluck* yet, before we've done." At the sounding of the trumpet for the third heat, Trifle and Relief came up in great spirits, while Black Maria seemed in no way ambitious of another trial. But she's always cool; and, as her mode of starting is reluctant and slow, nothing can be safely argued from her spirits.

At the tap of the drum, Trifle and Relief went off from the score, leaving Maria some distance behind. In the course of the first mile, however, she lessened the gap between herself and the leading horses, and got well up to them. But it would not do; she could not pass.—"What horse is that leading there? Surely it can't be Lady Relief! It is, upon my soul.—The Jersey mare's ahead!" And, sure enough, so she was. The nag that had attracted so little notice, as neither to be heard nor cared for, had taken the lead upon the fourth mile; and away she ran, keeping the track in spite of them all, until you come within the distance pole, on the last quarter's stretch. And while she was leading. well ahead, from some unaccountable circumstance the boy pulled her up at once, and Trifle shot by, and won the heat. Time, 8:13.

Black Maria was "well up" during the whole race, but she now fell into complete disfavor; and "she's done up"—"an even bet she don't come again"—went round the field with great confidence. It is the writer's opinion, that Relief could have taken the heat if she had been urged up to the judges' stand, and that she *ought* to have won it. As it was, Trifle, who well deserved her honors and the admiration of her friends, had been victorious. She had run twelve miles, winning the twelfth; and the little game creature appeared as fresh as ever. It was *now* settled that she was to win the money; although it might be that Relief, who was fast rising in favor, might make her "run for it." Indeed, the latter did not seem in full vigor until she had run two heats; and now her nostrils opened, and she pawed the ground, as if just brought upon the course.

They are saddled for the fourth heat; and here is to be a struggle until sixteen miles from the beginning are accomplished. Black Maria is in no way distressed, Relief full of spirits, but "Trifle's to win the money." Off they go; Relief takes the lead, followed by Trifle, and then the black. Miles are passed over, and yet Relief is ahead.—"How is this? can't Trifle pass? Is the Jersey mare ahead?"—She is, indeed; and ahead like to be. A better, truer, tougher and more spirited piece of stuff never came from the loins of old Eclipse. She takes the track from the score. Trifle goes at her, but "can't do it."—Three miles and a half are accomplished, and Black Maria has passed Trifle, and is close at the heels of *Jersey*. Now they come up the straight side. The Black is at her, and Relief takes the whip like a glutton. Maria comes up and laps her—she's at her shoulder; but they pass the stand, and Relief takes the heat by a neck! Time, 8:39.

"Huzza for *Jersey*!" rings over the course; and a look of pity is cast upon the gallant little Trifle, who had done her utmost—"Black Maria won't come again," says a wise one, with a knowing look. "I don't know that," says a Yorker. "If she had run twenty straight yards *further*, she would have taken the heat." "She is distressed," is the reply. "Distressed! *may be she is.* I saw her lay her ears back, and lash out with her hind feet, after the boy dismounted from the sixteen miles, as if her sinews were of whipcord."

Here was an interesting point: *five* heats, in all, were to be run, and twenty miles to be passed over. "The like was never seen on this course before," says a Long Islander. "Bottom's the word—how go the bets?" "At a stand still. Trifle's distressed; but Lady Relief has more life in her than any thing that ever ran sixteen miles before."

Up they come for a fifth heat; Relief all fire, Trifle *very* sorry, and Black Maria now begins to *paw the ground!* This she had not done before. Off they go; Relief ahead, Trifle after her, and Black Maria allowing no gap. She sticks to them like a spirit; and in the nineteenth mile the gallant little Trifle is reluctantly compelled to give it up. The Eclipse mares are obstinately determined to "play out the play," and the little chestnut is taken off the track, completely "done up." Now comes a struggle, for the honors of a *twentieth* mile, between two half sisters—whalebone both—and "never give it up" 's the word. Black Maria pushes up the straight side, as you enter upon the fourth (twentieth) mile, with a stride that counts terribly upon the steps of the Lady, who has *relief* now in nothing but name. The black is so close upon her, that she almost touches her heels. She pushes round the turn, and goes at her on the straight side, like a quarter horse. They brush down the straight side with invincible courage; but that long untiring stride is too much for Relief. Maria gives her the go by, takes the track—keeps it in spite of all exertions—leads round the turn, and thunders up towards the judges' stand, hard in hand, untouched by whip or spur—passes the goal for the *twentieth* time, and wins the race. Time, 8:47.

Neither of the Eclipse mares appeared much distressed, and they ran the last mile with the greatest spirit and stoutness. Relief is a nag of the most extraordinary bottom. She seems to become fresher after twelve miles, and then runs off as gay as a lark. As for Black Maria, she is literally "too fast for the speedy, and too strong for the stout." She ran the twentieth mile with a freshness and vigor that surprised every body, and the spectators at last *actually conceded* that she is "*game!*" That she can conquer either Relief or Trifle, at two heats, in a *match*, there can be no manner of doubt; and that she is a "hard one to beat" in *any* race, even by a *field*, all sportsmen must now believe. She ran at her antagonists *every heat*, and at last let them know what it was to run for the honors of a twentieth mile!

Of the three placed first in this memorable race, Black Maria was the first to recover, though for months she was but the shadow of herself. She came out in the following May against a strong field, and won, while Trifle was crippled and laid up until the September season of the ensuing year. Lady Relief, as game a filly as ever started, and true as steel to the last, died within a few weeks, from the effects of a cold and exhaustion. Who that was present that day, and marked the meek expressive glance cast up towards the Judges by one of these doomed ones (Black Maria) when brought up to struggle through a fifth heat, will ever forget it?

1833. *Same Course*, Tuesday, May 28—Jockey Club Purse $400, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

John C. Stevens' bl. m. *Black Maria*, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, 7 yrs	1	5	1
John M. Botts' b. c. *Rolla*, by Gohanna, out of Dairy Maid, 4 yrs	4	1	4
John C. Craig's b. m. *Virginia Taylor*, by Sir Archy, out of Coquette, 6 yrs	5	4	2
Jos. H. Van Mater's b. h. *Jackson*, by John Richards, out of Honesty, 6 yrs	2	2	3
Thos. Pearsall's gr. f. *Alice Grey*, by Henry, out of Sport's-mistress, 4 yrs	3	3	dist.

Time, 6:02—6:07—5:48.

A tip-top race, every inch being well contested; Black Maria's 5:48 in a third heat of three miles has not been equalled before or since, to our knowledge; her time is the more remarkable, when the fact is considered that it was the old mare's first appearance after her race of twenty miles the previous October. Alice Grey, a filly of very fine speed, though unfortunate in this race, subsequently placed herself near the head of the Northern Turf. She is now a magnificent brood mare, in the possession of WALTER LIVINGSTON, Esq., who has bred several very blood-like looking colts from her that promise to "follow in the footsteps" of their dam, when brought to the post. *Rolla* has since been sold by Mr. BOTTS, if we mistake not, and has been standing in Virginia for two or three years.

1833. *Duchess County Course*, Po'keepsie, N. Y., Friday, June 7—Jockey Club Purse $300, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

John C. Stevens' bl. m. *Black Maria*, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, 7 yrs	1	1
Alfred Sherman's ch. h. *De Witt Clinton*, by Rattler, out of Matilda, 5 yrs	2	2
R. Jackson's b. h. *Henry Archy*, by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs	3	dr

Time, 5:42—6:04.

The time of the 1st heat of this race would probably have been several seconds less, had the field been able to drive Maria; as it stands, it is one of the very best in the annals of the American Turf. After her race in May on the Island, Maria was ordered by Mr. STEVENS to be thrown out of training, but Bill Patrick had her out after dark or before daylight, every time opportunity afforded without danger of detection, and galloped her on the sandy road leading across the mouth of Spring Creek, never venturing to bring her out on the private training track. During one of these nocturnal gallopings, some wag in the secret, frightened Bill half to death, one evening, with the information that *Mr. S. was coming down the road*, so what does he do but whip down to the mill, and getting a grist, actually carried it home on the mare's back! This occurred within less than a fortnight of the day of her race. To prevent a walk-over at Po'keepsie, Mr. S. finally allowed his trainer to put her in condition; she had only a week's galloping exercise, however, and was then brought to the post, without having had any quick or long work, much less a trial. She ran under so strong a pull throughout the heat, that those who saw the race, including her owner and trainer, are firmly of the opinion that on that day she could have made a better race at four mile heats, than she ever has done before or since. The time of the 3d mile in the second heat was 1:50. Three miles at that rate would have surpassed any performance we know of; and we can scarce doubt from this and various other proofs of Black Maria's powers of endurance, that she might, on this occasion, have kept up the rate of her first heat (1:54) one other mile, making the four in 7:36.

Henry Archy, her competitor in this race, has been "making himself generally useful" for the last few years, in Illinois, standing for mares in the Spring, and running in the Fall; he never had a great turn of speed, or he would have been distinguished, for a horse of more undoubted stamina and thorough game was never brought to the post.

1833. *Union Course*, L. I., Friday, Oct. 5—Jockey Club Purse $500, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Thos. Pearsall's gr. f. *Alice Grey*, by Henry, out of Sport's-mistress, 4 yrs	1	1
John C. Stevens' bl. m. *Black Maria*, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, 7 yrs	2	2
Jos. H. Van Mater's b. h. *Jackson*, by John Richards, out of Honesty, 6 yrs	dist.	

Time, 7:56—7:50.

In this fine race the "grey mare proved herself the better horse," though Black Maria beat her before, and twice afterwards. It was "turn about and turn about" with the two, for in four races they were quits, each having twice proved the winner. Mr. VAN MATER, some time after this race, sold *Jackson* (who was amiss on this occasion,) to go South, and further, of him, deponent saith not.

1833. *Same Course*, Friday, Oct. 31—Jockey Club Purse $800, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. m. *Trifle*, by Sir Charles, dam by Cicero, 5 yrs	1	1
Walter Livingston's gr. f. *Alice Grey*, by Henry, out of Sport's-mistress, 4 yrs	2	2
John C. Stevens' bl. m. *Black Maria*, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, 7 yrs	dist.	
Bela Badger's b. c. *Priam*, by John Richards, 4 yrs	dist.	

Time, 7:49—7:56.

The reputation of the three mares entered in this race, excited a great sensation in sporting circles, and immense sums were laid out about them. Relying upon the tried game of Black Maria, Mr. STEVENS ordered *Gil. Crane*, his jockey, not to make a stroke for the 1st heat, but to drop just within the distance. Trifle and Alice made play from the score, and maintained it to the end; in coming up the straight side home on the last quarter, Crane carelessly pulled Maria back so far, that she was shut out by the distance flag eighteen inches. He was taken off the mare, and discharged on the spot. In the great Twenty Mile race, the dead heat made by Trifle, was thought to be entirely owing to his heedlessness.

1834. *Same Course*, Friday, May 9—Jockey Club Purse $1000, conditions as before, Four Mile heats.

Capt. R. F. Stockton's bl. c. *Shark*, own brother to Black Maria, 4 yrs	6	1	1
John C. Stevens' bl. m. *Black Maria*, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, 8 yrs	3	2	2
Maj. Jas. M. Selden's b. c. *Charles Kemble*, by Sir Archy, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs	1	4	4
Walter Livingston's gr. m. *Alice Grey*, by Henry, out of Sport's-mistress, 5 yrs	2	3	3
Samuel Laird's b. h. *Henry Archy*, by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs	4	5	5
John M. Botts' b. h. *Rolla*, by Gohanna, out of Dairymaid, 5 yrs	5	*	

Time, 7:54—7:57—8:03. * Broke down.

A stoutly contested and spirited race. The winner was sold soon after, for the largest sum ever then paid in this country for a race-horse, being $17,500. Some odd dozen of the celebrated "Bingham" wine was also talked of, but Mr. CRAIG would not sell. Failing to get hold of a few dozen in this way, Capt. STOCKTON, at the Club Dinner, shortly after, offered to run his colt *Monmouth* against Mr. C.'s *Fanny Cline*, a match of two miles, laying $1200 vs. 12 dozen of the Bingham. This, too, was a failure, and in a double sense, for though Fanny won the match and the $1200, Mr. C., upon examination, found that his vault had been entered, and that a great part of his stock of favorite wine was missing! *Shark* was withdrawn from the turf after the Fall season of 1835 and made his first two seasons as a Stallion at Taylor's Ferry, Va., at $75; in 1838 he stood at Charlotte Court House, in the same State, but is now located on Long Island, in view of the scene of the never-fading victories won by himself and the glorious race from which he sprung. He is still the property of the heirs of the late lamented JOHN C. CRAIG, Esq., of Philadelphia.

Charles Kemble, the winner of the 1st heat in this race, after running at all distances, and beating some of the best horses of his day, is now enjoying his *otium cum dignitate*; he stands the present season at Chester-town, Md.

1834. *Same Course*, Thursday, June 5—Jockey Club Purse $400, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

John C. Stevens' bl. m. *Black Maria*, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, 8 yrs	1	1
Samuel Laird's b. h. *Henry Archy*, by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs	3	2
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. f. *Fanny Cline*, by Sir Archy, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs	2	3

Time, 6:03—6:11.

Owing to previous wet weather the track was very heavy. Black Maria was the favorite at odds, and won handily.

1834. *Same Course*, Wednesday, Oct. 8—Jockey Club Purse $1000, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

John C. Stevens' bl. m. *Black Maria*, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, 8 yrs	2	1	1
Walter Livingston's gr. m. *Alice Grey*, by Henry, out of Sport's-mistress, 5 yrs	1	2	2
Capt. R. F. Stockton's b. c. *Monmouth*, by John Richards, out of Nettletop, 4 yrs	3	dist.	

Time, 7:52—7:55—8:03.

Alice was the favorite, and at very long odds, after the 1st heat, Black Maria running unkindly; she let out a kink, however, in the 2d and 3d, and won both cleverly. *Monmouth*, the following season, won two races at three mile heats; in 1836, with 121 lbs. on his back, he won a race at two mile heats in 3:45—3:49, and another in 3:56—3:48. He soon after passed into the hands of Capt. Y. N. Oliver, of the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, and was so knocked up by his long journey south, as never to have shown to advantage, though a horse of very fine speed. He is now standing at Basin Spring, Breckenridge Co., Va.

1834. *Same Course*, Friday, Oct. 31—Jockey Club Purse $1000, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Walter Livingston's gr. m. *Alice Grey*, by Henry, out of Sport's-mistress, 5 yrs	1	1
John C. Stevens' bl. m. *Black Maria*, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, 8 yrs	2	2

Time, 7:59—8:12.

It was the grey mare's "turn" to win this time, which she did with ease; three week's before Maria beat her as handily in much better time.

1834. *Eagle Course*, Trenton, N. J., Thursday, Nov. 13—Purse, $300, free for all ages; weights the same as on the Union Course. Three mile heats.

Maj. Jas. M. Selden's b. c. *Charles Kemble*, by Sir Archy, out of Pilot's dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs	1	1
John C. Stevens' bl. m. *Black Maria*, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, 8 yrs	2	2

Time, 5:50½—5:51½.

Kemble won handily; he was considered the best *three mile* horse in Virginia of his day. It should be remembered that Black Maria beat him a long way off, running *four* mile heats in the spring of this year.

1835. *Union Course*, L. I., Friday, May 8—Jockey Club Purse $1000, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Samuel Laird's b. h. *Henry Archy*, by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs	3	1	1
John C. Stevens' bl. m. *Black Maria*, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, 9 yrs	2	3	2
Capt. R. F. Stockton's b. h. *Monmouth*, by John Richards, out of Nettletop, 5 yrs	1	2	3
Joseph Alston's b. h. *Daniel O'Connell*, by John Richards, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs	4	dist.	
Wm. Gibbons' b. h. *Milo*, by Mons. Tonson, out of Meg Dods, 5 yrs	dist.		

Time, 7:55—8:00—8:15.

After distancing Monmouth and beating Henry Archy three times in their prime, they took advantage of her want of condition, and paid off a portion of their old scores. *O'Connell* soon after passed into the hands of Mr. P. C. Bush of St. Louis, Mo., who ran him successfully in the West at all distances. *Milo*, who was a much better horse than his performance on this occasion "made him out," suddenly died in the fall of 1837, on his way to the Long Island races.

This was the last performance in public of Black Maria, who was now withdrawn from the turf and sent to *Gohanna*, then standing on Long Island.

RECAPITULATION:

1.	1829.	Oct. 3—Union Course, L. I.	Match	2 mile heats	won	$5000
2.	——	Oct. 8—Union Course, L. I.	Purse	3 mile heats	won	400
3.	1830.	May 10—Union Course, L. I.	Sweepstakes	4 mile heats	lost	
4.	——	May 19—Duchess Co. Course, N.Y.	Purse	3 mile heats	lost	
5.	——	Oct. 7—Duchess Co. Course, N.Y.	Purse	4 mile heats	won	500
6.	——	Oct. 27—Duchess Co. Course, N.Y.	Purse	4 mile heats	won	500
7.	1831.	May 12—Union Course, L. I.	Purse	4 mile heats	lost	
8.	——	May 26—Duchess Co. Course, N.Y.	Purse	4 mile heats	won	500
9.	——	Oct. 6—Duchess Co. Course, N.Y.	Purse	4 mile heats	lost	
10.	——	Oct. 26—Central Course, Md.	Poststake	4 mile heats	won	4500
11.	——	Oct. 29—Central Course, Md.	Purse	4 mile heats	lost	
12.	1832.	May 17—Duchess Co. Course, N.Y.	Purse	4 mile heats	won	500
13.	——	May 23—Union Course, L. I.	Purse	4 mile heats	lost	
14.	——	Oct. 4—Duchess Co. Course, N.Y.	Purse	2 mile heats	won	300
15.	——	Oct. 13—Union Course, L. I.	Purse	4 mile heats	won	600
16.	1833.	May 28—Union Course, L. I.	Purse	3 mile heats	won	400
17.	——	June 7—Duchess Co. Course, N.Y.	Purse	3 mile heats	won	300
18.	——	Oct. 5—Union Course, L. I.	Purse	4 mile heats	lost	
19.	——	Oct. 31—Union Course, L. I.	Purse	4 mile heats	lost	
20.	1834.	May 9—Union Course, L. I.	Purse	4 mile heats	lost	
21.	——	June 5—Union Course, L. I.	Purse	3 mile heats	won	400
22.	——	Oct. 8—Union Course, L. I.	Purse	4 mile heats	won	1000
23.	——	Oct. 31—Union Course, L. I.	Purse	4 mile heats	lost	
24.	——	Nov. 13—Eagle Course, N. J.	Purse	3 mile heats	lost	
25.	1835.	May 8—Union Course, L. I.	Purse	4 mile heats	lost	

Starting twenty-five times, and winning in thirteen races,—eleven of them Jockey Club Races, at three and four mile heats—the handsome sum of $14,900

The above recapitulation of her performances, fully justifies, we think, the high opinion we have expressed in the course of our article, of Black Maria's surpassing speed, and wonderful powers of endurance. In summing up the large amount she won, and comparing it with the winnings of first-raters of a more recent date, it should be recollected, that while she was on the Turf, the Club Purses were but of about half the value of those given at the present day. *Trifle*, a nonpareil, and the most successful racer of her day, won but $14,380; *Post Boy*, a "crack" of later date, for a time at the head of the Northern Turf, and a very capital performer, won only $12,700, while *Mingo*, the phenomenon, who ran well at all distances, and won for himself the proud title of the "Champion of the North," won but $15,250; Mingo's winnings, however, were mostly in purses. By setting down the purses won by Black Maria at the respective sums now offered for three and four mile heats, she would have left the Turf a winner of *Eighteen Thousand Five Hundred Dollars!*

Black Maria, like Post Boy, was "hammered to death" in training, and came to the post quite as often amiss as in condition. When "fit," she was too fleet for the fast, and too stout for the strong; another reason for her frequent defeats, was owing to the management of her high spirited owner, of whom it is notorious that he never pays forfeit—never allows a walk-over, if a horse in his stable can stand on three legs, and is *the* man always called upon to make up a field or a stake, and who always is certain to do it without consulting his interest or his trainer. In the hands of a gentleman less regardless of the gratification of the public, and more alive to his own interests, it is very doubtful if Black Maria would not have not run on to the age of her grand dam, and with equal credit.

In 1836 she produced a bay colt by Gohanna,* which Mr. Stevens, appropriately named *Terrific*, from its immense size. It is a colt of great promise, combining the best racing points of both sire and dam—at six weeks old Mr. S. refused $1500 for it. It makes one of the "string" Mr. S. sent to New Orleans last January, in Van Leer's charge.

On the 6th of March last, Mr. Stevens shipped Black Maria to New Orleans, per the "Nashville," in company with Cora, Clara Howard, African, Bonny Black, and Ethiopia. The lot arrived there on the 29th of that month, and when landed on the Levee, the fine old mare excited great admiration by her blood-like appearance. None were sold here but Black Maria; the three last named were subsequently taken to St. Louis, Mo., where Van Leer sold them for $5000, to Messrs. Shacklett, Sloan, & Overton; they came out at the Fall Meetings at St. Louis, and were all winners, carrying off the purses for three and four mile heats. *Cora* and *Clara Howard* were sent to Alabama, the first to be stinted to Imp. Glencoe, and the last to Imp. Leviathan, where they remain, still owned by Mr. Stevens.

Black Maria, while at New Orleans, was purchased by the Hon. Balie Peyton, in company with his friends, Dr. J. G. Chalmers, of that city, and J. S. Yerger, Esq., of Vicksburg, Miss., for $4000, a sum much below her value; not above a year previous, an offer of $5,500, made for her through us, was refused. Mr. Peyton sent her at once to Imp. Luzborough, and at the same time proposed a Produce Stake for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1839, to come off over the Nashville (Tenn.) Course, during the Fall Meeting of the Jockey Club in 1843, with a subscription of $5000 each, $1000 forfeit, Four mile heats. Black Maria's produce headed the list of nominations, and when the stake closed in January last, there were Twenty-nine Subscribers, making the Stake amount to the enormous sum of One Hundred and Forty-five Thousand Dollars! No stake at all comparable with this, has ever been made up in this country or Europe, so far as the amount of money is concerned, and twenty-nine better mares cannot be selected, in England or America. The stake has excited considerable sensation abroad, and done much to attract the attention to our Turf of English breeders and turfmen, who, from recent indications, appear to regard it with a very high respect. Mr. Tattersall writes us from London, under date of the 3d Jan. to the following effect:—

"I am delighted to see by the 'Spirit of the Times,' which I always read with the greatest pleasure, the very liberal encouragement given to Racing in your country. It is the sure and *only* way to improve the breed of horses, which in your country, as in ours, are now *faster*, *stouter*, and *larger*, than they ever were. If old *Eclipse* was to shew himself at this day, he would soon find a competitor at any sum."

To a letter apprising Mr. Peyton of the contemplated change in the size, price, etc. of the "Spirit of the Times," and of our intention of commencing a series of Portraits of Distinguished Winners with Black Maria, he replied, under date of New Orleans, Jan. 10th. We take the liberty of making the following extracts from his very flattering letter, not only for the purpose of completing the history of the subject of this memoir, but as indicative of the tone of recent letters to the Editor, from several of the most eminent Breeders and Turfmen in the country, including Col. Hampton, Gen. Irvine, Mr. James Jackson, Col. Crowell, and many others. We quote:—

"I am glad that you have resolved to enlarge your paper, and otherwise improve that which I had almost concluded could not be improved in interest. Although you are making a bold experiment, at an enormous expense, yet I believe you will be fully remunerated for all by a generous public, with which you are so general a favorite.

"I feel very much gratified, and even flattered at the notice contemplated of the old Northern favorite, *Black Maria*. She is to immortalize me yet, and *you* are entitled to the credit of it, for it was in obedience to your instructions that I, in company with my friends, Dr. Chalmers, and Mr. Yerger, purchased her. The stake will be a magnificent affair—not far short of thirty nominations, from what I can learn.

"I have this moment read a letter from my brother at home, in which he states, in reply to my anxious enquiries on the subject, that Black Maria is, in the opinion of all, (naming the groom and several others,) in foal. I am not clear yet what I shall breed her to next year; it will depend upon the appearance of the foal, if she produces one, by Luzborough; she may go to him again. Her produce to be dropped in 1840, is nominated in a large stake, two mile heats, subscription $2000 each, $500 forfeit, to come off over the Metarie Course, here, in the Spring of 1843."

With the above extracts we conclude our article; it has grown to an unexpected length under our hands, but we trust to be excused, on the ground that having ventured to mount our hobby, it ran away with us.

* She was sent to *Henry* this season, but missed, as did almost every other mare he served; the following season she was sont to Imp. *Trustee*, but did not prove to be in foal.

IMPORTANT CORRESPONDENCE.

PETER PURCELL *v.* DANIEL O'CONNELL.

No. 1.

Merrion-square, Jan. 7. Sir—I command your attendance at the Corn Exchange Rooms, at three o'clock this blessed day, for the purpose of enabling me to denounce you to your teeth as a mighty great liar for daring to hint at my mal-appropriation of the Precursor Society's funds.

I have the honor to be,

Peter Purcell, Esq. Daniel O'Connell.

No. 2.

Sackville-street, Jan. 7. Sir—I'll see you complately smudthered, and the Corn Exchange in flames. I have the honor to be,

Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M. P. Peter Purcell.

No. 3.

Corn Exchange Rooms, 3 o'clock. Sir—I admire your dirthy impudence! Be me soul you must come, for I dame it essential to the vindication of me character for strict integrity in all matters of a pecuniary nature, that you should be prisint to hear me state that without doubt you're a dirthy blackguard.

I have the honour to be,

Peter Purcell, Esq. Daniel O'Connell.

No. 4.

Merrion-square, nine o'clock at night. Sir—You have thought it inexpadient either to come to the Exchange, or to answer me last illigant letther. Am I, be the same token, to untherstand that you still belave me to have been guilty of peculation? If so, come to-morry to the Rooms and prove that same to me friends. By St. Pathrick, as an honest man, you are bound to do this.

Peter Purcell, Esq. I have the honor to be, Daniel O'Connell.

No. 5.

Sackville-street, Jan. 8. Sir—What the divil's the use of me coming to the Rooms to be bated like a bull be a pack of howling savages, who, if aven I proved the thing iver so clarely, would niver be injuiced be any manes to belave it? I know av coorse how I shud be thrated, and therefore, of coorse, I shan't come. If, whin you complately swindled that "incomprehensible vagabond," Raphael, out av £2000—say two thousand pounds—your howling frinds repujeated the ijea wid scorn, I can't expict, av coorse, that they'll belave Peter Purcell were he to prove that you had swindled the Precursors. Therefore kape your riputation for *integrity* in all pecuniary matthers to yoursilf be all manes.

D. O'Connell, Esq., M. P. I have the honor to be, Peter Purcell.

No. 6.

Merrion-square, Jan. 8. Sir—I thrate you wid all the contimpt at me command. May you live a thousand years! I have the honor to be,

Peter Purcell, Esq. [Age.] Daniel O'Connell.

THE ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

Mr. Brassey Molineux is an English gentleman of distinguished birth; so illustrious, indeed, is his descent, that the proudest of the Nobility have not juster pretensions than Mr. Molineux to the highest consideration of society, if an illustrious ancestry alone were the foundation of such claims. One half of the Peerage claim him as a relative, the other half as a connection. His forefathers fought side by side with their Sovereigns, or led their vassals to the attack at Agincourt, Cressy, or Poictiers. Some had rebelled and been decapitated—their gory heads being transmitted to the principal cities of the kingdom, emblems of the wrath of their Monarch. Others had suffered with the martyred Charles the First, and their descendants triumphed with his gay and merry son; or, as the fashion of the times might be, had built churches, founded monasteries, and endowed hospitals. They were rapacious with Henry the Eighth, pious with his son, persecuted with Mary, patriotic under Elizabeth.

Mr. Molineux has other recommendations than those which may have arisen, as my Lord Thurlow once said, from the "accident of an accident." A castle of feudal grandeur, combined with the luxuries of modern improvement—situate, lying, and being (words dear to the soul of every auctioneer and attorney) in the centre of a well wooded park, surrounded by rich and fertile farms and mines of black diamonds—form only a small portion of the wealth of Mr. Molineux. Ireland acknowledges him the beneficent administrator of a property whose inhabitants do not indulge in religious heart-burnings nor political agitations. His politics are those of his family—he would as soon think of changing them as his family livery, or his well-quartered coat of arms, for the gaudy heraldry of a Sheriff's carriage. He is a liberal landlord; he likes to see about him the substantial yeoman of the old school rather than the pseudo-philosophising speculator of the new. Mr. Molineux is a scholar—"a good and a ripe one;" his learning sits on him gracefully and easily, and he is totally free from any admixture of the pedantic. He is pious without bigotry, charitable without ostentation. Fond of the sports of the field, he pursues them with moderation, and does not suffer the rusticity of his sporting associates to affect the courteousness and elegance of his deportment. He is a warm friend—a loyal subject. He is gallant to the fair sex, without the affectation of subserviency. He is a happy specimen of a class, the ornament of our country, and the envy and admiration of the rest of the world—a perfect English Gentleman.

Court Journal.

Travelling Acumen.—A French visitor to London, who will, no doubt, publish his tour when he returns home, very sagaciously remarked the other day, that he could not at all wonder at the spread of conservatives; for said he, "Soon (i. e. early) education must produce de effect, and I observe in all de young schools in de environs, dat dey profess to be school for *prepare-a-tory*—not one can I see for *prepare-a-vig*." Literary Gazette.

A Challenge.—A little fop, conceiving himself insulted by a gentleman who had ventured to give him some wholesome advice, strutted up to him with an air of importance, and said, "Sir, you are no gentleman; here is my card; consider yourself challenged. Should I be from home when you honour me with a call, I shall leave word with a friend to settle the preliminaries to your satisfaction." To which the other replied, "Sir, you are a fool; here is my card; when you call on me, you will find that I have left orders with my servant to kick you into the street."

A Mistake Corrected.—An orator holding forth in favour of "Woman, dear, divine woman!" concluded thus—"Oh, my hearers, depend upon it, nothing beats a good wife." "I beg your pardon," replied one of his auditors—"a bad husband does."

A poor woman went to an eminent but eccentric surgeon, to enquire what was the proper treatment of some bodily wound. "Put on a cataplasm," was the answer. "But, doctor, it's for a little child." "Then put on a kitten-plasm." Hood's Comic Annual.

The Last Case.—A Boston gentleman lately drew a bill at so long a date that it required six whole weeks of his friend (the acceptor) simply to indorse it!

AMERICAN TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE.

NEW VOLUME FOR 1839.

[The following Circular, to the Subscribers of the Turf Register and Sporting Magazine, accompanies the *Index* to the last Volume, which has just been issued.]

THE present sheet, containing the *Index*, completes the Ninth Volume of this Magazine. The publication of the *January* and *February* numbers of the succeeding Volume has been delayed for the purpose of improving its appearance and increasing the interest and variety of its contents. During the interval, the proprietorship of the work will have passed into other hands, and its editorial conduct, also, will devolve upon another gentleman, possessing every facility for increasing its usefulness and promoting its character.

The *January* and *February* numbers will appear together in the course of a few weeks, illustrated by two superb Engravings, and the publisher relies upon the marked improvement he trusts they will exhibit, to excuse the delay of their publication. The *March* number will be issued with all possible despatch, and thereafter the Magazine will be published regularly on the first day of each month.

The ensuing volume of the Turf Register and Sporting Magazine will appear in a new and elegant dress, and *each number* will be embellished with one or more costly Engravings on Steel, by the most eminent artists. Arrangements are also in progress by which the publisher may be enabled to present his subscribers with the most splendid Illustrations of his English contemporaries.

Without material alteration in the *form* of the Magazine, each number will contain from sixteen to twenty-four ADDITIONAL PAGES. The *Racing Calendar*, also, will be re-modelled, and printed in a fine clear type, occupying less than half the space it has done hitherto, and the room thus saved will be specially appropriated to the interests of Breeders of Fine Cattle, Sheep, &c., and Agriculturists and Farmers generally.

Arrangements have been made with special reporters and friends of the work, that will hereafter insure the early publication in the Racing Calendar of the Magazine, an authentic report of all races over established Courses, or under the cognizance of a Jockey Club, in every section of the country.

To give a new impulse to the work, and increase the value and interest of its contents, the future Editor has secured the assistance of a numerous circle of intelligent correspondents, whose contributions will comprise articles on every subject within the scope of a Sporting Magazine.

With such assurances from the Breeders and Turfmen of this country, and an extensive correspondence abroad,—with every facility to improve the appearance and useful character of his publication, the Editor bespeaks, for the forthcoming volume, that liberal support it will be his unwearied endeavor to merit.

Baltimore, Feb. 19, 1839.

FOR PRIVATE SALE,

BY MESSRS. TATTERSALL, the following BROOD MARES, &c. &c.—to be seen at Dawley Farm, near Hayes, Middlesex.

BENEVOLENCE (foaled in 1831), by Figaro, dam by Shuttle (the dam of Swiss, Sarah, &c.,) her dam Lady Sarah by Fidget, &c.; covered by Langar.

BONNET PET (foaled in 1826), by St. Patrick, dam by Woful, her dam, Gonsalvi's dam by Remembrancer—Phenomenon, &c.; covered by Glaucus (both untried).

CARE (foaled in 1825), by Woful, out of the dam of Camarine and Phosphorus (winner of the Derby), by Rubens, out of Tippitywitchet by Waxy—Hare by Sweetbriar—Justice—Chymist—South, &c.; covered by Bay Middleton (horse untried).

CONCILIATION (foaled in 1825), by Moses (winner of the Derby), out of The Duchess by Cardinal York—Miss Nancy by Beningbrough; covered by Bay Middleton (horse untried).

CODICIL (dam of Heiress), by Smolensko (winner of the Derby), out of Legacy by Beningbrough (winner of the St. Leger); covered by Camel.

CUIRASS (foaled in 1823), by Oiseau (the dam of Elk, Eel, Elm, Emu, &c.), out of Castanea by Gohanna (the dam of Canteen, Cant, &c.; covered by Glaucus (horse untried).

EMMELINA (foaled in 1825)—(the dam of Hock), by Blacklock, out of Agatha by Orville—Star—Young Marske—Telemachus—Regulus; covered by Glaucus (horse untried).

GRACE DARLING (foaled in 1832), got by Defence, dam by Don Cossack (the dam of Desperate, &c.), her dam Mistake, by Waxy—Mentor—Herod, &c. &c.; covered by Sir Hercules (mare untried).

GRISI (foaled in 1833), by Emilius, out of Bravura (the dam of Kate Kearney); covered by The Colonel (mare untried).

HECATE (foaled in 1834), by Chateau Margaux, out of Ogress by Octavius, out of Thalestris (the grandam of Sir Hercules,) by Alexander—Rival by Sir Peter, &c.; covered by Nonsense (both untried).

LOUISA (foaled in 1825), by Filho da Puta, her dam Elizabeth by Orville, out of Pennytrumpet by Trumpator, &c.; covered by Bran, by Humphrey Clinker, out of Velvet by Oiseau, out of Wire (horse untried).

MANDOLINE by Waxy, out of Pennytrumpet by Trumpator—Young Camilla by Woodpecker; covered by Glaucus (horse untried).

MIDGE (the dam of Peter Simple, Van, Miss Charlotte, &c.), by Whisker, dam by Cock Robin, g. dam by Precipitate, out of Colibri by Woodpecker; covered by Velocipede.

MINNOW (foaled in 1826), by Filho da Puta, out of Mervinia by Walton, her dam Phantasmagoria by Precipitate, out of Cerberus's dam by Herod, &c.; covered by Glaucus (both untried).

SULTANESS (foaled in 1823), (the dam of Master Cast Off), by Saladin, her dam Kate by Catton, Miss Garforth by Walton, &c.; covered by Velocipede. Saladin was got by Selim, out of Juliana by Gohanna, &c.

TAGLIONI (foaled in 1833), by Camel, out of Romp by Selim—Remembrancer—Æther, by Young Marske—sister to Fleacatcher; covered by The Colonel (mare untried).

THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER (foaled in 1834), by The Colonel, out of Cobham's dam, by Moses—Gohanna—Sir Peter—Volunteer, &c.; covered by Jerry.

ZERLINA (foaled in 1829), by Figaro, dam by Whisker, her dam sister to Bourbon, by Sorcerer (Jack Spigot's dam)—Precipitate—Highflyer—Tiffany, by Eclipse, &c.

ZIPPORAH (foaled in 1835), by Moses, out of Elizabeth by Soothsayer, her dam Grey Duchess, by Pot-8-o's, &c.; covered by Glaucus (both untried).

Foals of 1838.

A Bay Colt, by Glaucus, out of Emmelina (Hock's dam) by Blacklock, out of Agatha, by Orville, &c.; horse untried.

A Dark Bay Colt, by Glaucus, out of Pledge, by Filho, out of Deposit's dam, by Comus, out of sister to Zodiac, &c.; horse untried.

A Chesnut Colt, by Plenipotentiary, out of Cuirass (the dam of Elk, Eel, Emu, &c.) by Phantasmagoria, by Precipitate, &c.; both untried.

A Brown Colt, by Glaucus, out of Minnow by Filho, out of Mervinia, by Walton—Phantasmagoria, by Precipitate, &c.; both untried.

A Brown Colt, by Muley Moloch, out of Jenny Mills, by Whisker, dam by Cerberus (the dam of Lady de Gros, Hornsea, &c.); horse untried.

A Chesnut Colt, by Glaucus, out of Crotchet, by Roller, out of Peri (the dam of Sir Hercules, &c.;) horse untried.

A Bay Filly, by Glaucus, out of Mandoline by Waxy, out of Pennytrumpet by Trumpator; horse untried.

A Bay Filly, by Camel, out of Codicil by Smolensko—Beningbrough, &c.

A Brown Filly, by Tomboy, out of Benevolence by Figaro, dam by Shuttle (the dam of Swiss, Sarah, &c.)

Stallions.

The following Stallions are to cover the season of 1839, at Dawley Farm, near Hayes Middlesex:—

GLAUCUS, at 20gs. Thorough-bred and 10gs. Half-bred Mares (Groom's fee included). He was got by Partisan, out of Nanine, by Selim, her dam Bizarre, by Peruvian, out of Violante, &c.

Glaucus is 15 hands 3 inches high, of great muscle and symmetry. His stock are very promising

RIDDLESWORTH, at 10gs., (Grooms' fee included). He was got by Emilius, out of Filagree (the dam of Cobweb, Butterfly, Joanna, &c., and the grandam of Bay Middleton), by Soothsayer, her dam Web, sister to Whalebone, Whisker, Wire, &c., by Waxy, out of Penelope, by Trumpator. His stock are fine, have been out, and are winners in Germany, from whence he is just purchased. He is 16 hands high, of great bone.

Riddlesworth is an untried stallion in England.

In 1831 he won the Riddlesworth, Newmarket, Dinner, and 2000 gs. Stakes, and ran second for the Derby, in which race he is supposed to have hit his leg, and was never fit to start afterwards.

RECOVERY, at 10gs. Thorough-bred Mares (Groom's fee included). He was got by Emilius (out of the dam of Camarine, May-day, Phosphorus, &c.) by Rubens, her dam Tippitywitchet, by Waxy—Hare, by Sweetbrier—Justice—Chymist—South, &c.

He was a good runner, beating Birmingham and many others. His stock are fine, and have proved winners, one of them thought to be the best 3 year old in Ireland.

He is 15 hands 2½ inches high, of great power, with fine action.

RATCATCHER, at 10gs. Thorough-bred, and 5gs. Half-bred Mares (Groom's fee included). He was got by Langar, out of Rufina (sister to Velocipede), by Blacklock, her dam by Sorcerer, out of Virgin, by Sir Peter, &c.

Ratcatcher has proved himself a good stout runner, having won *twenty-four times* at various distances, and high weights. He is very muscular, with fine action.

For further particulars, apply to Messrs. Tattersall, Hyde Park Corner, London; if by Letter, post-paid. [F23]

CHARLES KEMBLE.

THIS superior Stallion will stand the present season at Chester Town and Centreville Maryland, at $40 to insure, and $1 to the groom. The season to commence at Chester Town, on the 4th March, and he will stand one week at each place throughout the season.

Pedigree of Charles Kemble.—He was got by Sir Archy, out of the celebrated mare Maria, by Gallatin; her dam by Simms Wildair—grandam by Imp. Traveller, out of an imported mare. [See Turf Register, vol. 4, page 428.]

Performances.—Charles Kemble has won at the Union Course, L. I., Washington City, Baltimore, Md., Trenton, and Fairfield, Va.—beating some of the best horses in the United States, viz.: Black Maria, Alice Grey, Henry Archer, Hunslap, Agility, Azalia, Prince George, Dolly Dixion, Lady Nashville, Powhattan, Robin Hood, Blue Streak, Mary Lee, Alp, Sally Eubanks, Jesse, Rosalie Somers, Adjutant, Dick Beasley, Maid of the Neck, &c. &c.—running all distances, from One to Four mile heats, in extraordinary good time.

Philadelphia, Feb. 22, 1839.—[F23] JOSEPH H. HELLINGS.

NEW ORLEANS J. C. RACES, ECLIPSE COURSE.

THE SPRING MEETING of 1839, over the above Course, will commence on the Second Wednesday, 13th March, and continue five days.

First day—The New Orleans Plate, a Service of Silver, value $700, Two mile heats. In this race 5 yr. olds and upwards carry 100lbs.—4 yr. olds and under, their appropriate weights.

Same day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500, h. ft., Two mile heats; to name and close 1st March.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $1500, Three mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $2000, Four mile heats.

Fourth day—Proprietor's Purse $700, Two mile heats.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, sub. $500, h. ft., Mile heats; to name and close 1st March.

Fifth day—Proprietor's Purse $500, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

[F23] Y. N. OLIVER, Proprietor.

METARIE J. C. RACES, NEW ORLEANS.

THE SPRING MEETING of 1839, over the Metarie Course, New Orleans, will commence the last Tuesday, 26th March, and continue six days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., Two mile heats; to close 1st March, 1839; now six subs. and several others expected.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $800, Two mile heats.

Same day—Sweepstakes for Gentlemen riders, Members of either of the Jockey Clubs of New Orleans, sub. $50 each, P. P., to which the Proprietors will add a Silver Cup of the value of $300, Two mile heats. Now 11 subs.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1200, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $2000, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $150 ft., Mile heats; to close 1st March next. Now six subs.

Sixth day—Proprietors' Purse $1000, Three mile heats.

New Orleans, Jan. 20, 1839.—[F9-4t.] P. CENAS, Secretary.

PLAQUEMINE (La.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE SPRING MEETING of 1839, over the Plaquemine Jockey Club Course, will commence on the third Wednesday of April, and continue four days, as the four mile day will be omitted at this meeting by a resolution of the Club. The following will be the order of the purses:—

First day—Purse $500, Three mile heats.

Second day—Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Third day—Creole Purse $300, Mile heats.

Fourth day—For the entrance money of the previous days, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

[F9] Wm. B. ROBERTSON, Jr., Secretary

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

AUGUSTA, Ga. - - - -	Lafayette Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, Monday, 2d week in March.
BALTIMORE, Md. - - -	Kendall Course, Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 14th May.
CINCINNATI, Ohio. - -	Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 3d or 4th week in May.
GREENSBORO', Ala. - -	Henry Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 7th May.
LOUISVILLE, Ky. - - -	Oakland Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th June.
MAYSVILLE, Ky. - - -	Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 7th May.
MOBILE, Ala. - - - - -	Bascombe Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 2d Monday, 11th March.
" "	Match, $10,000 a-side, 4 m. h., *Melzare* vs. *The Poney*, 11th March.
MILLEDGEVILLE, Ga. -	Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 2d April.
NEW ORLEANS, La. - -	Eclipse Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 13to March-
" " "	Louisiana Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 20th March.
" " "	Metarie Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 26th March.
NORFOLK, Va., - - - -	and Porthmouth J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Monday, 1st April.
NATCHEZ, Miss. - - - -	Pharsalia Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, last Monday, 29th April.
PLAQUEMINE, La. - - -	Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 17th April.
ST. FRANCISVILLE, La.	Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 13th March.
TRENTON, N. J. - - - -	Eagle Course, Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday following Cam. & Phil.
WASHINGTON CITY. -	National course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 7th May.

CINCINNATI JOCKEY CLUB RACES

THE SPRING MEETING for 1839 will come off under the following new arrangement, on the third or fourth week in May.

First day—Ohio Breeders' Plate, value $200, added to a Sweepstakes of $50 each, h. ft., for 3 yr. olds bred in Ohio, Mile heats; to name by the 20th March, 1839.

Same day—Proprietors' Purse $100, free for anything, Mile heats. A Sweepstakes of $50 each, h. ft., to name by the 20th March, 1839, is proposed to be run for with the Purse.

Second day—Cincinnati Gold Cup, value $500, for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, added to a Sweepstakes of $100 each, h. ft.; to name by the 20th March, 1839.

Third day—Buckeye Plate, value $500, added to a Sweepstakes of $200 each, h. ft., free for all ages, Two mile heats; to name by the 20th March, 1839.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $500, with a Sweepstakes of $500 each, h. ft., added, Three mile heats; to name by the 20th March, 1839.

Fifth day—Proprietors' Purse $500, for 3 yr. olds, added to a Sweepstakes of $200 each, h. ft., Two mile heats; to name by the 20th March, 1839.

Sixth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, added to a Sweepstakes of $1000 each, h. ft., Four mile heats; to name by 20th March, 1039.

The preceding plan, to get up handsome Sweepstakes for our next Spring Meeting, promises to meet with great encouragement from Breeders. Attaching them, as we have done, to the Purses, gives us a surety of a race. The subscribers to the stakes will have an equal chance for the purses with those entering in the usual way, the evening previous to the race; an entry not in the sweepstakes can win the purse only, but an entry in the stakes may win both purse and stakes. Winners of plates are not prohibited from running for the purses. It is therefore arranged that the winner of the Cincinnati Gold Cup may start for the 3 yr. old Purse of $500, Two mile heats, and the winner of the Buckeye Plate may start for the Four mile Purse.

All entries must be enclosed to GEO. N. SANDERS, P. M., Grass Hills, Carroll County, Ky. Nominations made previously to the 20th day of March, may be changed up to the time of closing.

We have at great expense established the Cincinnati Race Course, contiguous to the city, and under the patronage of a highly respectable and numerous Club. Some additional improvements will be made, and our stables increased to give good accommodation to one hundred horses. There are already one or more entries to each proposition, and from the number of 3 yr. olds in the country, we anticipate at least twenty entries for the Cincinnati Gold Cup, and have assurances of a great number of entries to the other stakes.

Cincinnati, Feb. 23, 1839.—[m2t1my] GEORGE M. LONG, GEORGE N. SANDERS, } Proprietors.

RACING STABLE FOR SALE.

THE following Thorough-bred Stock will be sold on reasonable terms, if early application is made (*post paid*) to the subscriber, at Macon, Marengo County, Alabama. Their stock is of the purest kind, as the Am. Turf Register, and Spirit of the Times, can testify, and I refer to those periodicals for their performances.

No. 1. HORTENSE, b. m., 7 yrs. old this Spring; was got by the great Pacific, out of Bet Bozley by Little Wonder—a winner of 16 or 17 races out of 24, at all distances. Now stinted to Imp. Leviathan.

No. 2. PACTOLUS, ch. h., by Pacific, out of Mary Vaughan by Pacolet, 5 yrs. old this Spring. He broke down last winter in New Orleans, running with Bee's-wing and Pollard. His pedigree and indomitable game ought to make him a valuable stallion.

No. 3. ZELINA, b. m., by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, (full sister to Betsey Malone), 6 yrs. She beat last Fall the celebrated Wagner, the renowned Pressure, the victorious Linnet, and others. She has recovered from the effects of her extraordinary campaign, and in good hands will repeat *the trick* next winter.

No. 4. MARIA BLACK (imp.), br. m., 5 yrs., by Filho da Puta, dam by Smolensko. She is winner of five out of six races, at from 2 to 4 mile heats.

No. 5. *Rhinodino*, b. h., by Wild Bill dam by Imp. Dion, 5 yrs.—a winner of four out of six races; now in training.

No. 6. *Czarina*, gr. f., by Imp. Autocrat, out of Aurora by Arab, 4 yrs.—winner of three out of four races; now in training.

No. 7. *Alabama*, b. f., by Imp. Autocrat, out of Lucy Gwynn by Sir Charles, out of the dam of Kate Kearney and Sussex, 4 yrs. old; now in training.

No. 8. *John Howard*, b. c., by Pacific, out of Matilda by Grey-tail, (the dam of Country Maid, Red Doc, John Anderson, and Selie Doe,) 3 yrs. He is in training and very promising.

No. 9. *Cinderella*, b. f., Full sister to Pactolus, 3 yrs.—in training and very promising. One half for sale.

No. 10. *Bob Logic*, bl. c., by Imp. Autocrat, out of Lady Johnson by Trafalgar, 4 yrs. old, and 16 hands high—untried.

Macon, Marengo Co., Ala., Feb. 15, 1839.—[m2-4t] HENRY A. TAYLOE.

EMANCIPATION.

THIS superior English Racer and Stallion will make his present season (1839) at the stable of the subscriber, near Winchester, Va., at $75 the season and $120 to insure, with $1 cash to the groom in every case. The season will expire on the 1st July, at which time the money for his services will be due, and payment expected. For the insurance, the money will be claimed as soon as the mare is ascertained to be in foal or transferred.

All persons sending mares will be required to send their notes with them. Excellent pasturage for mares will be furnished at 50 cents a week, or they will be plentifully fed on grain, if ordered, at $10 a month, pasturage included. Black servants boarded gratis. The expenses of keeping the mares must be paid for before taking them away.

Emancipation covered last season at the stable of Col. Wade Hampton, Columbia, S. C., who obtained his services for himself and the breeders of the South, at *his particular solicitation*. He is a bay horse, full 16 hands high, of great length and reach, and very commanding figure; and his colts in the southern part of Virginia, now rising one and two years old, are unquestionably the finest ever seen. Certificates to this effect, of more than one hundred respectable gentlemen, could be obtained, were it necessary. They possess the finest forms, size, and bone, of any other horse's get in that section of the State. He stood two seasons in England, where his colts are now two and three years old, and by reference to the racing Calendars, it will be seen that they are winning and gaining for themselves and their sire an enviable reputation. When Emancipation was withdrawn from the turf, he was considered "the best horse in the North, as Priam was in the South of England." Those who have the curiosity to examine, are referred to the 7th vol. November, 1835, of the Turf Register, for his performances on the turf in full. I will give only a brief sketch of his running.

At 2 yrs. old he was beat for the Champagne Stakes, at Doncaster, in 1829.

At York, May, 1830, he won a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., beating two others.

At York August Meeting, 1830, he was beat by Cardinal and Bryan; beating Beagle, Lady Frances, and another. He beat the winner next month.

At Doncaster, for the Great St. Leger, Sept. 21, he was beat by only half a neck, by Birmingham and Priam, by a rush, when near the winning post; beating 25 others, most of them colts of high character.

The same week he was beat by Birmingham, one mile, whom he beat twice afterwards a longer distance.

At Richmond, in October, he was beat for the Gold Cup by Medow and Appollonia, beating Roundwaist, Rossignal, and another.

At Manchester, May, 1831, he ran second to Guido for the Gold Cup, beating Recovery and Independence—not placed. He beat the winner the same distance afterwards.

At Preston, July 12, he won the Stanley Stakes, beating Fylde, Rex, and four others. Even betting on Fylde, and 2 to 1 agst the winner, and high odds agst. any other.

Next day, July 13, he won the Gold Cup, value 100 sovs., the rest in specie, beating Guido and three others.

At Doncaster, Sept. 19, he won the Fitzwilliam Stakes, beating Birmingham, Tranby, and six others, not placed.

Same place, Sept. 22, for the Gold Cup, he ran 2d to The Saddler, beating Rowton, Birmingham, and three others.

Emancipation was now bought by Lord Cleaveland for 2000 guineas.

At Northallerton, Oct. 13, he won the Hornby Castle Stakes, beating two others.

At Catterick Bridge, 1832, April 25, he won the Craven Stakes, beating Revolution, who was a great winner, and six others.

At Preston, July 11, he won the Gold Cup, value 100 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, beating Her Highness, Lady Elizabeth (a great winner), and Pickpocket.

At Doncaster, Sept. 18, for all ages, he won the first year of the Doncaster Stakes, beating Colwick and Contest. Colwick was among the best horses of his age in the kingdom.

Having beat the best horses in the North, he went down to Newmarket to run against Priam, but received forfeit in a match of 500 guineas. N.B. Priam allowed a small difference in weight, supposed about equal to Emancipation's journey to Priam's own ground, to wit, 7lbs.

At York, August 8, 1833, one third of the great subscription of 25 sovs. each, with 50 added by the corporation, 11 subscribers, four miles—Duke of Cleaveland's b. h. Emancipation, by Whisker, walked over.

The next day he was beat for a Silver Tureen, two miles.

☞ The public are assured that he is an uncommon sure foal-getter. Every attention will be paid to mares sent to him, but I will not be responsible for escapes or accidents. He cost more money in England than any horse ever imported up to his time, not excepting the famous *Chateau Margaux*.

PEDIGREE—*Emancipation* was foaled in 1827, bred by Mr. Riddell, and got by that capital racer and stallion Whisker, winner of the Derby, and full brother to Whalebone, Woful, &c., and sire of Memnon and The Colonel, both winners of the St. Leger; his dam by that excellent stallion Ardrossan, one of the best sons of the famous John Bull, winner of the Derby, and the best horse of his day; his grandam Lady Eliza by Whitworth; his g. g. dam by Spadille, out of Sylvia by Young Marske—Ferret by a brother to Sylvia, by Cade—Regulus—Lord Morton's Arabian—Mixburg—Mulsoby Turk—Bay Bolton—Coneyskins—Hutton's Grey Barb—Byerly Turk, &c.

Whisker was got by Waxy, the best son of Pot-8-o's, perhaps the best son of the invincible Eclipse, and of Penelope, alike famous on the turf and in the stud, the dam also of Whalebone, and many other capital racers. Penelope was got by Trumpator, out of the Duke of Grafton's famous Prunella by Highflyer—Promise by Snap—Julian by Blank, &c.

Ardrossan was got by John Bull, his dam by Volunteer Evergreen, a highly-bred son of Herod, out of a sister of Calash by Herod—Theresa by Matchem—Regulus—sister to the Ancaster Starling.

John Bull was got by Fortitude, who was got by King Herod, out of a Snap mare; his dam Xantippe by Eclipse—Grecian Princess by Williams' Forester—Coalition Colt, son of the Godolphin Arabian—Bustard—Lord Leigh's Charming Molly by Second.

Whitworth was got by Agonistes, a capital son of the famous Sir Peter Teazle; his dam by Jupiter, out of the celebrated old Tartar mare—Highflyer—Matchem—Old England—Traveller, &c.

It is deemed useless to extend his pedigree farther at this time; suffice it then to say, that it is of the richest and best blood in England, and of the lasting sort. For further particulars see English Stud Book. HECTOR BELL.

Clarke County, Feb. 13, 1839.—[m2.]

MILLEDGEVILLE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE SPRING MEETING of 1839, over the Milledgeville Course, will commence on the first Tuesday, 2d April, and continue five days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, sub. $200, h. ft., Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race, to close 1st March. Now 2 subs., viz:—

Col. G. Edmonson, | T. Vanlandingham.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, out of mares that never won a race nor produced a winner, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to close 1st March.

Second day—Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Third day—Purse $400, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Purse $700, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $250, h. ft., Two mile heats, to which will be added the *Young Plate*, valued at $1000. Closed with 5 subs., viz:—

Iverson & Bonner, | Kenan & Vanlandingham, | Col. Wm. McCargo.
Col. G. Edmonson, | Lewis Lovell,

Milledgeville, Feb. 5, 1839.—[F16-tf.] H. F. YOUNG & Co., Proprietors.

List of Stallions for 1839.

☞ Notices like the following (never exceeding two lines) will be inserted during the season for Five dollars. To those gentlemen who advertise their horses in detail, to the amount of Twenty Dollars, in this paper, no charge will be made.

AINDERBY, *Imported*, by Velocipede, out of Kate (sister to Nonplus) by Catton, at L. J. Polk's stables, at Hamilton Place, near Mt. Pleasant, Tenn., at $75 & $100—$1 to groom.

ANDREW, by Sir Charles, dam by Herod, at Newmarket Race Course, Petersburg, Va., at $60 and $100.

AUTOCRAT, *Imported*, by Grand Duke, out of Olivetta by Sir Oliver, at Col. Sam'l Lyne's stable, 2 miles from Clarksville, Tenn., on Russellville road, at $60 and $75.

BERTRAND JUNIOR, by Bertrand, out of Transport by Virginius, at the stables of B. R. Jenkins, in Fayette County, Ky., six miles south-east of Lexington, at $50—$1 to grm.

BIRMINGHAM, by Stockholder, out of Black Sophia by Topgallant, at the Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky., under the charge of Lewis Sherley, at $50 and $75.

BLACK HEATH, by Sir Archie, dam by Sir Hal, at the stable of Richard Adams, six miles from Richmond, Va., at $40, and $60 to insure.

BERNERS' COMUS, *Imported*, by Comus, out of Rotterdam by Juniper, at Col. E. H. Boardman's stable, at the Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $80 and $100—$1 to the groom.

BELSHAZZAR, *Imported*, by Blacklock, out of Manuella by Dick Andrews, at Thomas Alderson's stable, Nashville, Tenn, at $75—$100—$125, and $1 to the groom.

CHESTERFIELD, by Pacific, dam by Wilkes' Madison, at A. T. Nolan's stable, four miles east of Franklin, Tenn., at $30 the season.

CONSOL, *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Cerberus, at Col. E. H. Boardman's stable, at the Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $70, $100, and $1 to the groom.

CHARLES KEMBLE, by Sir Archy, out of Maria by Gallatin, at Chester Town and Centreville, Maryland, at $40 to insure, and $1 to the groom.

CETUS, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Lamia by Gohanna, at "The Reeds," Caroline Co., Va., at $75 and $125, and $1 to the groom.

DICK CHINN, by Sumpter, out of Lucy by Orphan, at Messrs. Wells' stables, Bayou Bœuf, near Alexandria, La., at $50 and $70, and $1 to the groom.

DRONE, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella (Picton's dam) by Sir Archy, at Jas. B. Kendall's stable, Kendall Course, Baltimore, Md., at $30 and $50.

DUANE, by Imp. Hedgeford, out of Goodloe Washington by Washington, at the stable of Wm. N. Friend, Camden Race Course, N. J. Particulars hereafter.

ECLIPSE, by Duroc, out of Miller's Damsel by Imp. Messenger, at Jas. Swanson's stable, at Independence, near Franklin, Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

ENVOY, *Imported*, by Memnon, out of Zarina by Morisco, at Lewis K. Grigsby's stable, near Winchester, Clark County, Ky., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

EMANCIPATION, *Imported*, by Whisker, dam by Ardrossan, at the stable of Hector Bell, Esq., Winchester, Va., at $75 and $120, and $1 to the groom.

FESTIVAL, by Eclipse, dam by Timoleon, at the stable of John W. Trotter, at Forsyth, Monroe County, Ga., at $50 and $75.

FLEXIBLE, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Themus by Sorcerer, at the stable of Col. F. H. Carter, at Wilton, Granville county, N. C., at $30 and $45.

FRANK, by Sir Charles, out of Betsey Archer by Sir Archy, at the stable of Samuel Davenport & Co., near Lexington, Ky., at $50 and $75.

GLENCOE, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Trampoline by Tramp, at the stable of Jas. Jackson, Esq., at Forks of Cypress, near Florence, Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

GILES SCROGGINS, by Sir Archy, out of Lady Bedford, at the stable of Jilson Yates & Co., Shelbyville, Ky., at $30 and $50.

GASTON, by Imp. Truffle, out of Lady Lagrange by Sir Archy, at Dresden, Tenn. Particulars hereafter.

HEDGEFORD, *Imported*, by Filho da Puta, out of Miss Cragie by Orville, at Versailles' Ky., at $100 the season. Address Lewis Y. Craig.

HICKORY JOHN, by John Richards, out of Kitty Hickory by Hickory, near Lexington, Ky. Terms hereafter.

JOHN BASCOMBE, by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, at the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at $100, and $1 the groom.

LAPDOG, *Imported*, by Whalebone, dam by Canopus, at the stable of Jas. Jackson, Esq., at the Forks of Cypress, near Florence, Ala., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

LAUDERDALE, by Sir Archy, out of Imp. Stoughton Lass, at the stable of Fergus Duplantier, East Baton Rouge, La., at $45 and $60.

LEVIATHAN, *Imported*, by Muley, dam by Windle, at the stable of Col. George Elliot, near Gallatin, Sumner County, Tenn., at $150 the season, and $1 to the groom.

LUZBOROUGH, *Imported*, by Williamson's Ditto, dam by Dick Andrews, at the stable of Dr. A. Whitlocke, Sanders, Limestone Co., Ala., at $100, $120, and $200—$1 to the grm.

LONGWAIST, by Sir Archie, dam by Pacolet, one mile east of Natchez, Miss., at $50 and $75, and $1 to the groom.

MARSHAL NEY, by old Pacolet, out of Virginia by Imp. Daredevil, g. d. Lady Bolingbrook by Imp. Pantaloon, at H. M. Cryer's stable, near Gallatin, Tenn., at $20, $25, $30, & $1.

MARION, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen, at F. O. A. Sherrod's stable, Chantilly, near Tuscumbia, Ala., at $75 and $100, and $1 to the groom.

MINGO, by Eclipse, out of Bay Bett by Thornton's Rattler, at Geo. E. Blackburn's stable, near Versailles, Woodford Co., Ky., 8 miles from Frankfort, at $100, and $1 to the groom.

MONMOUTH ECLIPSE, by Eclipse, out of Honesty by Imp. Expedition, at Jos. H. Van Mater's stable, 8 miles east of Monmouth C. H., N. J., at $50 and $75—$1 to the groom

MONMOUTH, by John Richards, out of Young Nettletop, at Bason Spring, Breckenridge County, Va., under the charge of J. B. Alexander, at $30.

MORDECAI, *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Welbeck, own brother to Red Rover, at Edm. Bacon's plantation, Twigg County, Ky., at $60 the season.

MERMAN, *Imported*, by Whalebone, dam by Orville, at the Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky., at $50, $75, and $100. Address L. Sherley.

MONSIEUR TONSON, by Pacolet, out of Madame Tonson by Topgallant, in Bourbon Co., Ky., 5 miles from Paris, & 17 from Lexington, at $60 & $100—$1 to grm. Address C. P. Lee.

MEDOC, by Eclipse, dam by Imp. Expedition, at his old stand at Col. Wm. Buford's, Woodford Co., Ky., limited to 75 mares at $100.

PACTOLUS, by Pacific, out of Mary Vaughan by Pacolet, at the Henry Course, Greensboro', Ala., under the charge of Henry A. Tayloe, Esq., at $40 and $60.

PENNOYER, by Henry, out of the celebrated mare Ariel by Eclipse, at the stable of Henry Dalby, Esq., Augusta, Ga., at $50 the season and $1 to the groom.

POST BOY, by Henry, out of Garland by Duroc, will make his second season at the stable of James Holmes, near Murfreesboro', Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

PRIAM, *Imported*, by Emilius, out of Cressida by Whiskey, at Dr. A. T. B. Merritt's stable, Hicksford, Va.—a limited number of mares at $150, and $1 to the groom.

PICTON, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Isabella by Sir Archy, at L. P. Cheatham's stables, near Nashville, Tenn.—limited to 20 mares at $100, and $1 to the groom.

PHILIP, *Imported*, by Filho da Puta, out of Treasure by Camillus, at H. M. Cryer's stable, near Gallatin, Tenn., at $75, $100, and $125, and $1 to the groom.

RATTLER, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Robin Redbreast, at Lagrange, Tenn. Terms hereafter. Address M. E. Boyles.

RICHARD, *Imported*, by Orville, out of Miss Sophia by Stamford, at Maj. B. Luckett's stable, Franklin County, Ky.

RODOLPH, by Archie Montorio, dam by Haxall's Moses, in the neighborhood of Lexington, Kentucky.

SARPEDON, *Imported*, by Emilius, out of Icaria by The Flyer, at the stable of John Wimbish, Halifax C. H., Va., at $60 and $100, and $1 to the groom.

SHARK, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot by Sir Archy, at John Drew's stable, near the Union Course, Long Island, at $60 and $100, and $1 to the groom.

SHAKSPEARE, *Imported*, by Smolensko, out of Charming Molly by Rubens, at Robt. Hurt's stable, near Paris, Western District of Tenn., at $100 the season.

SINGLETON, by Eclipse, dam by Kosciusko, at the stable of Daniel Morgan, Esq., near Flemingsburgh, Fleming County, Ky.

SKYLARK, *Imported*, by Waxy Pope, out of Skylark by Musician, at L. P. Cheatham's stable, 2 miles northwest of Nashville, Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

STOCKHOLDER, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen, at A. B. Newsam's stable, in Wilson Co., Ala., 8 miles fm. Lebanon, 15 fm. Gallatin, & 35 fm. Nashville, at $75, $125, and $1

SWISS, *Imported*, by Whisker, out of Shuttle mare, at Judge Thompson's stable, near Salem, Livingston County, Ky., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

TRUSTEE, *Imported*, by Catton, out of Emma by Whisker, at the stable of John R. Snedeker, near the Union Course, Long Island, at $30 cash, and $1 to the groom.

TRANBY, *Imported*, by Blacklock, dam by Orville, at Geo. R. Robertson's stable, Central Course, Macon, Ga., at $80 if paid within the season, and $100 if paid out of it.

TOM FLETCHER (by Stockholder), the sire of Molly Long, Independence, and other good ones, at Batesville & Dripping Springs, Arks., at $25 & $40. Address T. T. Tunstall & Co.

VOLNEY, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Sir Archy, at the stable of J. W. T. Reid, Esq., four miles east of Montgomery, Ala., at $40 and $80.

WILD BILL ("of the woods," late Pilot,) by Sir Archy, out of Maria by Gallatin, at the residence of Henry Stokes, one mile north of Huntsville, Ala., at $60.

WALTER, by Eclipse, dam by Constitution, will make his first season at Liles E. Abernathy's stable, near Pulaski, Tenn. Terms hereafter.

WAXY, by Sir Archy, dam by Alfred, at Jas. T. Carter's stable, 4½ miles north of Greensburg, Ky., at $30 and $50, and 50 cents to the groom.

WHALEBONE, by Sir Archy, dam by Pacolet, at Col. Jas. W. Camp's stable, 4 miles out of Huntsville, Ala., at $40.

WASHINGTON, by Timoleon, out of Ariadne by Citizen, at Daniel Kiser's stable, Dayton, Montgomery County, Ohio, at $30 the season.

ZINGANEE, *Imported*, by Tramp, out of Folly by Young Drone, at Parker E. Todhunter's stable, 8 miles south-east from Lexington, Ky., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

Dr. HULL'S NEW TRUSS.

HERNIA CURED—PATENT OF 1833.—The public can now be assured that by the use of this Truss, young persons and children are the subjects of a speedy and certain cure, unparalleled instances of which are daily occurring in persons of advanced life. The approval of this instrument by the first Surgeons in the United States and England, and the immense number of Patients cured, has rendered its *superiority* over all other Trusses a matter of certainty.

Caution—The celebrity of Dr. Hull's Truss has caused many inferior articles to be manufactured, pretending to be his. Those wearing trusses cannot be too cautious in avoiding these dangerous *spurious instruments*, which have caused additional suffering to the afflicted. The genuine will have the signature of Dr. A. G. Hull on the pad of each of them, by attention to which safety will be ensured.

Office No. 4 Vesey Street, Astor House. [m2-4m.]

SWEEPSTAKES—MULBERRY COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to be run over the Mulberry Course, Fredericksburg, Va., Spring Meeting 1839.

1. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats; 4 or more to make a race; to name and close 10th April. Now 4 subs., viz.:

John S. Corbin, | Col. John C. Gibson,
Wm. McCargo, | Maj. Thos. Doswell.

2. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200, h. ft., Two mile heats, 4 or more to make a race; to name and close as above. Now 2 subs.:

Wm. McCargo, | John S. Corbin.

Gentlemen wishing to make entries in the above stakes will please direct to Mr. T. H. RAMSEY, Fredericksburg, Va.

☞ The *Regular Spring Races* will commence on Tuesday, 1st May.

[m2] WM. McCARGO.

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

TO THE BREEDERS AND TURFMEN OF THE SOUTH AND WEST.—A portion of the Stud of Horses belonging to Col. JOHN HETH, of Virginia, will be sold for cash at Lexington, Ky., during the ensuing Spring Meeting. Among them are the following, of the most approved and fashionable stock.

1. *Chesnut Mare*, 6 yrs. old, by Sir Charles, out of Brenda (the dam of the celebrated race horse and stallion, Collier,) by Young Whip, the son of Old Whip, owned by Mr. Cook of Kentucky: his dam by Old Medley, and her dam a Medley mare.

2. *Drunken Frolic*, out of Brenda by Sweet Larry, he by Sir Alfred, out of a full sister to old Sir Archie.

3. A —— *Mare*, 4 yrs. old, by Andrew (the sire of Balie Peyton), out of No. 2.

4. *Chesnut Colt*, 3 yrs. old, by Hotspur (the sire of Mazeppa), out of No. 2.

5. *Bay Filly*, 2 yrs. old, by Gohanna, out of No. 2.

6. *Chesnut Horse*, by Sir Charles, out of Mr. Wickham's Tariff mare.

7. That beautiful stallion *Ormond*, one of the handsomest sons of Sir Charles, out of an Alfred mare.

☞ Several other horses, mares, &c., will be offered for sale at the same time, whose pedigrees and ages, in consequence of Col. Heth's absence in England, cannot now be obtained, but a full and authentic account of everything relating to the stock, will be ready by the day of sale.

Richmond, Va., Feb. 27, 1839. [m2.]

MEDOC.

THE services of this fine horse are again offered to the Breeders of Kentucky. He will remain at his old stand at Col. Wm. Buford's, Woodford County, where he will be let to mares at *One Hundred Dollars* each, to be paid in the season, which will end on the first of July next. He will be limited to seventy-five mares. Every attention will be paid to mares sent to him, and excellent blue grass pastures furnished gratis. We recommend him with great confidence, believing that he has proven himself equal, if not superior as a breeder, to any horse that has ever appeared in the United States. His first season was made when he was only five years old, and last year his colts appeared on the turf for the first time, at 3 yrs. old, and numbered *Sixteen Winners at all distances, from One to Four mile heats*. The time made in these races will compare with any upon record. (See the race of Maria Duke and Curculia at Louisville last Spring, Mile heats best 3 in 5, each heat run in 1:48—Picayune and Musedora's race at Crab Orchard, in August, Three mile heats, run in 5:57—5:55—5:54,—Curculia's race at Lexington, Two mile heats, 3:52—3:52—3:54, distancing the field, track heavy.)

Out of the dams of these 16 colts, not one, except the dam of Curculia, ever produced a race-horse before. Nine of his colts have been sold for $23,500, viz: Curculia, $5000, Maria Duke $4000, Medoca $3000, Sthreshley $2500, Picayune $2000, Musedora $2000, J. F. Robinson $2000, Filly out of the dam of Ironette, $2000, and Ben Harrison $1000, when a yearling.

His colts are remarkable for their gaiety, beauty and symmetry, and as a strong evidence of their fine appearance, they have had awarded to them more premiums at the Fairs in this part of Kentucky, than the colts of all other horses together have received. Medoc's blood and performances on the turf, have been published in all the sporting journals of the United States, to which reference may be made. We wish, at this time, to present him as a very distinguished breeder, and hope that he will receive that consideration and patronage to which he is entitled.

Woodford County, Ky., Feb. 20, 1839.—[m2-t1J.] WILLIAM BUFORD & Co.

KENDALL COURSE, MARYLAND.

THE SPRING RACES over this Course will commence on the Second Tuesday, 14th May next (it being the week following the Washington City Races,) and continue four days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., Mile heats. Closed with the following SUBSCRIBERS.

1. F. D. Shepherd names produce of Imp. Priam and Moss Rose, by Tramp.
2. Col. Wm. L. White names produce of Goliah and Maid of Athens.
3. Jas. B. Kendall names produce of Imp. Tranby and Mary Randolph.
4. Geo. Symms names produce of Mons. Tonson and Jemima Wilkinson.
5. Col. John Heth names produce of Shark and Arietta.
6. Col. J. M. Selden names produce of Hotspur and Florida.
7. Isham Puckett names produce of Gohanna and Gulnare.
8. J. M. Wilson names produce of Ivanhoe and Kitty Fisher.
9. Col. Wm. R. Johnson names produce of Eclipse and Collier's dam.
10. Wm. Williamson & J. P. Corbin not named.
11. Col. Wm. Wynn names produce of Chateau Margaux and Fintilla.
12. Also produce of Eclipse and Isabella.
13. Col. W. R. Johnson names produce of Eclipse and Peggy Madee (H. Maclin's).
14. Samuel Sprigg names produce of Imp. Autocrat and Nancy Norwood.
15. Col. Wade Hampton names produce of Argyle and Pocahontas
16. Also, produce of Emma and Imp. Camel.
17. James S. Garrison names produce of Zingance and Gabriella.

☞ The 7th and 8th entries to this stake were originally made by other individuals—the former by Mr. Thomas Pearsall, of Long Island, and the latter by Mr. Wm. Bosley, of Maryland; since which time they have become the property of Mr. Puckett, of Va., and Mr. Wilson, of Md., as entered, both of whom are responsible for each colt's engagement. As this change does not in any way affect the stake, it is presumed there will be no objection.

Second day—Purse $1000, $300 of which goes to the 2d best horse in the race if more than two start—if but two, the winner to receive $700—if but one, $500; ent. $50; Four mile heats.

Third day—Purse $500, of which $100 will be given to the 2d best horse if more than two start—if but two, the winner to receive $400—if but one, $300; ent. $25. Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Purse $200, ent. $10. Two mile heats.

☞ Several purses will also be given during the meeting for Mile heats.

Sweepstakes now open.

1. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, h. ft., Mile heats; 4 or more to make a race; to close 1st April next, and to be run for at the Spring Meeting of 1839.

2. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds to be run at the Fall Meeting of 1839, sub. $2000 each, h. ft., Two mile heats; 5 or more to make a race; to close 1st Sept., 1839.

The following Stakes are proposed by a worthy Patron of the Turf:—

A Breeders' Stake, to be run in 1840, to run 3 yr. olds in the Spring, Mile heats, sub. $1000 each, h. ft., and Two mile heats in the Fall, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; 5 or more subscribers to make a race; to name and close 1st Sept. 1839. In this stake a Breeder can enter as many colts of his own breeding as he thinks proper, and run either of them, but must run one or pay the forfeit.

☞ Gentlemen desirous of subscribing to the above stakes, will please address the subscriber at Baltimore, as early as convenient, as early entries induce others to enter to stakes to which they otherwise would not.

Trotting Purses.

In addition to the above Purses and Sweepstakes, the subscriber to amuse and gratify a large portion of the patrons of the Kendall Course, is induced to offer the following purses to be Trotted for:—

On the day previous to the races, a purse of $100, free only for horses which never won a purse, Mile heats best 3 in 5, under the Saddle; the entrance money to go to the 2d horse in the last heat.

Same day—A purse of $200, free only for horses which never won a purse of over $100, Mile heats in Harness; entrance money to go to the 2d in the last heat.

The above two Trotting purses are free only for horses belonging to Maryland, on the first day of Feb. 1839.

On the day following the races, a purse of $700, $200 of which goes to the horse that is 2d in the last heat; free for all horses; Three mile heats under the Saddle.

Same day—A purse of $300, $100 of which goes to the horse that is 2d in the last heat; free only for horses which never won a purse over $100; Two mile heats under the Saddle.

The above Trotting to be governed by the Rules of the Hunting Park Trotting Course.

Entries for the first two Trotting Purses will close on the Saturday previous to the races, at 5 o'clock, P.M. Entries for the last two Trotting Purses will close on the last day of the races, at 12 o'clock M. Entrance 5 per cent.

The Race Horses will have a track exclusively appropriated to their use, as also will the Trotting horses to theirs. The time of exercise will be so arranged that they will not be in the way or interference of each other. The track, and every thing appertaining to the course, will be put in the best possible order. Stables, litter, &c., will be furnished gratis to race and trotting horses, that visit the course for the purpose of racing or trotting, but the subscriber cannot promise to accommodate horses that are brought for sale or show. He will promise good stables, &c., for 65 or 70—possibly a few more.

The liberal patronage of the public has inspirited the subscriber to offer greater inducements than formerly. He will hereafter hold out still greater inducements each Spring and Fall than have heretofore been offered in this section of the country.

Kendall Course, Feb. 7, 1839.—[F9] JAMES B. KENDALL, Proprietor.

VOLNEY.

THIS highly bred and beautiful young race horse, acknowledged to be one of the speediest horses of his day, will stand the ensuing season at the stable of J. W. T. REID, Esq., four miles east of Montgomery, Alabama, at Forty dollars the season, and Eighty dollars to insure a foal.

The following letters and certificates from the most distinguished Turfmen of Virginia, relative to the pedigree and performances of Volney, are respectfully presented for the perusal of the Turfmen and Breeders of Alabama.

The Pedigree of Volney.—Volney was got by Col. WM. R. JOHNSON's horse *Monsieur Tonson*, out of Mr. WILLIAMS' breed mare by *Sir Archie*, and was four years old last Spring. A copy of the certificate of the pedigree of his dam, furnished by Wm. R. Johnson, Esq., is given below, the original of which was found among the papers of Mr. Williams, deceased. RICHARD LOGAN, Executor of Samuel Williams, dec'd.

The sorrel mare, purchased by Samuel Williams, Esq., of the estate of Edmund Irby, deceased, was got by Sir Archie, her dam Weazle by Shylock, out of Captain Sallard's celebrated old mare by the imported horse Dare Devil, dam by old Wildair, the best son of Col. Baylor's imported horse Fearnaught—her grandam, a chesnut mare called Picudella, was got by Batt's & Maclin's Fearnaught, who was foaled in 1777, and bred by Mr. Edwards, of Hicksford, Va. Batt's & Maclin's Fearnaught was got by the old imported Fearnaught, out of an imported mare, who, in the Spring of 1776, was purchased by Mr. Edwards of the widow of Col. Maclin, on Elizabeth River, near Norfolk, Va.—her g. g. dam was got by Col. Baylor's horse Godolphin, who was got by the Imp. Fearnaught out of Col. Baylor's imp. mare Jenny Dismal—her g. g. g. dam was by the imp. horse Hob-Nob, (this fine Hob-Nob mare was the property of Col. Archie Cary, of Chesterfield County, Va.)—her g. g. g. g. dam was by the imported horse Jolly Roger, known in England as Roger of the Vale—her g. g. g. g. g. dam was got by the imp. horse Valiant—her g. g. g. g. g. g. dam was by Tryall, why was by the Imp. Morton's Traveller.

The said sorrel filly, purchased by Mr. Williams, was a great favorite of Mr. Irby—so much so, that he entered her in a sweepstake, for which race she would have been trained, but his death made the entry void. W. R. JOHNSON.

Chesterfield, June 1, 1831.

The above is a true copy of the original of Mr. Johnson. RICHARD LOGAN.

Charlotte County, Va., Dec. 1, 1838.

Mr. P. A. PRINDLE,—*Dear Sir*—In relation to your enquiry respecting the running qualities of your fine horse Volney, I can inform you that I trained him the Fall after he was three years old, and run him in one sweepstakes colt race, Mile heats, which he won with great ease at two heats, in 1:51 each heat. I then sent him home to his owner, who died in a short time after. Volney was then sold. Mr. Phillips was the purchaser at $2500. In the Spring of 1837 he won the Proprietor's Purse at Lynchburg, Two mile heats, with great ease. The following Fall I met him at the same course. I started a fine filly against him, Two mile heats—he beat her in fine style in 3:47; no contest for the 2d heat. I then offered his owner $4000 for him, but he seemed at that time not willing to sell him. I believe he was a race horse of the first order, at any distance, and am truly sorry that his lameness has prevented him from showing his powers to the world.

In haste, yours respectfully, WM. McCARGO.

In the Fall of 1837, at Oxford, N. C., Mr. PHILLIPS sold Volney to Mr. P. A. PRINDLE, of Richmond, Va., his present owner, for $5000 cash. He is the horse on whom the match against *Target* was made, for $10,000, single dash of Two miles. [F9]

TRAINING ESTABLISHMENT AND FARM FOR SALE.

A FARM on Jamaica Bay, Long Island, 2½ miles south of the town of Jamaica, and 10½ miles distant from the City of New York, containing 170 acres, of which 100 acres are in the very highest state of cultivation, 50 or 60 acres of fresh and salt meadow, and 20 acres of wood, principally hickory.

There are on the premises a Mansion House, with a Green-house and two Kitchens attached; together with hovels, hay house, barn, and cattle sheds; wood house, ice house, and root house; a corn crib, set on pillars, with extensive granaries; a large stone milk cellar, pig styes, iron and copper boilers, &c. &c. &c. There is 220 feet of stabling, containing 20 loose boxes for race horses, with extensive mows for hay and straw. There is a smith's shop, and a house adjoining the stables for the boys, a saddle room, and a feed room fitted with bins capable of containing 300 bushels; 12 of the boxes (15 feet by 10) are paved, with a portico in front, to protect the horses while washing legs, &c., with wire doors for the summer. The racks are of iron, and the feed boxes and sides of stalls, within reach of the horses, lined with tin.

The Training Track is in the immediate vicinity of the stables, a mile, or very nearly so, in circumference, completely fenced, and so protected as not to interfere or be interfered with, by the farmer.

There are paddocks for horses out of training, four of which are enclosed with close board fences, with circular ends and a stable in each; making in all 28 separate boxes and stables, for racing stock.

There is a house for the trainer and another for the overseer, a four horse power, with threshing and grinding mills, cutting box, &c. &c. &c.

In short, there is nothing wanting, that I am aware of, to render it complete, for either a farming, training, or breeding establishment.

The Farm is so situated that it may be advantageously divided and sold in two or three parcels: 30 or 40 acres with the trainer's house, 25 or 30 with the mansion house and stables, with the privilege of using the training track, and 60 or 80 acres with the farm and farm house.

The horses remaining on the farm, consisting of *Fordham* and three or four young things, are also for sale. Fordham is 4 yrs. old, and is engaged in a sweepstakes of four subs. at $2000 each, P.P., Four mile heats, to come off the second Spring meeting of 1839. He will be sold with or without his engagement.

Janette, Fanti, Dosoris, Zela, Terrific, and *Equinox,* are on their way to New Orleans to be sold, or trained for the large purses offered in the South and West. The following are their pedigrees:—

Dosoris, ch. h., 5 yrs., by Henry, out of Miss Walton, Goliah's dam.
Fordham, ch. c., 3 yrs., by Eclipse, out of Janette, own sister to Sir Charles.
Zela, ro. f., 3 yrs., by Eclipse, out of the dam of Goliah, Dosoris, etc.
Terrific, b. c., 2 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Black Maria, own sister to Shark.
Equinox, ch. c., 2 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Janette, own sister to Sir Charles.
Janette, ch. m., 16 yrs., own sister to Sir Charles (by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen,) and dam of Fordham; stinted to Monmouth Eclipse.
Fanti, ch. m., 5 yrs., by Henry, out of Janette (Fordham's dam); stinted to Imp. Trustee.

This lot will be accompanied by a draft from the stud of Mr. ROBT. L. STEVENS, consisting of the following:—

Tom Moore, ch. h., 7 yrs., by Eclipse, out of Lalla Rookh by Gabriel Oscar.
Henry Moore, ch. h., 5 yrs., by Henry, out of Tom Moore's dam.
Chesnut colt, 4 yrs., Own brother to Henry Moore.
Chesnut colt, 2 yrs., Own brother to Henry Moore.
Antoinette, b. f., 3 yrs., by Nullifier, out of Polly Hopkins by Virginian.
Seminole, ch. c., 3 yrs., by Eclipse, out of Celeste by Henry.

They will leave this city on Monday next, under the charge of Mr. ISAAC VAN LEER, who is authorised to train and run, or to dispose of them. In their route to New Orleans they will pass through Baltimore, Norfolk, Va., Tarboro', and Fayetteville, N. C., Camden and Columbia, S. C., Augusta, Macon, Milledgeville, and Columbus, Ga., Montgomery and Mobile, Ala.

New York, Jan. 12, 1839.—[J12-tf.] JOHN C. STEVENS, 14 Barclay-St.

THE Subscriber has put in charge of VAN LEER, to be run and sold, his b. f. *Betsey Robinson*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of the fine old mare of that name. A mulatto boy, 15 years old, a good rider, accompanies the filly. Mr. Van Leer is authorized to dispose of either. THOMAS E. GITTINGS.

Bella Vista, Md., Jan. 24, 1839.—[F2]

COMMODORE ELLIOTT'S ARABIAN SHERIFF PACHA.

DESCRIPTION AND PEDIGREE.—In the summer of 1837, being on the coast of Northern Syria, Commodore ELLIOTT, in pursuance of orders from the Navy Department, and prompted by a commendable zeal to improve the breed of horses in the United States, procured a thorough bred Arabian of the Nadji breed from an agent of the Governor or Vice Roy of Northern Syria. "Sheriff Pacha."

The horse referred to is a Stallion, 5 yrs. old, and of a rich bay color, standing 15½ hands high, of fine bone and finish. He bears a strong resemblance to the high mettled racer of "the race-horse region," and there can be no doubt that he is what he is certified to be, a real Nadji,—the most celebrated breed in Syria. The experienced judge of the race horse will detect at a glance, and be immediately impressed with the idea, and convinced of the purity of his origin. No formal pedigree need be offered to the observer of this superior animal, for without these, nature has so impressed her seal, that they would not be required; but fortunately the most authentic are given, attested by the American Consul's seal at Damascus.

Mustapha Aga, of Damascus, purchased this horse of Kage Ali the Alepine, who procured him of an Arab of Atrah. A great many testimonials are given by the Arabs of Dawleh, the neighbors of the Arabs of Atrah, each of whom concur that he is a real Nadji.

☞ This horse will stand the ensuing season at Carlisle, Harrisburg, and Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. For particulars see bills. [F9]

GRASSHOPPER FOR SALE.

THE highly bred mare "GRASSHOPPER," well known as an approved brood mare of blood-like appearance, fine size, and connected with the best racing families on the side of both sire and dam, will be sold at a bargain if applied for immediately. She will be 13 years old in May next; she is a rich blood bay, measuring about 15 hands 3 inches—is perfectly sound and a sure breeder. Her three colts that have been trained, have proved uncommonly speedy and stout runners; she is the dam of *Sir Harry*, a popular stallion, *Nelson*, a winner on Long Island, and purchased by Col. Johnson, of Virginia, and *John R.* one of the speediest 4 yr. olds at the North; with 104lbs. on his back he won a heat of two miles last Spring in 3:45, and ran 2d for the next in 3:47, notwithstanding a bad start, and the 3d in 3:51, beating Tom Moore, Bergen, Ajax, Young Lady Lightfoot, and Shadow; the 2d and 3d heats were won, after a desperate struggle, by Suffolk, by a few feet only, after a remarkably fast and game race. [See Spirit of the Times of June 2, page 124.] In the Fall he won the 1st heat for the Three mile purse on the Union Course, in 5:50, and lost the 2d heat to Henry Moore by a scant length, in 5:57½, having split his hoof on the last quarter: he of course was then drawn. The first two miles of the 1st heat he ran in 3:47, and in both heats he beat Betsey Andrey, Jane Rowlett, and The Colonel. Grasshopper's only other produce is a colt by Henry, and a very promising one by Imp. Trustee: she will, if not sold, be stinted this season to Imp. Trustee.

Grasshopper was bred by Nelson Lloyd, Esq., of Lloyd's Neck, Long Island, the breeder of Post Boy, Robin Hood, Tarquin, Suffolk, and a host of winners, and it is believed that she combines as many capital strains of blood as any brood mare of the present day. Her pedigree on her dam's side may be found in full in the Turf Register and Spirit of the Times, and on the side of her sire in the English Stud Book. It is as follows:—

Grasshopper was got by Imp. Roman, out of Garland (the dam of *Post Boy*) by Duroc—grandam Young Damsel by Hambletonian—g. g. dam Miller's Damsel (the dam of *Eclipse*) by Imp. Messenger—g. g. g. dam the celebrated imported Pot-8-o's mare—g. g. g. g. dam by Gimcrack, etc.

Roman, the sire of Grasshopper, was imported into New York in 1823. He was bred by Mr. Liddell and foaled in 1815. [See English and Am. Stud Book, page 1015.] Roman was got by Camillus, out of Leon Forte (bred by Mr. Watt in 1808,) who was got by Eagle, her dam Tamborine by Trumpator—Crone by Highflyer—Middlesex by Snap. [See Eng. and Am. Stud Book, page 674.] Camillus, the sire of Roman, was got by Cannon-ball, his dam by Camillus, out of Hampden's dam by Hyacinthus—Zara by Delpini. [See Eng. and Am. Stud Book, page 894.]

A better bred mare, or one more unexceptionable for size, form, color, and soundness, can hardly be found anywhere, and it must be added that she is a sure breeder, and that all her stock have run with credit. If applied for immediately she will be sold at a bargain. She may be seen at Trustee's stand, near the Union Course, L. I. Application may be made (if by letter post paid) to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, who is authorized to dispose of her.

Long Island, Feb. 12, 1839. [F16-lptf.]

VETERINARY SURGERY AND HORSE-SHOEING.

PRICE REDUCED.—The Subscriber with pleasure announces to his former patrons and others, that he is now enabled to Shoe Horses for twelve shillings a sett (his former price having been fourteen), and that any person sending horses to his forge, may depend upon having them shod in the *very best manner*, by himself and brothers, who have received the premiums at the last four Fairs of the American and Mechanics' Institutes, as may be seen by calling at his establishment, where likewise his general work may be examined and explanations given.

Lame horses, from bad shoeing or other causes, made to go sound in a very short time; in most cases from superior shoeing alone.

The subscriber also attends to the diseases of horses as usual, at his Infirmary and the vicinity, which he treats on the most approved scientific principles of the London and Edinburgh Schools; he is a regular Graduate of the latter Institution, of which he received the Diploma as Veterinary Surgeon on the 14th April, 1833.

New York, Jan. 11, 1839. JAMES DRYSDALE, Veterinary Surgeon.

N. B. The most respectable references given. Apply at No. 18 Fifth Street, near the Bowery. [m2-4t]

TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

WADE'S WORM AND CONDITION POWDERS FOR HORSES have been extolled upwards of 37 years in England and France, as the best and only preparation to promote the condition of horses. They destroy the worms and botts, loosen the hide, fine the coat, purify the blood, so as to do away with the necessity of bleeding, render the food more nutritive, prevent the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They have been tested by the first Veterinary Surgeons, and certificates granted as to their efficacy in the above named cases. Since their introduction in this country the first owners of valuable studs have given them to their horses, and acknowledge that they are not to be surpassed by anything else.

☞ These Powders used when horses come off a journey, or are wet and cold, or exceedingly fatigued, will be found in the highest degree beneficial. They require no trouble in giving, as it is simply throwing the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed at night.

☞ Sold wholesale and retail by Dr. W. H. Thurston, 260 Bowery, Dr. J. H. Hart, corner of Broadway and Chambers street, and Messrs. Blackwell & Clarke, corner of Gravieurand & Camp streets, New Orleans. [o13]

S. J. SYLVESTER.

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER, 130 Broadway, and 22 Wall Street, has NOT Removed, but continues at his old establishment as above, where he has been for the last 13 years, and has *no other office in this City*, or elsewhere.

All kinds of Southern and Western Certificates of Deposite, and Bank Notes purchased at the very lowest market rates.

Virginia, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Maryland, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Eastern Notes discounted on the very best terms.

Bills of Exchange on all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, in sums of 5*l.*, 10*l.*, 15*l.*, 25*l.*, to 1000*l.*, (with fractional parts of a pound sterling) always for sale.

Sovereigns, English Silver, Bank of England, and Drafts on any part of the Continent of Europe, bought and sold.

Checks at Sight on Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and Washington City, and most of the other cities in the United States, can be obtained, and persons remitting funds to New York can draw at sight, or if left, interest will be allowed at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum. Those remitting uncurrent money can have it changed at the lowest market rates, and funds returned in current bank notes, or it will be subject to their order. Orders, however distant, meet the same attention as personal application.

☞ All communications for Sylvester's Reporter and Counterfeit Detector must be addressed to S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway and 22 Wall-street.

EQUESTRIAN EXCHANGE.

VAUXHALL GARDEN, 408 BOWERY.—The subscribers beg to inform their friends and the public that they have opened the above splendid establishment (late Cooke's Circus) as Livery and Sale Stables.

The Sales will take place every Thursday, at 11 o'clock. Horses, &c., must be entered by six o'clock the evening previous to ensure a number on the catalogue.

The long experience and knowledge of the Proprietors, coupled with their determination to devote their personal attention to every department of the business, will not fail, they trust, to secure a liberal patronage.

[d1-1.] ROCKENBURG & BANCKER.

SWEEPSTAKES, EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON, N. J.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to come off over the Eagle Course on the ensuing Spring Meeting, which will commence on the Tuesday following the Philadelphia and Camden Races.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300, h. ft., Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to close 25th March.

W. B. Stockton names imp. ch. c. *Passaic*, by Reveller, out of Rachel.
Also, " imp. bl. c. *Cumberland*, by Camel, out of Matilda by Orville.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to close as above.

W. B. Stockton names imp. b. c. *Atlantic*, by Actæon, out of Miss Craven.
Also, " imp. bl. c. *Cumberland*, by Camel, out of Matilda by Orville.
Also, " imp. ch. c. *Passaic*, by Reveller, out of Rachel.

Second day—Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, sub. $200, h. ft., Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to name and close as above.

Same day—Sweepstakes for all ages that never won a race previous to the time that this stake closes, sub. $200, h. ft., Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to name and close as above.

PURSES.

Second day—A purse of $400, $100 of which goes to the 2d best if more than two start—if but one or two, the winner to receive $300; Two mile heats.

Third day—A purse of $700, $200 of which goes to the 2d best if more than two start—if but one or two, the winner to receive $500; Three mile heats.

Same day—A purse of $100, Mile heats.

Fourth day—A purse of $1500, $500 of which goes to the 2d best if more than two start—if but one or two, the winner to receive $1000; Four mile heats.

Same day—A purse of $100, Mile heats.

The second best to be determined by the Rules of the Philadelphia and Camden Course; when these rules determine that neither are second best, the horse that is 2d in the last heat to be second best.

The New Jersey Rail Road is now completed, and will hereafter convey passengers from New York to the Eagle Course in three hours, passing through Newark, Brunswick, Princeton, and the principal villages of New Jersey.

As the Eagle Course has now every advantage that can be wished, far greater inducements will hereafter be offered on it, each Spring and Fall, than has heretofore been on any Course North of Louisiana.

Trenton, N. J., Nov. 9, 1838.—[n16] O. BAILEY, Secretary.

NEW ORLEANS RACES, LOUISIANA COURSE.

THE Jockey Club Spring Meeting over the Louisiana Course will commence on the 3d Wednesday, 20th March.

First day—Creole Purse $500, Mile heats.

Same day—Proprietors' Purse $250, Mile heats.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $1200, of which the 2d best horse will be entitled to $200 if more than two start—if but one or two, the winner to receive $1000; Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1800, $300 to go to the 2d best if more than two start—if but one or two, the winner to receive $1500; Three mile heats.

Fourth day—For a Splendid Silver Urn, value $1500, and Jockey Club Purse of $500, and $500 extra to be given to the 2d best horse in the race, if more than two start; Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Proprietors' Purse $600, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Same day—The Louisiana Plate, valued at $1000, Two mile heats.

HENRY A. TAYLOE,
J. C. BRANCH,
MANDEVILLE MARIGNY, } Proprietors.

[J19-t16mh]

NEW ORLEANS J. C. RACES, ECLIPSE COURSE.

THE Jockey Club Spring Races over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, will commence on the Second Wednesday, 13th March, 1839, and continue five days. Particulars in due time.

SWEEPSTAKES.

The following Sweepstakes are now open. Gentlemen wishing to enter into either will please address the Proprietor.

No. 1. For 3 yr. old colts, sub. $500, $250 ft., Two mile heats; to close 1st March. Now 4 subs.

No. 2. For 2 yr. old colts, sub. $1000, h. ft., Two mile heats; 4 or more to make a race; to close 1st March. Now 2 subs.

No. 3. For 2 yr. olds, sub. $500, h. ft., Mile heats; to close 1st March. Now 2 subs.

No. 4. For 2 yr. olds owned in the State of Louisiana, sub. $500, h. ft., Two mile heats; 4 or more to make a race; to close 1st March.

New Orleans, Jan. 12, 1839.—[J26] Y. N. OLIVER, Proprietor.

MOBILE (Ala.) SPRING RACES,

OVER the Bascombe Course, will commence on the second Monday, 11th March, 1839, and continue six days.

First day—Match, $10,000 a-side, Four mile heats, between
Col. Thos. Watson's ch. h. *The Poney*, by Imp. Leviathan, and
David Stephenson's br. h. *Melzare*, by Bertrand.

Second day—Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring of 1838, sub. $500 each, ft. $300, Two mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to name and close 20th Feb. Now 4 subs., viz:—

Col. Thos. Watson,	David Stephenson,
James S. Garrison,	John J. Burton.

Same day—A *Champagne Stake* for 3 yr. olds Spring of 1838, sub. $150, ft. $50, Mile heats; 4 or more to make a race; to name and close 20th Feb. Now 5 subs.

David Stephenson,	Col. Vance Johnson,	John J. Burton.
Col. Thos. Watson,	Drs. Fearn & Nott,	

The winner of the above stake is to present the Club with twelve dozen of Champagne.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.

Same day—Proprietor's Purse $150, with the entrance money added, Mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Sixth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Same day—A Service of Plate, given by the Proprietor, valued at $500, Mile heats.

The Match Race, Four mile heats, was postponed from the 7th to the 11th March, at the request of several gentlemen living at a distance.

The sport no doubt will be excellent, as there will be a greater number of stables than was ever here before. There are already here, and on the road—Jas. S. Garrison's stable, with Wagner, Pollard Brown, Glorvina, and many young things—Col. Thos. Watson's with The Poney, Linnet, Bee's-wing, Exotic, Queen of Trumps, and several others—The Proprietor has Melzare, Paul Jones, Authentic, and several imported young ones—Messrs. Greer & Simmons with Harralyle, Wilkins Herndon, and others—James Shy with Curculia, and a lot of Medocs—H. A. Tayloe with Maria Black, Zelina, and a number of good ones—also the stables of Mr. John J. Burton, Messrs. Smith & Head, Col. R. Long, and Col. N. Davis. It is also expected that J. C. Stevens' stable, now on its way from New York, will train and run here. D. STEVENSON, Proprietor.

Mobile, Feb. 3, 1839.—[F16-4t]

GREAT PRODUCE STAKE.

WE, the Undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tennessee, Four Mile Heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, forfeit $1000. The Rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race; if subscriber, colt, or filly, dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1839.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Hon. Balie Peyton & Dr. J. G. Chalmers of La. name the produce of Black Maria by Eclipse, and Imp. Luzborough.
2. Hon. B. Peyton & A. Henderson of La. name the produce of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
3. James Kirkman of La. names the produce of Imp. Eliza by Rubens, and Imp. Glencoe.
4. Col. Wm. Wynn of Va. names the produce of Isabella by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
5. Also, the produce of Trumpetta by Mons. Tonson, and Imp. Priam.
6. Maj. Thos. J. Wells of La. names the produce of Imp. Pickle by Emilius, and Imp. Glencoe.
7. James Jackson of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Delight by Reveller, and Imp. Glencoe.
8. Col. Thos. Watson of Tenn. names the produce of Giantess by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Glencoe.
9. John Boardman of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Miss Gelborne by Lottery, and Imp. Berners' Comus.
10. Wm. G. Haun of Miss. names the produce of Rattlesnake by Bertrand, and Imp. Hedgeford.
11. Col. Geo. Elliott & H. & J. Kirkman of Tenn. name the produce of Hibernia by Sir Archy, and Imp. Leviathan.
12. Also, the produce of Imp. Florestine by Whisker, and Imp. Leviathan.
13. Maj. A. J. Davie of Tenn. names the produce of Imp. Doris by The Colonel, and Imp. Lurcher.
14. Henry Wilkes of Md. names the produce of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
15. James Long of Va. names the produce of Flirtilla Jr. by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
16. P. A. Prindle of S. C. names the produce of Aggy-Down by Timoleon, and Imp. Priam.
17. Hon. Alex. Barrow of La. names the produce of Lilac by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
18. Col. A. L. Bingaman of Miss. names the produce of Own Sister to Betsey Malone by Stockholder, and Woodpecker.
19. Henry A. Tayloe of Ala. names the produce of Howa by Imp. Luzborough, and Mingo.
20. John C. & Hugh Rogers of N. C. name the produce of Polly Peacham by John Richards, and Imp. Priam.
21. W. D. Amis & M. Hunt of Miss. name the produce of Eliza Drake by Shawnee, and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
22. Col. Wade Hampton of S. C. names the produce of Imp. Delphine by Whisker, and Plenipotentiary.
23. W. H. E. Merritt of Va. & L. P. Cheatham of Tenn. name the produce of Alice Riggs by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
24. John C. Beasley of Tenn. names the produce of Kathleen by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
25. Maj. W. R. Peyton of Tenn. names the produce of Black Kitty Clover by Eclipse, and Pacific.
26. John Blevins and Samuel Carter of Ala. name the produce of Miss Medley by Medley, and Wild Bill.
27. J. Morrison Pindell of Ky. names the produce of Marcella by Alfred, and Eclipse.
28. Wm. H. E. Merritt & Brothers of Va. name the produce of Imp. Peri by Wanderer, and Imp. Priam.
29. Also, the produce of Imp. Bustle by Whalebone, and Imp. Priam.

☞ Subscribers to this Stake losing their colts will please make the fact known at once through the Spirit of the Times.

[F2] H. KIRKMAN, Sec'y Nashville Jockey Club.

BERNERS' COMUS AND CONSOL.

THE *Imported Stallions*, BERNERS' COMUS and CONSOL, will stand in 1839 at Boardman's Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., the former at $80, the latter at $70; insurance by either, $100; $10 discount for prompt pay.

The plantation at the Mills is arranged for the express accommodation of blood stock, being divided into a great number of lots and paddocks, with convenient shelters and stables; and abounds with pasturage, shade, and water. Every care which the personal attention of the owner, aided by faithful grooms, can bestow, will be given to mares and their foals at a reasonable price.

Berners' Comus is a brown, 16 hands, of unexceptionable form, and entirely sound. His trainer, who had the management of Lord Berners' stock for 18 years, says, "Lord B. never had a better horse, or one that could run a long distance better than him. There was one or two of his year could beat him for *speed*, but he could beat nearly all the rest." It appears from the Racing Calendar that he was a winner at all distances, from 1200 yards to four mile heats.

Consol is a dark bay or brown, 16 hands, of high form, great substance, and all sound; he was both a speedy and lasting racer, having continued in work until 7 yrs. old without a blemish. Out of 21 engagements, he won and received forfeit 11 times, ran 2d four times, and 3d four times. The last year he was on the turf, then 7 yrs. old, he was the trial horse of the largest and most successful stable in England (Scott's), which that year won the Derby with Mundig.

His colts, the oldest of which were foaled in 1837, are uncommonly promising in appearance, of good bone and high finish. One of them was sold at auction, when a yearling, for $1500, and many others would bring still higher prices—higher, it is believed, than those of any other *untried* horse in the country.

Huntsville, Ala., Dec. 8, 1838.—[d29-tf.] E. H. BOARDMAN.

NATIONAL JOCKEY CLUB.

THE SPRING RACES of 1839, over the *Washington Course*, will commence the First Tuesday, 7th May, and continue four days.

First day—Will be run a splendid Produce Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1836, sub. $1000 each, $200 ft.; Mile heats. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Wm. H. Tayloe names produce of Miss Chance and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
2. Wm. L. White names produce of Sir Philip's dam and Goliah.
3. E. J. Hamilton names produce of Nenon and Imp. Tranby.
4. O. H. Oliver names produce of Young Flirtilla and Eclipse.
5. Thos. D. Watson names produce of Tuberose and Mons. Tonson.
6. Wm. D. Boone names produce of Agility and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
7. Wm. H. Minge names produce of Eliza Riley and ———.
8. Also, " " " Mazeppa's dam and ———.
9. Gilmore & Tyson name produce of Sally Walker and Imp. Tranby.
10. J. M. Botts names produce of Mischief and Tobacconist.
11. O. P. Hare names produce of Miss Waxy (by Sir Archie) and Mons. Tonson.
12. Wm. Wynn names produce of Flirtilla and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
13. Also, " " " Martha Ann and Imp. Tranby.
14. Chas. McClannahan names produce of Donna Maria's dam and Mons. Tonson.
15. John Heth names produce of Screamer and Imp. Tranby.
16. Also, " " " Nancy Dawson and Hotspur.
17. John C. Craig names produce of Reality and Shark.
18. Robt. B. Corbin names produce of Betsey Haxall and Eclipse.
19. W. J. Stratton names produce of Madame Lavalette and Eclipse, for J. W. D.
20. Philip Wallace names produce of Lubly Rose and Imp. Tranby.

Second day—Purse $500, ent. $20, Three mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $800, ent. $30, Four mile heats.

Fourth day—Ladies' Purse $200, ent. $15, Two mile heats.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300, ft. $100, —— heats; 3 or more to make a race; to name and close 1st April.

[d22-t4my] EDWARD J. WILSON, Proprietor.

NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH JOCKEY CLUB.

THE Second Meeting of the New Club, Spring 1839, will take place over the Norfolk Course on Monday, 1st day of April next.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300, ft. $100, Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to name and close 1st March.

Second day—Ladies' Purse $500, with an inside stake of $300 each, $100 ft., for 4 yr. olds, Three mile heats; 4 or more to make a race; to name and close 1st March.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $800, ent. $30, Four mile heats.

Fourth day—Proprietor's Purse $200, ent. $15, Two mile heats.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to name and close 1st March.

[d22-t1a] EDWARD J. WILSON, Proprietor.

GREENSBOROUGH, (Ala.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

OVER the Henry Course, will commence on the 1st Tuesday, 7th May next, for the following purses:—

First day—Proprietors' Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $800, Four mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Three mile heats.

TAYLOE, BRANCH & BEVERLEY, Proprietors.

Greensborough, Dec. 26, 1838.—[J19]

IMPORTED TRUSTEE,

BY CATTON, out of Emma by Whisker. Catton has always been considered one of the best, if not the best four mile horse ever bred in England. In speaking of him he is called "the celebrated Catton." Trustee was likewise a first rate horse, and was sold when a 3 yr. old, for 2,000 guineas.

Trustee will stand at my stable, near the Union Course, Long Island, the ensuing season, at the low price of $30 cash, and $1 to the groom. This rule will be strictly adhered to, and no mare need be sent to him without the money, it being better both for the breeder and owner of the horse. All accidents and escapes at the risk of the owner. Season to commence 1st Feb., and close 1st July.

Union Hotel, near the Race Course, Dec. 21, 1838.—[d22] JOHN R. SNEDEKER.

STOCKHOLDER.

MR. EDITOR—This will inform you that I have purchased the celebrated Race-Horse and Race-horse Getter, old STOCKHOLDER, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen.

He will make his next season at my residence, in Wilson County, 8 miles from Lebanon, on Cumberland River, 15 miles from Gallatin, and 35 miles above Nashville, at $75 the season, $125 to insure, and $1 to the groom. Mares will be pastured and grain fed at $1 per week, which must be paid when the mares are taken away. The season money will be due on 1st Jan., 1840. All mares sent to my care will be well treated, and every precaution used to prevent accidents or escapes, but no liability for either. The season will commence on the 15th Feb. next, and end on the last day of June.

His character as a Racer and a Stallion is too well known to require puffing.

The performances of his colts at all distances, from One to Four mile heats, are equally well known, and the cross between Imp. Leviathan and Stockholder is considered equal, if not superior, to any other in America.

The pedigree of Stockholder, for the satisfaction and interest of all concerned, has been made a matter of record, and is registered in the Registrar's Office of Wilson County, Tennessee.

From the untarnished character of Old Stockholder, and the great pains I am taking to give general satisfaction, I shall expect a liberal share of public patronage.

His stable is well worth the attention of all horsemen.

Tuscaloosa, Ala., Dec. 9, 1838.—[d29-tf.] A. B. NEWSOM.

PENNOYER.

THIS Thorough-bred Horse will stand at the subscriber's stable, at Augusta, Ga., and will be let to mares at $50 the season, and $1 to the groom. The season will commence the 1st of March and end the 15th June. Mares fed at 50 cents per day. Good and extensive and well enclosed pasturage has been provided, and all possible care and attention will be paid to mares left with the horse, but no responsibility for escapes or accidents if any should happen. The season money will be due and payable when the mares are taken away.

PEDIGREE.

Pennoyer was sired by Henry (the competitor of Eclipse), out of Ariel by Eclipse. For purity of blood, and as a distinguished runner, Ariel has never been surpassed, having started 57 times, and was winner 42 times, (17 of which were four mile heats.) His grandam was by Financier, out of Empress, who has also been regarded as one of the most renowned race nags and brood mares of the North. Empress was got by Imp. Baronet, her dam by Old Messenger, grandam by Snap, out of Jenny Dator by True Briton. Jenny Dator was out of Quaker Lass, got by Juniper, out of Molly-Pacolet by Pacolet—her g. g. dam was got by Old Spark, g. g. g. dam Queen Mab, g. g. g. g. dam Miss Caldwell. For further particulars see Am. Turf Register, vol. 6.

Henry was sired by Sir Archy (son of Imp. chesnut Diomed), his dam by Diomed, grandam by Bell-air, g. g. dam by Pilgrim, g. g. g. dam by Valiant, g. g. g. g. dam by Janus, g. g. g. g. g. dam by Jolly Roger. The four last named are imported horses.

DESCRIPTION.

Pennoyer was foaled in the Spring of 1831, is a beautiful brown bay, stands full 15¾ hands high, and in point of blood, high racing form, style and action, is excelled by none. While training at 2 yrs old, his owners were flattered with the highest expectations of him, as a first-rate race horse (having tried him sufficiently to test his superior speed), and had he not received an injury in one of his fore legs, just above the knee, while in training, which prevented his appearance on the turf, there can be no doubt, from his trials, that he would now have been one of the most distinguished racers of the day.

Augusta, Ga., Jan. 1, 1839.—[J5-tf.] HENRY DALBY.

JOHN BASCOMBE.

THIS renowned and ever memorable horse will occupy his old stand at the Hampton Course, in the vicinity of Augusta, under my direction. Col. Crowell, his owner, after returning from his tour through the North East and West, has come to the conclusion to allow him to remain with me another season. Applications were made in various sections of our country; unlimited business was guaranteed; large sums offered by various gentlemen for the service of the horse: but Col. Crowell threw aside all minor considerations, all pecuniary motives, when on his return he found so many solicitations, from various quarters of the South, to allow the horse to remain with me, that he at length yielded and gratified their wishes. In fact, Bascombe has so many warm admirers, that they nearly view him as their common property. Bascombe has attained his end in one point, he has put to rest all those little petty slanders relative to *impotency*, as he has proved himself as sure a foal-getter as any horse that stands on four feet. His first get was dropped this season! each and every person's colt, in different parts of the South, is the crack and brag colt; in fact, for game-like appearance, quickness of action, sprightliness and playfulness, they are *unsurpassed*.

He will commence his season on the 15th Feb., to terminate on the 15th July.

Terms—$100 the season and $1 to the groom. Good lots, fine stables, pastures, and provender, will be provided for the mares; no liability for escapes or accidents. Persons sending mares are particularly requested to send their pedigree; also notes made payable to John Crowell or bearer. The expenses of the mares to be paid before taking them away. Mares remaining with the horse will be well taken care of at 50 cents per day, servants with them fed gratis.

It is useless to mention pedigree and performances: Bascombe's speak for themselves; the world know them; his name will be handed down from Turfite to Turfite; and when no more, the bosoms of future sportsmen will swell with emotion and delight, when they hear mentioned the name of *Bascombe*. [n10] F. W. LACY.

ENVOY.

THIS thorough-bred and magnificent imported horse will stand next season at the stable of LEWIS K. GRIGSBY, near Winchester, Clark County, Kentucky, and will be let to mares at Fifty dollars the season, and $1 to the groom. Enclosed and extensive pasture of the best kind has been provided, and all possible care and attention will be paid to mares left with the horse, but no responsibility for accidents or escapes, should any occur. The season money will be due and payable when the mares are taken away.

ENVOY'S *Pedigree*.—Envoy was got by Memnon, out of Zarina (bred by Lord Anson, and foaled in 1827,) by Morisco—her dam Ina (bred by Sir John Byng in 1821) by Smolensko—Morgiana by Coriander, out of Fairy by Highflyer—Fairy Queen by Young Cade—Routh's Black Eyes by Crab. [See Skinner's General Stud Book, page 657.] Memnon, the sire of ENVOY, was bred by Mr. Watt in 1822; he was got by Whisker, (brother to Whalebone, Wire, Woful, etc.,) out of Manuella, the dam of The Abbott, Belzoni, Margellina, Nitocres, Belshazzar (lately imported to this country) and other first raters. Manuella was got by Dick Andrews, her dam Mandane by Pot-8-o's, out of Young Camilla, sister to Colibri. [See General Eng. and Am. Stud Book, page 687.] It will be seen that *Envoy's* pedigree combines the purest and most fashionable blood on the side of both sire and dam; his distinguished ancestry were celebrated as winners at long distances, carrying heavy weights; the stock of both his sire and dam are remarkable for their beauty, speed, and stoutness, winning at all distances, and training on.

Description of ENVOY'S *Sire, the renowned* MEMNON.—He was foaled in 1822; in 1824, when 2 yrs. old, he won his two races, and the next year, at the York Spring Meeting, he won the St. Leger Stakes, and at Doncaster, on Tuesday, 25th Sept., he won the *Great St. Leger Stakes* of 25 sovs. each, 85 subscribers, of which 30 started; he won it so easily, that none but he and his great antagonist, *The Alderman*, were placed. He won many other races at all distances.

Description of ENVOY.—He is now 5 years old, and was imported from England by the Hon. WM. WILKINS, late Minister to Russia, before he was 2 yrs. old. He is much improved, and looks remarkably well, with his points now finely developed. He is of the richest bay color, without a white hair upon him, and is over 16 hands high. The Proprietor has, at his stable, a colt by him, out of his old Moses mare, 18 months old, and now between 14 and 15 hands high, that is said to be one of the finest colts in the country; also, at the stable where he stands in Clark County, Ky., a filly foaled on the 14th April, 1838, out of the same mare, which is very large and very fine. To judge from these colts Envoy must breed well. Breeders and Turfmen would do well to call and examine Envoy and his colts. [F2-tes]

WASHINGTON HOTEL—BROADWAY.

THE Subscriber, late of the National Hotel, having taken the above well-known establishment, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that his capacious and airy mansion has been completely renovated and painted throughout, and is now in complete order to accommodate the public.

Strangers will find the Washington a central and desirable situation. The private parlors communicate with the dormitories, forming suites of rooms, where families can be delightfully situated and retired.

The Bill of Fare daily will be found satisfactory to the most fastidious epicure, embracing every delicacy of the season. Gentlemen will find an ordinary served regularly at half-past three o'clock, with the best of attendance, for the Proprietor, having under his direction first rate French Cooks, and a cellar stored with the choicest Wines, pledges himself to promote, to the best of his abilities, the comforts of all who honor his Hotel.

[d15-3m] HORATIO N. CARR.

Things Theatrical.

On entering upon another volume, it may be interesting to our theatrical readers to review, as cursorily as possible, the incidents of the past year which have any connection with the Stage—to note the positions of the rival establishments at the commencement of the season, and the attitudes which they have attained during the progress of the contest. We allude, of course, to the PARK and the NATIONAL, which for the last year have had the town almost to themselves.

In his management of the National the preceding year,—from Sept. '37 to Sept. '38,—Mr. WALLACK had difficulties innumerable through which to struggle. The name and character of the house when he took it were low indeed. It was a continual up-hill work to him from the beginning to the end of the year. But he evinced spirit and determination, and he learned a most useful lesson as to the taste of the public. He discovered that the true system upon which to conduct a fashionable theatre in this city, is to rely upon "stars" rather than upon the stock company, and that the entertainment which is most universal and absorbing in attractions, is with us Opera. This was the lesson which the manager received from his year's experience, and he acted upon it with decision. One further advantage did he derive from his first season; though it could not have been profitable to his treasury, it was worth everything to the character of the house. He had raised the National from the degradation to which it had deliberately and designedly been reduced by some preceding lessees, and it was no longer discreditable to enter it. He did more,—he extended his personal popularity, made some firm friends in the best circles, and at the close of the season he received from them a complimentary benefit,—happily designed to reward his former exertions, and to stimulate him to new efforts for the new year. After receiving the benefit, he went abroad to make his engagements.

But if Mr. Wallack had anything to hope from the experience of the past, the Park had nothing to fear. The preceding season had been brilliant to them, and their profits very large. The reputation of the house was never higher, its popularity never more general. Apparently, nothing could prevent the approaching season from being as profitable as the past. The friends of the manager had none of them gone over to the enemy, but, taking the hint from the benefit given to Mr. Wallack, they resolved upon offering, at the commencement of the season, a similar compliment to Mr. SIMPSON, that should far outstrip the former in value, both as a testimony of respect, and in solid profit. Arrangements were made on the most extensive scale by a very large committee of our citizens,,—meeting after meeting was held to insure a satisfactory result. The benefit succeeded; an assemblage, distinguished for fashion and wealth, united in paying him this mark of respect; every individual of the great throng was animated with the warmest feeling of personal regard for the manager, and their attendance on that night was the best possible pledge of their future encouragement and support.

We thus see the two houses starting in the race for popular favor under cheering auspices,—upon unequal ground, and with unequal advantages, surely, for the Park enjoyed the superiority of a more favorable position, and of a long established character; but yet the prospects of each were flattering, and many were bold enough to anticipate for the National complete success. Their hopes seemed to us, we well remember, too sanguine, and as the great theme at the time among playgoers was the chances of each, we constantly so expressed our opinions; it ever appeared to us that though Mr. Wallack might save himself by the rarest tact and management from absolute loss, yet the great profits of the season would flow inevitably into the treasury of the Park. Let us now recal the actual progress of events.

POWER opened at the Park on the 27th of August, and played every night till the 13th of Sept. The engagement was triumphant. No individual actor from the old country has been here for years, who is so great a favorite,—no one who can draw such a succession of fine houses. Old and young, men and women crowded to see him, to laugh at him and with him,—he took two benefits in the three weeks during which he played, and each was thronged with beauty and fashion.

This was an opening of the campaign altogether brilliant, but yet the great card of the manager had not been played. On Monday, the 17th of September, Mr. and Mrs. CHARLES MATHEWS were announced. Curiosity had been for a month on tip-toe to see VESTRIS,—seats had been secured many weeks in advance, to witness the debut, and in some cases for the entire engagement. Not another individual could have found admittance to the house on their first night,—hundreds more would have been welcomed the second; in other words, they failed to produce the effect anticipated. VESTRIS was not so beautiful at forty as she had been at twenty-five,—age had told upon her features, and the brilliant, dashing, voluptuous widow, whom the town had, foolishly enough, thought to look upon, was but a glorious actress, "fat, fair and forty." Nor was she thought so resplendent as an actress by all the playgoers; she had been preceded in almost all her parts by a very clever little woman, Mrs. KEELEY, who was a great favorite with every body. Besides, the style of the incomparable Vestris was too simple and pure, too natural, to produce all its effect upon the first hearing; the taste of the town demanded more cultivation to appreciate her rare excellence. One or two engagements would have wrought the desired change, for each night she won upon you,—every personation seemed to improve upon repetition. But the lady was disheartened by the first failure; she and her husband had been fretted to death by squibs in the papers provocative of a row,—they had surmounted that difficulty as they esteemed it, but encountered one far more terrible to a sensitive actor—indifference. People would not go in crowds to see them,—the two stars drew less than Power single handed. Then they tried Philadelphia,—*there they failed*, "and no mistake." They returned to town more out of humor than ever,—more bitter towards the vulgar Yankees,—in New York they *had* drawn houses that would have been thought respectable for any other stars, and their benefits had been brilliant; in Philadelphia it was widely different.

On the 29th of October they opened again in New York to a good house, but not one of your Fifteen-Hundred-Dollar houses, such as Mrs. WOOD could draw. The second night was still worse, and they continued somewhat thin for a week. This was too much altogether for the temper of Vestris. If the Yankees cannot appreciate me, there are those at home who can, thought the widow, and home she resolved to go. *This the manager should have prevented* at all events, had it been in his power. The last week they played here, Vestris manifestly gained ground with the public,—the applause came more frequently and more heartily, and it was and is our firm conviction that a third engagement would have been far more successful than the first two. But the manager thought otherwise,—it was not in his power, to retain them here, or he felt such confidence in his remaining resources as to care nothing for their departure. Accordingly they returned to England, to play before friends and old acquaintances,—before those who in the Vestris of forty-five could see the perfect woman of thirty, by recalling the power of her early charms,—but more than all, to play before an audience delighted at an opportunity to shame the bad taste of the Yankees, by rewarding with deserved applause her exquisite delineations of character. That she would be most warmly welcomed home, we had no doubt, and it justifies the unstinting measure of praise which this print has often awarded to her, that since her return, the drooping fortunes of the Olympic have entirely revived,—Vestris has resumed her sway in English theatricals, and Charles Mathews is varying the dull routine of playing *Tim Topple* and *Capt. Patter*, by writing a book wherein we poor Yankees are to be terribly scored! He is too clever an actor to be allowed to commit such a folly, and his friends should put a straight jacket upon him forthwith.

When it was finally decided that Mathews and his wife would return, it became the managers of the Park, as prudent men, to order out something from England to supply their places. It was well known that POWER must return in November,—Miss TREE had already gone to the South, and Miss CLIFTON had preceded her. There was then left at the North no star of the first magnitude, save only AUGUSTA. But Augusta had been playing the season previous at the rival house,—her place at the Park had in the meantime been supplied by LECOMTE, a woman of first rate talent in her business. Such was the difference between the character of the houses the year previous, that by leaving the Park for the National, Augusta had lost caste decidedly, and beautiful and clever as she is, when she was induced to return to the Park, it was on all hands regarded as a reluctant engagement on the part of the management,—entered into as a mere *pis aller*, to stay for a moment the effects of that indifference of feeling which seemed to have taken the place of the eager anticipation which Vestris and Power had excited. Every body looked for recruits from England, but no recruits came, and the management floundered through from one engagement to another, with the thinnest possible houses. So strong was the impression upon the public mind that nothing at the Park *could* be worth seeing, that the best bill that could be put up had not the least effect, though presented with the warm encouragements of the press. For the press, that portion of it that was ever friendly to the Park, held fast by it, and out of regard to this time-honored establishment, made every exertion to fill the house. But alas! it was all in vain,—nothing would draw. The most creditable effort made by the manager, was in bringing out *La Gazza Ladra*. But in doing this, misfortune appeared to haunt each step. First Mr. MORLEY was ill, and another had to go on for him,—then Mr. BROUGH would be hoarse,—then Mr. HUGHES would be hoarse, and one accident after another, till at last that opera was withdrawn for the time, unable to collect a house. But it is not right thus to speak of the partial and undeserved failure of this magnificent opera, without at the same time again acknowledging the triumph which Mrs. BAILEY achieved in it. We do not, of course, intend to call it a triumph in the usual sense of drawing large and enthusiastic houses,—but she saved the opera from a total and absolute failure; the burden of it rested upon her shoulders, and in sustaining herself as she did, she vindicated her title to a high rank in her profession. Let us turn now to the National.

That house opened with Mr. FORREST, who, however tastes may differ as to his acting, is a sure card in the hands of any manager, and the sums of money which he drew were of course large. To him succeeded Mr. WALLACK himself, who now came forward to receive a warm welcome upon his return. After a few nights followed CELESTE, she too having just come over from Europe, with budgets of new plays, pantomimes and dances. She too, as usual, brought money to the house, so that by the middle of October, the National, if it had achieved no signal success, had yet been paying steadily and richly. But it was well known that the "great creatures" had not yet been seen. The 15th of October,—after Miss TREE had left the Park, a little before Power was to leave, and after VESTRIS, their great card, had partially failed,—the 15th of October was fixed upon to bring out Miss SHIRREFF and Messrs. SEGUIN and WILSON. With a foresight, to which at first we hardly did justice, ROOKE's new opera of "*Amilie*" was selected for the occasion. Here Mr. Wallack avoided the error which was at first so injurious to Vestris,—every character was new to us, and there was scarce an opportunity to institute comparisons. We need not tell what was the reception of "Amilie,"—it ran through the whole engagement, without falling off the least in attractiveness,—multitudes thronged the house every night, and unless the expenses were large beyond precedent, the profits of the first and of every subsequent engagement of these vocalists must have been prodigious. This was the turning point in the fortunes of the National,—had "Amilie" failed, the story we should now have had to tell would be like that we have just recited of the Park,—thin houses, thin houses! Had "*Fra Diavolo*" or "*La Sonnambula*" been selected, in place of "Amilie," we have great doubts if the whole speculation would not have fallen through. There is no such transcendent merit in the three vocalists as to command success,—we had all heard as good, nay, better singers before,—but the music of "Amilie" struck a chord in public feeling that had not before been touched; "Amilie" was at once the rage with playgoers, and one by one the old supporters of the Italian Opera would creep into the house, till at last, even with the most indifferent attraction, you are sure to find the dress circles of this theatre filled with parties of fashionables. Since the first engagement of the vocalists, other stars have been presented,—some have failed,—"*the Ballet*," so called, being a regular "do,"—others have had a partial success, but the houses have generally been as good as have been deserved; but the constant theme among playgoers, has ever been the National, and the return of the three vocalists, has, on every occasion of their absence, been esteemed as the thing most devoutly to be desired.

That a freak of fashion, a passing caprice of the public, has had a great agency in accomplishing this little revolution in our theatrical circles, this transfer of popularity and constant support from the Park to the National, is undoubted; the two events which furnished the public with an apology for this whimsical change in their affections have been the failure of Vestris at one house, and the success of "Amilie" at the other. Other causes have also been at work more silently,—the attention to the stage management at one house, has been far more constant than at the other,—a more liberal expense has been incurred in the preparation of new pieces,—"Amilie" was produced as perfect in all its appointments the first night as it has been since; the public has felt this and sympathised with Mr. Wallack in his free and hearty exertions. He has commanded success by deserving it. Henceforth the rival houses are placed on a more equal footing, in canvassing for the favor of the town; if there be any difference, Mr. Wallack has the advantage. As if to give him a still more preponderating superiority, an engagement was recently entered into by Mr. Simpson, upon which we have before freely commented. Mr. Wallack ventured on a similar engagement, but under circumstances to palliate its atrocity. We have no wish to ring the changes further on this subject, knowing as we do that almost all decent people are with us now. We regard the whole engagement as a grand move on the part of *Mr. Hamblin* and his friends, and a paltry device of the Park management to conciliate the favor of the most worthless, and make a little money. It is one of those engagements which the more lucrative it shall prove to the coffers of the theatre, will be the more ruinous and disgraceful to its character.

The problem now is, which house is to hold the supremacy through the remainder of the season. We have not, as formerly, any preferences between the two, founded upon the elevated character of either, or upon a uniform regard observed in the one to the proprieties of life, and the welfare of The Drama—*palmam qui meruit ferat*. We know of nothing that can be done by Mr. Simpson this season to retreive his evil fortunes, but to obtain the return of Madame CARADORI ALLAN. It is barely possible that she might withstand the tide of popularity which now sets so strongly towards the other house, and win back again that brilliant circle which formerly gathered to listen to her silvery tones. Yet is it entirely problematical if the power of her attraction would extend so far as to insure profitable engagements. But we esteem it certain that nothing but some lady of the highest pretensions can possibly replace the Park on the elevated position it held one year since. At the other house it is quite different, and to our casual observation nothing seems necessary to render the termination of the season as brilliant as the opening, but a steady reliance upon the Opera. Other entertainments must occasionally intervene, to give a slight variety, but the danger of error lies entirely on the other side. Let the manager hold fast to "Amilie," and bring out every new opera to which his company can do entire justice, and his success is inevitable.

The Park.—The melo-drama of "Rienzi," produced here on Monday the 25th ult., has failed to verify our prediction of last week, that it would "fill the exchequer of the Park." The first night the audience was large, quite a number of the old Park friends going out of mere curiosity, to see what manner of beast it was, of which the Bowery folks were so enamoured. There may have been one thousand dollars in the house. The next night the receipts were far less, and the same on Thursday; but on each of these nights the weather was most inclement, the rain pouring in torrents. Saturday evening was delightful,—a new opera had just failed at the National, and there was every reason to expect a jam. We went early to secure a seat, and it is our firm conviction that the house did not contain the expenses. Again, at *Hamblin's* benefit, on the 4th inst., there was a full attendance, but of people whom we never, before this engagement, have seen at the Park. It was the common remark of those on the stage, that they could recognize none of the faces before which they played that night. On Wednesday, the 6th inst., the house was thin again, containing little, if anything, beyond the expenses. The piece is gorgeously got up, and a tremendous shouting is kept up by the noisy host of supernumeraries on the stage. We are but poor judges of this style of entertainment, but we could see that the piece was indifferently played by the principal characters. But the whole is glaring absurdity,—no beauty of dialogue, no perceptible development of plot, but one unbroken scene of gaudy show and tumultuous disturbance. It is obvious, from these remarks, why people of sense or taste have kept away; if they had had no other motive for absenting themselves than the desire to escape a bore, they would have done wisely; but other causes have been at work to arrest that tide of prosperity which was expected to flow into the Park, the moment this spectacle should be brought out.

So much for the "Grand, Romantic, Historical Drama of *Rienzi*," which deserves precisely this result, and so much for the daily assertions of the press that it is running triumphantly; it is regarded by all connected with the theatre as a failure. Another spectacle "Lafitte," so called, is to succed it, we are told; that, too, will fail. By failing, we do not mean that "Rienzi" has been, or that "Lafitte" will be, damned, (though not one hand in all the pit was raised to applaud Rienzi at the conclusion of the first act on Saturday;) but we mean that they have failed, or will fail, in drawing any overflowing houses—anything to realize the anticipations of the manager—anything to compensate for the shame which the whole engagement has brought upon the Park.

Mr. BALLS concluded an engagement, played on the off nights during the *spectacle* mania, with his benefit on Thursday evening; his houses have been better than anticipated, though yet "shy." He is a very clever comedian, full of spirit and fun, and is just one of those men who ought to be incorporated with a company of the high pretensions of that of the Park.

The National.—"Amilie" was played off here against the first night of "Rienzi." The house was so crowded that it was literally impossible for us to obtain a seat in the first or second tier, or pit; at the Park a man could have found a seat in almost any box, though not in the pit. There was this other difference perceptible: one third of the audience at one house was composed of ladies,—at the other, less than a tenth. That tells the whole story.

The "Pachas's Bridal," produced on Thursday, was a failure, though there was a very brilliant attendance of ladies to see it on Friday. "Amilie" was substituted the next night. The getting up was very fine,—sceneries, costumes, &c. &c, all brilliant, but the music altogether so-so-ish.

A rumor has been rife that the SHIRREFF had quarrelled with the manager, and that the Park had secured her,—too good to be true; how rapidly the cobwebs would have been cleared from the Park's fourth tier had the three vocalists but sang there! The rumor alluded to grew out of Miss Shirreff's temporary withdrawal, on account of returning symptoms of her recent illness in Philadelphia

"Cinderella" was brought out on Tuesday the 5th inst., with Mrs. SEGUIN in the principal part. Her voice is a contralto, not very rich in its quality, but she manages it with skill. She is a very fine musician, and executes the florid music of ROSSINI with accuracy and effect. Over and over again she brought down the heartiest plaudits and prompt encores. Her husband played *Dandini*, and very well too, and Mr. WILSON sang the music of the Prince to the satisfaction of his friends. LATHAM would have appeared better as the *Baron*, had we not a better man in town, from whom we have all derived our ideas of the character. It was worse than folly on the part of Mr. WALLACK to bring out "Cinderella" with so little preparation. No Opera was ever better played at the Park,—on none was a similar amount of money ever expended,—*there* it has ever been unexceptionably well done. To make it pass then at the other house, will require more than the usual expense and labor, bestowed upon a new opera. People will make comparisons at once,—they did so on Tuesday and Wednesday last, and the unanimous verdict was, that in "Cinderella" the Park far outdoes the National. We are more than ever convinced of the wisdom of the manager in selecting "Amilie" for the debut of his vocalists.

It would be proper at any time to call attention to the incomplete style in which "Cinderella" has just been brought out, but it is particularly so now, as on its success depended in a good measure, the rank which Mrs. Seguin would take in public estimation. Had she been assisted by the proper influence of brilliant scenery, and unexceptionable stage management, her success would have filled the measure of her wishes, and as it is, she has received on all hands praise as an accomplished musician. We hope to hear her often hereafter. The manager now has the materials for bringing out English opera in a style unprecedented in America; if he knows fully his interest, he will not fail in so doing.

We have not been so happy as to hear Mrs. BAILEY at this house, save in one or two songs. She partially redeemed the "Pacha's Bridal," and has since been playing *Di Vernon*, in the old opera of "Rob Roy."

Reverse of Fortune.—It will be good news, *if true*, to all playgoers, that a distinguished and beautiful tragic actress, who some years since married an American gentleman of fortune, and retired from the stage, is about to re-appear upon it. However we may deplore the misfortunes which have led to this result, and sympathize with the feelings of the lady, yet nothing could afford higher pleasure to those fond of the theatre, than again to greet her in a line of characters in which she was so unrivalled. It is suppoed she is engaged at the National, next season.

Flynn vs. *Van Zandt.*—Flynn is likely to have money enough to get on with his new theatre, for we observe that a jury has just given him a verdict of $2000, for being knocked down by Mr. Van Zandt, at the North American last summer. "Common sprees is fell, but reglar rows is riz."

March of Refinement.—We derive many of our notions of style and pleasure from the English. It has been suggested that the idea of the entertainment recently introduced at the Park was taken from Bunn's management of Drury Dane, who, as all have seen by the last arrivals, announces that each night at a particular hour Mr. Van Amburgh's Lions *will be fed upon the stage*, upon raw beef! If that don't draw, we should like to know what will,—that's all.

☞ The PLAY BILLS FOR THE WEEK are unavoidably omitted to-day.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A CHRONICLE OF THE TURF, LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Ninth) of this paper was commenced on the 2d of March, 1839, enlarged by the addition of FOUR EXTRA PAGES, printed on linen paper of the finest texture and on new type. The present volume will be embellished with not less than SEVEN SUPERB ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL, from Paintings by the most eminent Artists, with a variety of beautifully executed *Etchings* and *Engravings* on Wood. The Pictorial Embellishments on Steel are intended to consist of Portraits of Distinguished Winning Horses, and of the most celebrated "Stars" in the Theatrical World. In the first number (March 2) was given a Portrait of Mad'lle AUGUSTA, the popular danseuse, in the character of "*La Sylphide*," engraved on Steel by *Hinshilwood*, and a Portrait, also on Steel, of BLACK MARIA, engraved by *Dick*, from a Painting by *Troye*. Other Engravings are in hand, and will appear immediately.

The "Spirit of the Times" was established by its present Editor Dec. 10, 1831; the *Old Series* contained Five Volumes. On the 20th Feb., 1836, a *New Series* was commenced, which closed on the 23d of Feb., 1839, comprising Three Volumes; a very few copies of the last two may be had bound at the Office, or they will be sent in sheets to order through the Mail.

☞ Great care is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed by the earliest Mails, to its different Subscribers throughout the Union, the Canadas, and Texas, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission by Ship, to Foreign Ports. Subscribers in Great Britain, France, and the British West India Islands, can rely upon receiving their papers with as much regularity as if residents of this country.

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